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APRIL 5, 1968

Self-Determination for Czechoslovakia

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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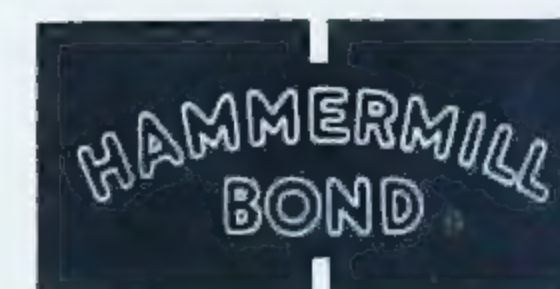
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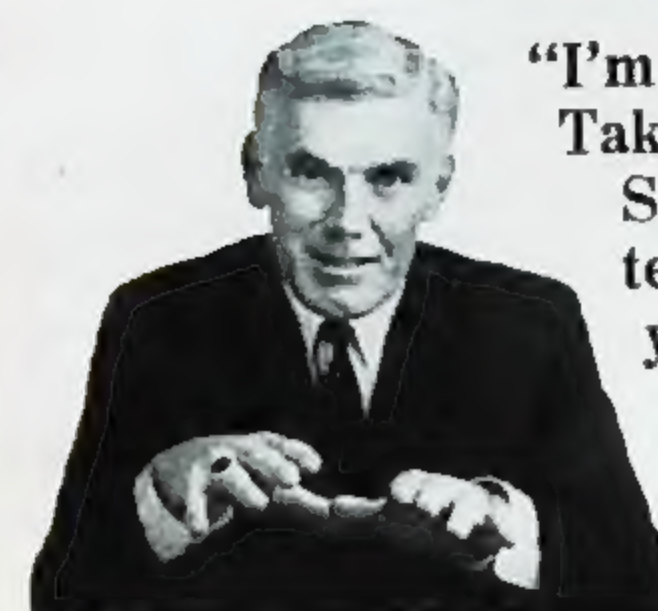
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How do you measure up against experienced investors?



"I'm a stockbroker.
Take this New York
Stock Exchange
test and compare
your answers
with mine."

QUIZ A. In an Exchange survey, the following were cited as reasons for buying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—but *not* in the order given below. How do *you* think they were ranked? Good when the cost of living rises; long-term gain; quick profit; dividends.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

ANSWER. People who owned common stock cited the reasons for buying them as follows: long-term gain, good dividends, good when the cost of living rises, quick profits.

Among non-shareowners, the order was reversed with "quick profits" first. Day dreaming about quick profits can lead to foolhardy risks and disappointment. Experienced investors have seen that over the years, the value of many stocks and many dividends have more than kept pace with the cost of living—an effective hedge against inflation.

QUIZ B. In order to invest, you should have a steady annual income of at least:

- ☐ \$10,000 ☐ \$20,000
☐ \$30,000 ☐ none of these

ANSWER. The last answer is correct. The amount of income you need is influenced by your standard of living, provision for emergencies and other commitments. About half of the estimated 24 million people who own stock have incomes of less than \$10,000.

QUIZ C. The New York Stock Exchange provides a market for the stocks of any American corporation.
True ☐ False ☐



ANSWER. False. Out of all American corporations, only some 1,200—less than 1%—are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. These companies have often been leaders in making the American economy what it is. Before first listing a company, these are some of the factors the Exchange evaluates: earnings record, reputation of the company, its position in its industry and public interest in the company. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing a company, too.

Ask a registered representative to explain the advantages of listed stocks, and then decide whether they fit into your picture.

Take this Quickie Quiz

QUIZ D. Match each security with its most prominent characteristic:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 1. high-grade bonds | <input type="checkbox"/> long-term growth |
| 2. listed common stocks | <input type="checkbox"/> fixed dividends |
| 3. preferred stocks | <input type="checkbox"/> relative safety |

ANSWER. High-grade bonds are primarily associated with stable returns and relative safety of capital over the long term, listed common stocks with long-term growth, and preferred stocks usually with a fixed dividend rate. There is no investment, however, that is completely free of risk. What you buy, and when, depends on your goal and market conditions.

QUIZ E. The advantage of investing through member firm brokers is that:

- ☐ they have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business;
☐ they are full-time brokers;
☐ member firms are expected to meet Exchange standards of ethics, financial condition and investment experience.

ANSWER. All answers are correct. But no broker is infallible. Ask him for information and his opinion about stocks you're interested in. One of his most important services is to help you arrive at an informed judgment.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 3

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Off Broadway

Some of the more satisfying of this season's offerings in Manhattan's smaller theaters: *Ergo*, a wacky expressionist exercise by Austrian Writer Jakov Lind; *In Circles*, an aptly named circular play by Gertrude Stein set to circular music by Al Carmines; *Iphigenia in Aulis*, a Euripidean antiwar drama that has lost little of its force through the centuries; *The Indian Wants The Bronx*, Israel Horowitz's study of the savagery that can lurk on any street; *Your Own Thing*, a marvelously modern, inventive and sophisticated rock version of *Twelfth Night*.

RECORDS

Instrumental

The familiar concerto in sonata form, with balanced themes and brilliant solos, seems to be dead, but composers still write concertos in the original sense of the word: simply two tonal forces opposed to each other. Some recent releases showing the directions the concerto has taken in this century:

CARTER: PIANO CONCERTO (RCA Victor). Unlike many of his contemporaries, Elliott Carter writes music for standard instruments, eschewing electronic effects and aleatory experiments. What's more, he even provides a dramatic script for this concerto. An individual (the piano) is influenced by society (the orchestra), learns

that it is being misled, and ends up alienated and alone. Piano and orchestra converse in different chords like different dialects and at different tempos; swatches of sound appear in what seem desultory then frantic patterns; and at times the script calls for practically the whole Boston Symphony to damp down the valiant lone pianist, Jacob Lateiner—which seems particularly unfair since he (with a grant from the Ford Foundation) commissioned the work in the first place.

SCHOENBERG: PIANO CONCERTO AND VIOLIN CONCERTO (Columbia). A new release bringing together two earlier performances of these ripe, satisfying examples of twelve-tone composition. With Robert Craft conducting the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Symphony, Glenn Gould plays the rich, almost Brahms-like piano part in the first concerto, and Israel Baker tackles the difficult violin work in the second concerto. Both pieces demonstrate that the intricacies of the dodecaphonic scale in no way limit emotional expression. "If a composer does not write from the heart," said Schoenberg, "he simply cannot produce good music." Schoenberg did both.

COPLAND: SYMPHONY FOR ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA (Columbia). Brooklyn-born Aaron Copland was finishing his composition studies in Paris in 1924 when he wrote this big, loose-jointed work, first cousin to a concerto. The organ does not contrast with the orchestra but stirs it up and then masses forces with it. Considered shocking at the time ("If a young man at the age of 23 can write a symphony like that, in five years he will be ready to commit murder!" declared Conductor Walter Damrosch), the work has never been recorded until now. The New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, provides a gentle-to-jazzy buildup for Organist E. Power Biggs.

BUSONI: CONCERTO FOR PIANO, ORCHESTRA AND MALE CHORUS (Angel; 2 LPs). A first recording of a huge, seldom heard work that dates in time to 1904 and in style to a still earlier romantic era. Ferruccio Busoni was a pianist in the tradition of Liszt. He was a teacher who boasted disciples rather than pupils (among them, Kurt Weill) and he was also a composer of grandiose notions and mixed talents, which are illuminated by English Pianist John Ogdon and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in this 70-minute work. The introductory movement seems to be all stately façade, but once inside the musical structure, the listener has a merry whirl, particularly in the carnival atmosphere of the *Tarantella*.

CINEMA

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY. Playing murder and mental illness strictly for laughs, Actor Rod Steiger (as a homicidal schizo with a closetful of disguises) and George Segal (as a callow New York cop) turn this bizarre suspense story into a telling black comedy.

THE QUEENS. Italy seems to make a cinematic specialty out of confecting *De-cameron*-like clusters of shorts from spun-out risqué jokes. This is one of the better examples of the genre—with feral Monica Vitti, delectable Claudia Cardinale and regal Capucine.

UP THE JUNCTION. Another London slum saga, based on a novel by Nell Dunn (*Poor Cow*), is saved from its pulpy sociology by Director Peter Collinson's feel-

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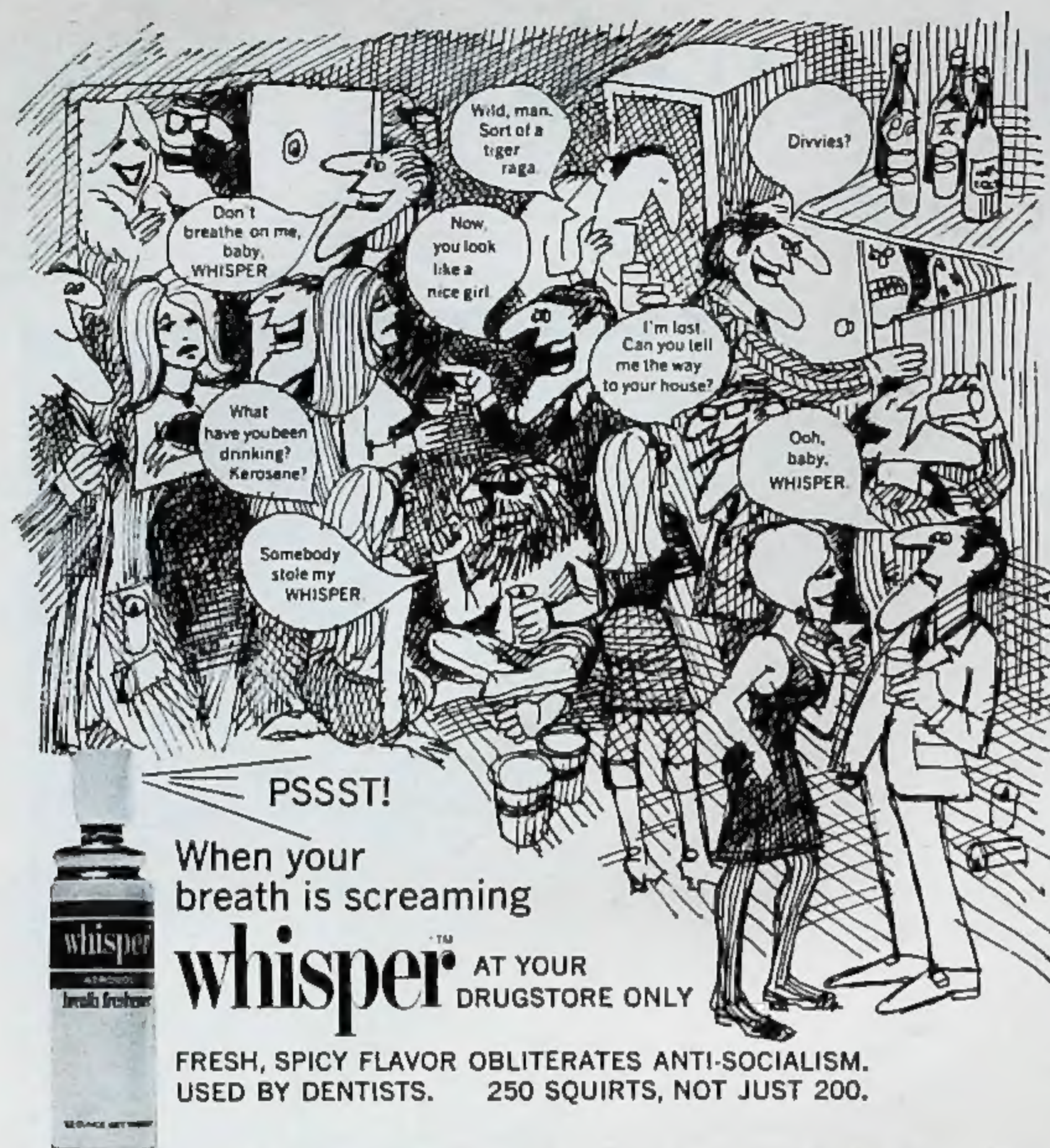
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ing for the locale, and Actress Suzy Kendall's widening range of talent.

THE TWO OF US. Writer-Director Claude Berri tells a simple tale of the love of a small Jewish boy and an old anti-Semitic Frenchman without jerking a tear, hoking a climax, or ringing in the alarums that a World War II setting has ready at hand.

THE PRODUCERS. Two shyster impresarios (Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder) set out to make a killing on Broadway in this first film by Comedian-Writer Mel Brooks, which offers, albeit fitfully, some of the best cinema comedy in years.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CAESAR AT THE RUBICON: A PLAY ABOUT POLITICS, by Theodore H. White. A fine political journalist turns to ancient history for an engaging study of "the way men use other men to reach their goals."

HISTOIRE, by Claude Simon. Thought patterns of a man recalling his family history are woven with imagination by one of France's leading New Novelists.

THE SELECTED WORKS OF CESARE PAVESE. Four short novels by the life-shy but acutely observant Piedmontese who, since his suicide in 1950 at 42, has become post-war Italy's most honored writer.

RICHARD WRIGHT, by Constance Webb. Using previously unpublished material, Miss Webb, a close friend of the late Negro novelist, tracks Wright's career from poverty in Mississippi to fame and prestige in Paris.

THE RETURN OF THE VANISHING AMERICAN, by Leslie A. Fiedler. Today's hippie, argues the free-swinging critic, is a cultural descendant of the American Indian and buckskinned frontiersman; the new West is a painted desert seen from a psychedelic cloud.

COCKSURE, by Mordecai Richler. Few sacred cows are left contented in this savage farce about mass culture and intellectual pretense, which turns on the proposition that the minority victimizes the majority.

THE NAKED APE, by Desmond Morris. Anthropologically questionable but unquestionably entertaining speculations on man and his primate descendants.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Myra Breckinridge, Vidal (2 last week)
2. Vanished, Knebel (1)
3. Topaz, Uris (3)
4. The Confessions of Nat Turner, Styron (4)
5. Airport, Hailey (8)
6. The Tower of Babel, West (5)
7. Christy, Marshall (6)
8. The Exhibitionist, Sutton (7)
9. The President's Plane Is Missing, Serling (9)
10. The Gabriel Hounds, Stewart

NONFICTION

1. The Naked Ape, Morris (2)
2. Between Parent and Child, Ginott (1)
3. Our Crowd, Birmingham (3)
4. Nicholas and Alexandra, Massie (4)
5. The Way Things Work: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (6)
6. Tolstoy, Troyat (7)
7. Gipsy Moth Circles the World, Chichester (5)
8. The Economics of Crisis, Janeway (10)
9. Rickenbacker, Rickenbacker (9)
10. The Double Helix, Watson (8)



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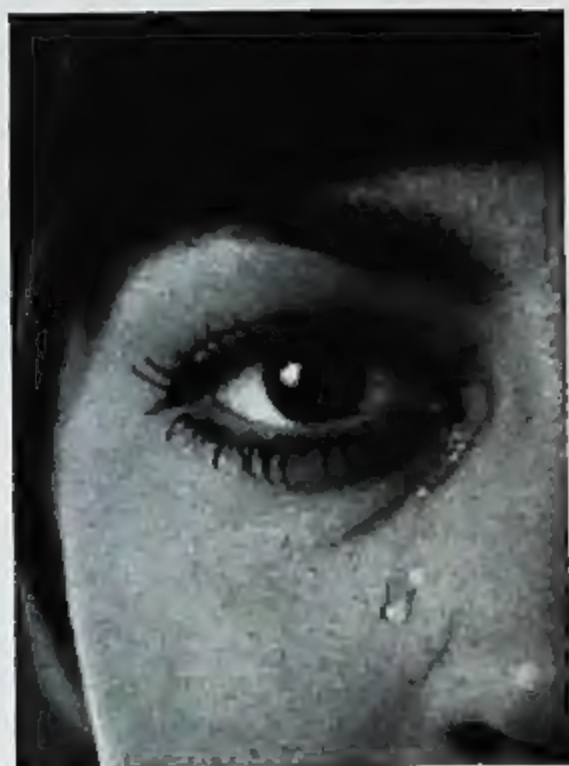


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TIME, APRIL 5, 1968

TIME, APRIL 5, 1968

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TIME, APRIL 5, 1968

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

UNDER the pressure of encom- passing the world's news within weekly deadlines, TIME's editors can rarely afford the luxury of reflecting on the results of the stories they worked on last week or last month. But often we receive letters and calls from individuals and corporations whose lives have been changed by a TIME story. While many of these ef- fects are on a rather large scale, we are fascinated by what we hear from people who were involved in smaller stories.

One case in point revolves around a four-line footnote. It appeared in a Modern Living story (Jan. 5) about a peripatetic, perfectionist omelet maker named Rudolph Stanish. The footnote described his special ome- let pan and gave the name of its distributor, Manhattan's Bridge Co. When we began to get an exception- al number of letters and calls from would-be purchasers of the pan, we checked with the company's owner, Fred Bridge.

We found his modest kitchen- equipment supply company digging itself out from orders coming from Tokyo to Manitoba, Liberia to Pan- ama, from stores such as Macy's and Neiman-Marcus, from soldiers in Viet Nam, as well as newlyweds in Nebraska. Nearly 8,000 pans have now been sold, and three months later, orders are still coming in at six times the average of a year ago. And the busy Mr. Bridge is still mar- veling at the power of a footnote.

Another case is that of Captain Svend T. Simonsen, who was the subject of a Business story (Feb. 2). The story noted how Simonsen, who emigrated to the U.S. at 15, had taught himself English and sailing, then taught others navigation while in the military service, before setting up a mail-order course in the nauti- cal skill a year and a half ago. The story, said Simonsen, "completely

changed the lives, fates and fortunes of the Simonsen family and many other people."

Until TIME's story ran, Captain Si- monsen, his wife and a staff of three were able to handle the courses in a modest office in Santa Barbara, cut- ting stencils and running off lessons on a mimeograph machine. As a re- sult of the story, their mail tripled, monthly enrollment in the navigation course more than doubled, franchise and translation requests came in from Europe and Africa, and sales of a sextant they supply to students went up dramatically. The Simon- sens are now expanding business to include a "Nautical Book a Month Club," an air-navigation course, and sales of other nautical aids such as a mini-compass and a "Course Con- verter"—a device that takes the math out of course charting and leaves more time for leisure.

The new interest in Captain Si- monsen's enterprise has brought with it some special demands. One wom- an explorer wrote him that she and her two teen-age daughters were em- barking on a two-year seafaring voy- age along the aborigine-inhabited north coast of Australia—with no knowledge of boats or the area. Cap- tain Simonsen, who sailed the wa- ters as a civilian employee in the Army's Transportation Corps, now finds himself technical consultant to the expedition. Along with these re- sults came some echoes of the past. Simonsen got a friendly phone call from a man who, when an alcohol- ic, had tried to kill the captain aboard ship in 1943. The man, now re- formed, has become a successful law- yer in Boston.

We experienced a rather warm feeling ourselves when Captain Si- monsen wrote to tell us of all this and ended up saying that "nothing can ever match the response from a story in TIME."

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LETTERS

Blazes on the Trail

Sir: Senator Eugene McCarthy [March 22] has brought back the virtue Hope to the American political scene. Regrettably, the Senator's antiwar campaign is also based on hope, not reality. The Senator hopes that if we stop the bombing there will be peace—as if events had not cast even the slightest discredit upon such fatuous wishing. Until the Communists show an interest in a just peace that does not involve simple N.L.F. takeover, a bombing halt would be merely a quixotic exercise in futility.

JEFFREY LAURENTI, '71

Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: It's in the air! You can smell it! The mood of the country has shifted toward a real abhorrence of our involvement in Viet Nam. Should McCarthy or Kennedy unseat Johnson, many of us Republicans will go to the polls to cast a resounding vote for the peace candidate.

MARY C. SUNDBLOM

Evanson, Ill.

Sir: What McCarthy has done already is fantastic: to mobilize formerly desperate college students and give them the one thing that has alienated them from society for so long—namely, faith in the American democratic process, hope from despair. Eugene McCarthy can do the same for the country if we support him.

JOHN WOODWARD

Northport, N.Y.

Sir: I think McCarthy is full of mashed potatoes. I'm sticking with the older generation and with L.B.J.

JEROLD JEFFE, '71
U.C.L.A.

Inglewood, Calif.

Sir: Senator McCarthy offers some parallels with Barry Goldwater: he presents the politics of honesty and morality. But unlike the Senator from Arizona, McCarthy's intelligence gives vision to his honesty and takes the rasping edge of self-righteousness off his morality. He is a true successor to Adlai Stevenson.

ROBERT E. WOOD
Associate Professor

Saint Joseph's College
Rensselaer, Ind.

Sir: Senator Kennedy's offer to save the nation from disaster amused me for its consummate conceit, disturbed me because his proposals are nothing more than an offer of surrender to Hanoi and Communism. Perhaps the Senator would do well to curtail his efforts to embarrass our President and spend some time studying contemporary history, *vis à vis* what results from a freely elected government's invitation to the local Communist party to join a coalition government. It is unfortunate that this very minor talent is so totally blinded by personal ambition.

CHRISTOPHER L. HENRIKSON JR.
Chief Yeoman, U.S.N.

A.P.O., San Francisco

Sir: Robert Kennedy offers us not only the pride of promise now but the promise of pride in the future.

DANIEL I. GOLDSTEIN

Syracuse

Sir: How awful to imagine that the flagrant, repeated opportunism of Robert

Kennedy may be rewarded with the Democratic nomination. How can a nation of people searching for a rebirth of an idealism we once knew briefly believe, even momentarily, in a man who waits for someone else to test the bridge before walking across? It is cruel and tragic that McCarthy, a man of proven moral and intellectual values, a man who can and did stand firm in the face of possible disaster, may be defeated by the so-called magic of the Kennedy name and the synthetic charm of young Mr. Kennedy's smile. One wonders whom and what R.F.K. will be willing to sell out next.

BARBARA HARRISON

Manhattan

Sir: Bobby Kennedy found it necessary, or at least expedient, to go to another state in order to be elected Senator.

Hopefully, he will now choose to go to another country in order to be elected President.

RICHARD MCCOLLUM

Decatur, Ga.

Sir: One of the criticisms aimed at Eugene McCarthy when he announced his campaign for the presidency was that his record in the Senate was rather lackluster. Few people have mentioned that Robert Kennedy's achievements in that august body are few and far between. And his brother spent seven years as Senator running for President. Lyndon Johnson, on the other hand, was a great and powerful majority leader.

MARTHA CUSICK

Madison, Wis.

They Can Have It

Sir: Your statement that Communist gunners are so expert that they can fire 25 rounds per minute from 82-mm. mortars [March 15] seems a bit farfetched. Exceeding eight or ten rounds per minute is inviting the weapon to melt and ornament your homemade sandals with white-hot metal. Also, your reference to the fine quality of the AK-47 is somewhat discolored. Not only does the AK-47 overheat rapidly, as you stated, it also jams twice as fast as any U.S. weapon, including the M-16, because of the cheap stamping of the gas cylinder. You mention that the weapon turns each V.C. into a machine gunner. How can he put out large volumes of fire when his harness is designed to carry only three magazines? With one on the weapon, that gives him a total of 120 rounds. By comparison, using two universal ammo pouches and a

ten-magazine bandoleer, I can carry 480 of M-16 ammunition very comfortably. After almost three years in Viet Nam, I have yet to find one piece of Communist-manufactured equipment that would meet the standards of the free-world forces in Viet Nam.

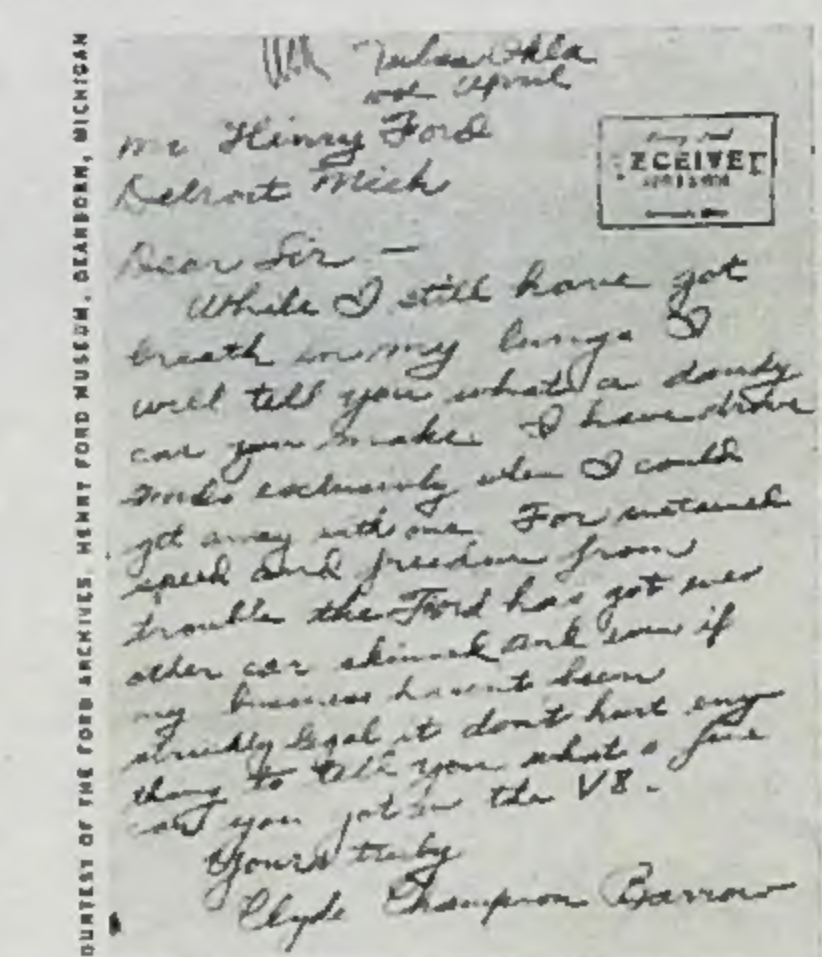
NELSON J. GARCIA
Captain, U.S.A.

A.P.O., San Francisco

He Had a Better Idea

Sir: In view of Pontiac's recent commercials [March 22], it is interesting to know what Clyde thought of the automobiles of the day in his own words. Enclosed is a copy of a letter written by him.

GORDON CRAIG
Designer, Ford Motor Co.
Dearborn, Mich.



Credit Where Due

Sir: TIME's roundup on "Cities" dealing with the report by the President's Commission on Civil Disorders [March 15] missed one important point: We should not condemn all of white America for riots in the cities. As I have said: "I do not think it is fair to accuse all whites of racism with one big broad stroke. I think any fair-minded person would admit very readily that there has been discrimination in our country and that it reached the point where the Negroes were very angry—even Negroes who were well off were angry. I think that their anger was justified because of the long discrimination against them." I also feel that emerging Negro leadership with the help of President Johnson's programs constitute some of the best things that are happening in the U.S. today to improve race relationships. The President deserves more credit



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SAM YORTY
Mayor

Los Angeles

Old Time Religion

Sir: Your article on old-time Protestant religion in the South, as viewed by Erskine Caldwell [March 22], struck home. I teach at a rural state-supported college. A sizable portion of the student body comes from homes that belong to preachers, deacons or elders, so that sometimes the school has an aura of a Bible institute. Students are very dependent upon their parents concerning all aspects of their social and economic life. The result is an immature, apathetic student who is virtually unable to think independently. With the aid of mid-Victorian rules and regulations, the schools further quash any hope there might be for the students to break free. As a result, the mores of the South change slowly, and social progress continues to lag far behind.

EDWARD B. HODAG

Boone, N.C.

Sir: Contrary to the apparent opinion of Caldwell and your review of his book *Deep South*, Southern Christianity is not limited to a choice between wild-eyed, irrational, extreme fundamentalism and empty, cultured, hand-me-down, spiritually "sophisticated" and apostate big-city churches. I still believe the Bible when it states that Jesus walked upon the water and Jonah was swallowed by a great fish. No one has yet come up with any evidence to the contrary, and I be-

lieve nothing is impossible with God. It does not follow, however, that I am ignorant, crude, emotionally insecure, prejudiced, weak-minded or an exhibitionist, as your article suggests. My intelligence and education place me in the upper 10% of the U.S. population. Faced with the choice of having faith in the Bible or faith in confused, speculating, self-contradicting critics, professors and philosophers, I find the only rational choice to be the Bible.

K. R. BAILEY JR.
Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.

Glynco, Ga.

High Marx

Sir: Gloatingly I read your comments about Marxist Professor Herbert Marcuse's works being on few required-reading lists of colleges [March 22]. His books have been required texts in some of our philosophy courses at Loyola since 1966! We believe that if a revolution is inevitable, the only way to beat it is to keep out in front of it.

JASPER BLYSTONE
Chairman

Philosophy Department
Loyola University of Los Angeles

Sir: You neglect to mention the one commitment that governs Professor Marcuse's every thought and action, namely that men ought to be treated only as ends in themselves, never as means to ends. No one who has been fortunate enough to study with the man, as I have, can help but be committed to him, his thought, and the pessimism regarding contemporary American society it entails.

Buffalo

He is neither a one-dimensional philosopher nor a one-dimensional man.

TED B. HUMPHREY

Tempe, Ariz.

Bravery Undiminished

Sir: Re the TV press corps in Viet Nam [March 15]: you did injustice to CBS News Correspondent Igor Oganessoff by stating that he refused further combat assignment but not mentioning that the refusal came after Igor was carried out of Khe Sanh with shrapnel in his neck that nearly killed him. Igor is still carrying some shrapnel fragments and is still as tough and as brave a guy as there is in the business.

BERT QUINT
DAN BLOOM
CBS News

Saigon

Captive Audience

Sir: As a Commissioned Public Chauffeur for the Van Dyke Taxi and Transfer Co. of Buffalo, I take exception to your assumption that art is anathema to my colleagues and me [March 15]. Contrarily, in Buffalo CAB DRIVER stands for:

Connoisseur of
Art,
Benignly

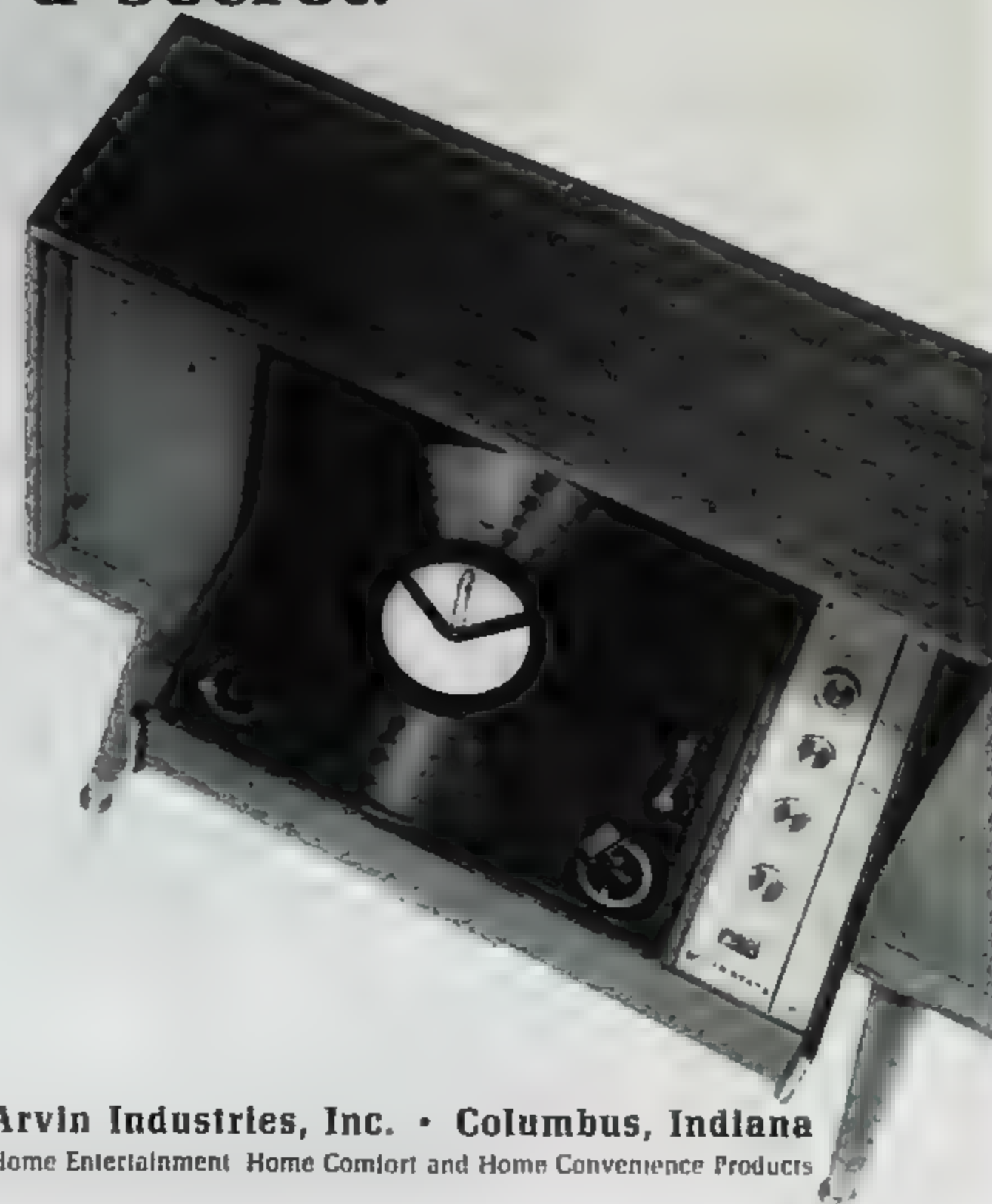
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JOSEPH M. VLES

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Your Plymouth Dealer is in one of the peak selling seasons of what looks like his greatest year ever. He's going all out to win you over. And the beat goes on. ❤️



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 5, 1968

Vol. 91, No. 14

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Bowing Out

"I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination of my party. . . ." Thus on nationwide television this week, almost as a throwaway line, in one of the most painful speeches that he has ever delivered to the American people, did the 36th President of the U.S. declare his intention to bow out of the 1968 presidential race. Lyndon Johnson's decision to retire from office, coming as a surprise climax to a surprise speech on Vietnam, gave the President's newly-stated conditions for ending the war the kind of impact that his own intended departure from the White House had

The Bombing Pause

In the wake of the Communists' savage *Tet* offensive against the cities of South Viet Nam, Lyndon Johnson launched what Washington officials subsequently labeled an "A-to-Z" review of the war. This week, in a prime-time Sunday evening television address to the nation, the President made clear that the reappraisal had been far more definitive than had been expected. In a dramatic and unexpected turnabout, he announced what he called "a unilateral step toward deescalation." Its major feature, he said, would be a halt in all U.S. aerial and naval bombardment of North Viet Nam. Only that portion adjacent to the demilitarized zone would be exempted from the order.

Johnson said the bombing pause will affect 90% of the North's population and even more of its real estate. How long it lasts depends on Hanoi.

Easing the Burden. Before Johnson spoke, rumors had swirled around the capital that he would announce the dispatch of roughly 30,000 more U.S. troops to Viet Nam—in addition to the 525,000 already authorized. Instead, he announced that only 13,500 more men would be sent in the next five months.

In addition, the President emphasized that steps were being taken to improve the efficiency of South Viet Nam's armed forces in order to ease the heavy burden of fighting that the U.S. now shoulders. Top priority has been assigned to re-equipping the South Vietnamese, particularly with armored personnel carriers, mortars and rapid firing M-16 rifles.

The other moves went virtually unnoticed, however, as all attention fo-

cused on the bombing pause—and why Johnson timed its announcement when he did. Politics, of course, were thought to have played a major role. With Wisconsin's primary two days off, it was presumed he had hoped that a move toward peace might neutralize the formidable challenge to his renomination that was being posed by Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy. In addition, his popularity hit an all-time low in a Gallup poll released this week. Only 36% of those questioned approved of his conduct of the presidency (v. 48% in January); only 26% approved of his conduct of the war (v. 39%).

Obviously, the *Tet* offensive had much to do with Johnson's slide. Administration officials still believe that the attacks were a costly military failure for the Communists. But they concede that *Tet* had severely damaging psychological effects on the U.S. public. In its aftermath, Johnson began his reexamination of the U.S. war effort. To help him conduct the review, he summoned General Creighton ("Abe") Abrams, the tough, cigar-chomping tank commander who is the second-ranking

U.S. officer in Viet Nam, to Washington for two days of intensive talks. Abrams is believed to be in line to succeed General William C. Westmoreland as commander of all U.S. forces in Viet Nam when Westy leaves, probably May 15, to become the Army's new Chief of Staff.

Midnight Draft. At the same time, the President began formulating his Sunday address. Working with him on the speech were Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, White House Aides Walt Rostow, Harry McPherson and George Christian. General Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was consulted. Also at Johnson's side, surprisingly, was Robert S. McNamara.

Johnson probably wrote more of the speech than any major talk he has ever given. Saturday afternoon he toiled over it in the sunshine on the south lawn. Working past midnight he went over it line by line, carrying pencils and a draft of the speech with him all weekend—to sitting-room and dining-room, bedroom and study.

In his speech Johnson described the



ABRAMS, JOHNSON & WHEELER IN THE WHITE HOUSE

And now it's up to Ho.

bombing pause as a genuine attempt to save lives and to reduce the level of hostilities along the lines he laid down last Sept. 29 in his San Antonio speech. The heart of the San Antonio formula was this statement: "The United States is willing to stop all aerial and naval bombardment of North Viet Nam when this will lead promptly to productive discussion. We, of course, assume that while discussions proceed, North Viet Nam would not take advantage of the bombing cessation or limitation."

In the past, the Administration has demanded advance evidence from Hanoi that it would not, in fact, exploit the U.S. move. This proviso has now been dropped. Instead, Johnson urged Britain and the Soviet Union, co-chairmen of the 1954 Geneva Conference that ended the Indochina war, to do all

within their power to move Hanoi toward talks. He announced that Roving Ambassador Averell Harriman and Llewellyn Thompson, Ambassador to Moscow, would be available to go to Geneva or any other suitable locale to talk peace. He urged Ho Chi Minh to respond positively.

And if Ho does not? Obviously, what has been stopped may be started again, perhaps with greater intensity. It is difficult to see how Ho could accept that prospect with equanimity, in view of the destruction that has already been wrought. The Administration, in fact, is convinced that U.S. airpower has mauled the enemy far more cruelly than has been suggested. Around Khe Sanh, eight-jet B-52s and dartlike fighter-bombers have cratered the nearby hills with 80,000 tons of bombs in the

past two months—more than was dropped on Japan during the entire four years of World War II. In light of that fact, it may be difficult for Ho to turn down the chance for a breather. In any case, Johnson's unilateral move has now placed the onus unmistakably on Hanoi.

Hard Months on the Ground

President Johnson's de-escalatory approach comes at a troublous time for allied ground forces in South Viet Nam. Two months after the Tet attacks, they are still largely on the defensive, and in many places in a virtual state of siege. In all probability—regardless of Ho Chi Minh's response, or non-response, to Johnson's new terms—U.S. forces in coming months will have to continue their effort to regain the ini-

tiative on the ground. South Viet Nam's major population centers are still gravely menaced.

In attempting to go back on the offensive, the allies have found that the war has become even more frustrating. There are fewer big battles, but many more small firefights; the enemy seems to have scattered across the length and breadth of the country. Since many U.S. battalions are tied to defensive duties, the U.S. has fewer troops to cope with the war's new context.

The best index of the conflict's new phase is the casualty rates. The allies have been killing more of the enemy—55,000 since Tet—but they have also been losing more of their own men in the skirmishes that mark the harsher new character of the war. Though U.S. battle deaths dipped to 349 last week, they had been reaching record rates—sometimes above 500 weekly—since the Communist offensive.

Beating the Bushes. From the lush Mekong Delta to the sterile Demilitarized Zone, the U.S. is hard-pressed to root out the enemy. In fact, the allies have managed to take the offensive in only one region—the 10,000-sq.-mi. III Corps area that arches around Saigon. In the war's largest operation, a three-week-old campaign called Resolved to Win, 50,000 U.S. and South Vietnamese troops are beating the bushes. Last week they stirred a series of sharp firefights; 527 Communists were killed, raising the sweep's total to some 2,400. Though the operation has failed in its aim to trap and destroy major Communist units, it nevertheless has forced the three Viet Cong and North Vietnamese divisions that threatened Saigon to disperse.

Elsewhere, the Communists pose a constant threat. The allied military presence has never been strong, for example, in the southernmost IV Corps, which comprises the rice-rich Delta, now it is weaker than ever. The ARVN and Popular Forces fled from the countryside at the onset of Tet, and have been slow to return. The U.S. has only two brigades of the Ninth Infantry in the Delta. Their energies have been fully taxed by the patrols required to keep open Route Four, over which food supplies flow to Saigon.

The U.S. position is even less favorable in the two northern corps. There the enemy continues to roam almost at will in large units, forcing the Americans to stay holed up in their bases most of the time. In the Central Highlands of the II Corps last week three battalions of North Vietnamese regulars managed to break through the perimeter wire of a U.S. artillery base and overran one howitzer position.

On the Prowl. In the northernmost I Corps, 60,000 allied troops are tied down in static positions along the DMZ and in defense lines around Hue, Quang Tri and Danang. There is some sign that General Vo Nguyen Giap has with-



U.S. UNITS SPRAYING NAPALM ON A SWEEP NEAR SAIGON
Seeking the initiative, and finding it even more frustrating than before.

drawn one of the two divisions that originally encircled the 6,000 Marines at Khe Sanh. One reason Giap may have chosen to shift a division out of the Khe Sanh vicinity is that U.S. airpower has turned the area into a distinctly inhospitable place.

In a single day, pilots have sometimes counted as many as 300 secondary explosions set off by bombing and strafing attacks, an indication that ammunition dumps or gasoline supply depots were hit. Marines in Khe Sanh sometimes see bodies of North Vietnamese troops flung into the air by the explosions when the bombs are dumped directly on the enemy trenches. As Major Billy F. Nunley, an observation pilot who directs the bombing of targets around Khe Sanh, describes the scene: "It looks like the world caught smallpox and died."

REPUBLICANS

The Nixon View

All presidential candidates' views on Viet Nam will obviously shift in the wake of Johnson's speech. But even before he made it, Richard Nixon had already begun to moderate his position. The prevalent impression had been that Nixon was more bellicose than Johnson and that he had a concrete plan for ending the war. Both ideas stemmed from Nixon's own past statements, but neither was strictly accurate.

In Wisconsin last week, Nixon gave a paid, 20-minute nationwide radio speech adumbrating a broad and basically moderate approach to the war. He had planned a second radio broadcast on Sunday to talk more specifically about Viet Nam, but canceled it when the President announced his TV talk.

Nixon's discussion of Viet Nam reflected no basic change in his ideas but a shift of emphasis. As early as 1954,

the then Vice President believed that U.S. troops should be sent to save the French from defeat in Indo-China. After the Johnson Administration began its major U.S. buildup eleven years later, Nixon supported the commitment in principle, but criticized its implementation, finding fault with the gradualism of the war effort.

No Gimmicks. In his most recent statements, however, Nixon has dropped his call for more drastic action against North Viet Nam, notably the mining of Haiphong harbor. Last month in New Hampshire, he gave rise to the secret-plan notion by giving his "pledge" that a new Administration would "end the war and win the peace in the Pacific." He conceded that he had no "pushbutton solutions, no magic gimmicks." He was merely making the quite obvious point that any new President would be under particular pressure to stop hostilities.

"Viet Nam has been a deeply troubling lesson in the limits of U.S. power," Nixon declared. Yet he does not advocate U.S. abdication of its global commitments, argues, rather, that "economically, diplomatically, militarily, the time has come to insist that others must assume the responsibilities which are rightly theirs." He urges a stronger Asian regionalism and a consequent "dispersal of responsibility."

Nixon has also maintained recently that the likeliest prospect for peace is to persuade Moscow to bring pressure on Hanoi for a diplomatic settlement. Such leverage, says Nixon, may be the "key to peace"—though Russia of late has shown no inclination whatever to insert the key in the lock. Exactly what inducements Nixon might offer at the bargaining table are unstated. It could hardly be otherwise. Even if the status of the war next year could be predicted, it would be foolish, his aides point

THE LESSONS OF APPOMATTOX

LYNDON JOHNSON often likens his own problems to Lincoln's, and indeed the 16th and the 36th Presidents have many in common: a long, frustrating war, a divided homefront, and national doubts about presidential leadership. There is one even more striking similarity: though the North was vastly superior to the South in nearly everything that should have brought early victory, four years were required to bring about Lee's surrender at Appomattox. However, unlike Lincoln, who tested—and found wanting—more than half a dozen generals before he found a winner in Grant, Lyndon Johnson has yet to name his second field commander.

Though major battles raged in the West, most eyes focused on the 100 miles of Virginia that separated the two warring capitals, Washington and Richmond. The commander of the main Union force in Virginia was always considered Lincoln's top brass hat. For most of the war, the President, a brilliant, if amateur, strategist, would have done better to take the field himself.

Irvin McDowell started the line—and quickly led his army into defeat at the First Battle of Bull Run. He was followed by George McClellan, who had won the small but impressive victories that enabled West Virginia to break away from the Confederacy and become a separate state. While he did wonders in boosting morale after Bull Run and turning an undisciplined mob into an army, McClellan, only 34 at the time of his appointment, did little to justify the nickname of "young Napoleon." Excessively cautious to begin with, he was reduced to timidity by his primitive version of the CIA, whose intelligence reports pictured small, ill-equipped Southern armies as fearsome hordes. "If General McClellan does not want to use the Army," Lincoln said at one point, "I would like to borrow it."

After nearly a year of McClellan's dillydallying, Lincoln, in effect, demoted him by forming a whole new army under John Pope, who was to attack Lee anew. While he will not compare them on other grounds, Civil War Historian Bruce Catton notes at least one "striking" parallel between McClellan and General William Westmoreland. "McClellan was always saying he could do the job if they gave him more troops," observes Catton. "He always wanted more. Finally, Lincoln got tired of this and put him on the shelf. It seems that Westmoreland is in the same position."

"What Does It Mean?"

Pope led his army into the Second Battle of Bull Run—an even more stunning defeat for the Union than the first—and McClellan, a good organizer if nothing else, was

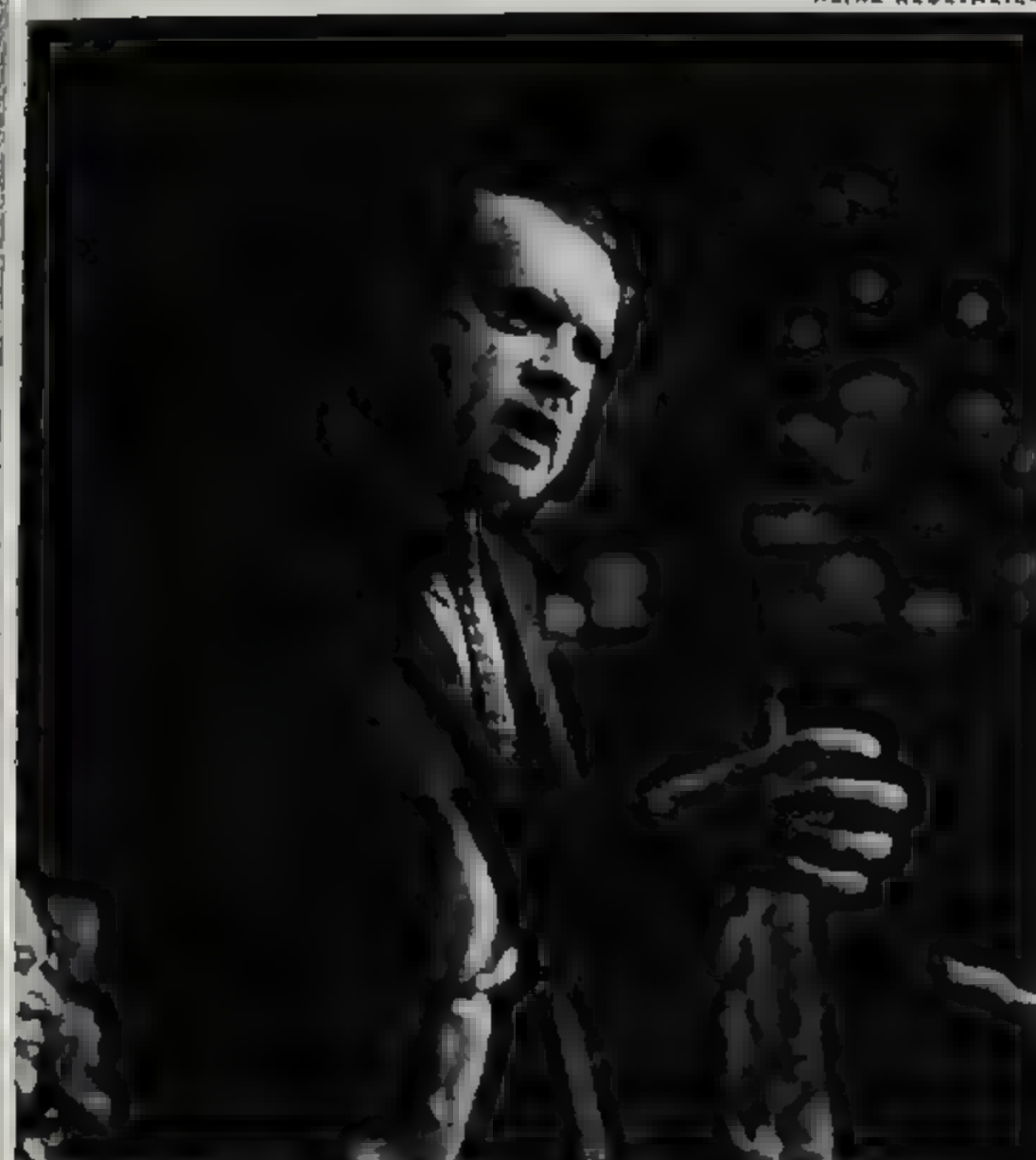
given the task of putting the Union's forces back together. "Again," he wrote his wife, "I have been called upon to save the country." In September 1862, Lee invaded the North for the first time, and—with sensational luck—McClellan's men came upon a copy of his orders, detailing the exact positions of the divided rebel army. "Here is a paper with which, if I cannot whip Bobbie Lee," said McClellan, "I will be willing to go home." Though he might have defeated Lee once and for all at Antietam, the "young Napoleon" hovered near defeat himself, barely managing to check the invasion.

Lincoln lost all patience and appointed Ambrose Burnside to take McClellan's place. With even less agility, Burnside also snatched defeat from the jaws of victory at Fredericksburg, where a correspondent observed that "it can hardly be in human nature for men to show more valor, or generals to manifest less judgment."

Joseph Hooker took charge from Burnside with appropriate swagger—"May God have mercy on General Lee, for I will have none"—and quickly gave Lee his most brilliant victory at Chancellorsville, where the Northern army was nearly routed by a force half its size. Federal dead numbered 17,000. In the summer of 1863, Lee prepared his second invasion of the North. George Meade, called in at the last minute to replace the bumbling Hooker, turned back the new thrust with considerable competence at Gettysburg—"General Meade will make no blunder on my front," Lee had correctly predicted—but let the defeated Rebels retreat unimpeded to the other side of the Potomac. Once again the North had lost an opportunity to end the war quickly: "What does it mean?" asked a despairing Lincoln. "Great God! What does it mean?"

The Final Choice

Against all logic and reason, the North seemed unable to win in the East. The West was a different story, however, and slowly the federal vise tightened on the vital Mississippi. One improbable name, Ulysses S. Grant, stood out, and as defeat followed defeat in the East, Northerners still remembered his blunt demand for the "immediate and unconditional" surrender of Fort Donelson in 1862: "I propose to move immediately upon your works." Donelson surrendered. Finally in March 1864, Lincoln himself remembered, and Grant was given charge of all the Northern armies, moving East to take personal command of the ill-starred Army of the Potomac. Lincoln had found his general, and though the war lasted for another arduous year, the outcome was never again seriously in doubt.



NIXON IN MILWAUKEE
Off with a Gallup.

out, to get locked into a bargaining position now. "I don't have all the answers," Nixon told a breakfast reception in Oshkosh. "But I do know the questions, and I do know it is possible to do a better job than we have in the last five years."

A More Substantial Somebody

Because Richard Nixon is becoming an ever more substantial somebody, there was some movement toward his camp from other factions of the G.O.P. Alaska Governor Walter Hickel, who has described himself as a Rockefeller Republican, accepted the Western states' co-chairmanship of the Nixon organization. Massachusetts Representative Bradford Morse, a founder of the liberal Republican Wednesday Group, said he, too, was enlisting. "This idea that Nixon is a Goldwater conservative is ridiculous," said Morse. "Nixon is a moderate." In Minnesota, where Rockefeller was previously regarded as relatively strong, G.O.P. Chairman George Thiss predicted that Nixon now would carry most of the local conventions this month "without incident."

Nixon's greatest boost came from the Gallup poll, which has been matching Nixon against Lyndon Johnson and George Wallace. In the latest round, Nixon got 41%, Johnson 39%, and Wallace 14%—the first time Nixon has led in this trial heat in the 17 months that Gallup has conducted it. As further evidence of Nixon's vote-getting ability, his headquarters distributed an analysis of the New Hampshire primary showing that 1) Nixon's total of 80,666 was the largest ever received by one candidate in a Granite State primary, and greater than the combined vote of all others this year, and 2) on the Democratic side, where both Nixon and Rockefeller received write-in votes, Nixon bested the New York Governor by better than 10 to 1.

DEMOCRATS

Socking It to 'Em

Physically, the differences are marked. John F. was taller than Robert F., squarer of jaw and shoulder, fuller of face and chest, less prominent in teeth and nose. But when Bobby Kennedy rises to full passion on the podium, his brother's spirit and image fill the hall.

The audience's nostalgia contributes to the transfiguration. Even college kids, who cannot quite remember the debits and credits of the Kennedy Administration, are moved in memory by the lucency of the thousand days, the bravura of Jack's life and the trauma of his death. Bobby has made it all historic and contemporary at the same time. All at once, the past seems within reach again.

Almost everything about Bobby's style and presence strengthens the association. He makes a child's fist, thumb on top, pointed out; the gesture was often Jack's. Bobby's voice is normally thinner and higher; but at the height of his delivery of late, it has gained body and begun to resemble that earlier voice. The Harvard-trained Boston diction, the rhetorical, rising cadence—these are hauntingly similar.

Unstinted Adulation. Bobby's key phrases—"We can do better"; "This is a time to begin again"—are borrowed almost verbatim from Jack's vintage-'60 speeches. He makes the same effective use of statistics, from rates of birth to frequency of rat bites; he, too, sprinkles his talks with erudite quotations, from Archimedes and Camus, Goethe and Shaw. And like Jack's, his political persona is considerably more adventurous than his explicit statements and positions.

Bobby elates the disenchanted with his blanket condemnation of the way things are, but his alternatives for the most part are either vague or on the safe side. On Viet Nam, he does not advocate peace at any price or unilateral U.S. withdrawal: presumably, he would continue to prosecute the war if the negotiations he seeks were to fail. Domestically, he stresses the need for more and better, as many others do. But when he comes down to a concrete proposal, he mentions reducing the strings on federal grants to the states in such fields as education and health, something the House Republicans have long urged. Rarely is he caught without an apt response in the question-and-answer sessions—though in Idaho, when pressed to propose a new farm policy, he was both hesitant and hazy.

To the crowd however, the words seem not to matter. Just as Bobby draws the same kind of abuse from skeptics that his brother did—charges of arrogance, ruthlessness, opportunism, a lackluster Senate record—he also elicits unstinted adulation from sympathetic audiences. Frequently he hears the war cry, "Sock it to 'em, Bobby!" (which has a sexual connotation to some



KENNEDY IN UTAH*
Persona more adventurous than positions.

youngsters), and he does. Bobby, 42, can be less formal than Jack, who was also 42 eight years ago but felt that he had to convince voters of his maturity. As Roman Catholicism is no longer a handicap in American politics, neither is relative youth—both thanks to J.F.K.

Camelot Commandos. Other trappings of the campaign also evoke 1960. Kennedy siblings and offspring, those born to the clan or sworn to its service, abound on the trail and in the back rooms. Reporters seeing the familiar figures of the Kennedy sisters, Pierre Salinger, Kenny O'Donnell, Steve Smith, Tex Sorensen, and so many other names, now eight years older, have begun talking about the "Camelot commandos." Yet the average age of Bobby's top six political advisers is still only 41.

There are, nonetheless, significant differences between the 1960 and 1968 campaigns and campaigners. Jack relished language and literature for their own sake; Bobby employs them as tools. Jack aimed his appeal more at his listeners' intellects than their emotions; Bobby has reversed the emphasis, and to date has seemed mostly interested in capitalizing on sentiment and dissent. In holding out the vision of a "new day" and a "new America," the Senator from New York points out that the problems of today are not those of 1960—and that, indeed, may be his own chief problem.

Travels With Bobby

Kennedy's immediate task is to give the Democratic Party shock treatment of sufficient voltage to deny Lyndon Johnson a preconvention lock on the nomination. To this end, he double-timed through ten states last week, from Oregon to Indiana to Arizona, for a total of 15 in his first fortnight of candidacy. Bobby's travels were a smash.

His appearances in Los Angeles tied

* With Sister Jean Smith, wife of Top Political Aide Stephen Smith.

up traffic on the Hollywood Freeway for hours. He drew an overflow crowd of 12,000 at Brigham Young University in conservative Utah, even though campus authorities declined to cancel classes for the occasion. In Lincoln, Neb., he attracted the biggest political audience (12,000) since Dwight Eisenhower stopped there 16 years ago.

Early in the week he occasionally played the demagogue. Not only did he continue his practice of blaming Johnson for virtually every social evil from crime to narcotics; at one point he even accused the President of "appealing to the darker impulses of the American spirit." This was a bit too much for some of Kennedy's close advisers. "You won't hear any more of that," said one, and Bobby himself later commented: "I'm afraid I didn't handle it very well."

Quiet Moonlighting. The Senator did manage to cushion his abrasiveness, and everything else was go, go, go. He added Indiana to the list of primaries he will enter. He talked so much that he exhausted his voice, needed the ministrations of a throat specialist. When not engaged in dead-serious attack, he scored points with quick quips. During a speech at California's San Fernando Valley State College, when chimes drowned him out for a moment, he ad-libbed: "I'll get even with you, Ronald Reagan."

While Bobby blurred across the landscape, the back-room segment of his campaign streaked with equal determination. A battalion of speechwriters and strategists, secretaries and file clerks established headquarters on three floors of a new building at 2000 L Street in Washington, attempting, as one staffer put it, to do in a few weeks "what it took John Kennedy 16 months to do."

Well-financed and professional as always, the Kennedy clipper was sailing smartly, despite its late start. His aides reported that some Johnson Administration officials and their wives were quietly moonlighting for the New York Senator. Even some Washington newsmen's wives were being approached with the line: "How would you like to get involved in an honest-to-gosh presidential campaign?" In 1960, the Kennedys got to almost every convention delegate as early as possible, recorded their preferences in a card catalogue that proved accurate to within a few votes by convention time. The 1968 dossier has already been started.

Gentleman & Scholar

In the closing days of the Wisconsin primary campaign, Lyndon Johnson's local agents found so few people willing to work for him without pay that they had to hire helpers from employment agencies. By contrast, 3,000 volunteers in Milwaukee alone were out ringing doorbells for Senator Eugene McCarthy.

McCarthy's appeal to youth is non-

pareil. He is cool without being cold, a scholar with four books to his credit who once played semipro baseball, a father of four who spent a year as a Benedictine novice. He can talk to students—as well as to businessmen and farmers—with equal ease about politics and poetry. At the risk of sounding fey, he usually prefers the far-out. A New York Times reporter last week described this conversation between McCarthy and Poet Robert Lowell, an ardent supporter who has been traveling with the entourage:

Lowell: Can they draft monks?

McCarthy: No.

Lowell: Well, that's a loophole.

McCarthy: Do you suppose we could get some bishop to give all our student supporters minor orders?

During pre-primary week, McCarthy made a strong appeal to potential Republican crossover voters—so strong

that Richard Nixon plaintively urged: "As a Republican, vote Republican." Many were clearly thinking of doing otherwise. At a Madison rally for McCarthy, the wife of Wisconsin's Republican Governor Warren Knowles was an enthusiastic listener.

In Fond du Lac, McCarthy strolled into the local Nixon-for-President office, found a lone woman worker there. "She was glad to see me," he grinned. "I was the only one who had been in all day." Certainly, his appeal to G.O.P. voters is far wider than Bobby's. Said Barry Goldwater of McCarthy last week: "He's a gentleman and a scholar who has done things in a calm and reasonable way." Indeed, some saw in his style and views elements of a latter-day Wendell Willkie—a view confirmed by a thought-provoking article on the presidency that he wrote last week (see box).

CONSTITUENCY OF CONSCIENCE

IN a column that appeared on the editorial page of the New York Times, Eugene McCarthy last week gave an eloquent explanation of the evolution of his campaign from an "educational program" to a full-fledged fight for the presidency. Highlights:

Everywhere I have campaigned I have sensed a deep uneasiness about the war and about the quality of our leadership. It flows from a profound and growing conviction that something is wrong with the direction of American society.

It is now clear to me that the discontent of the young is only the most dramatic sign of a feeling of paralysis that is shared by Americans of all ages.

Americans are not by nature a people that wishes to oppress their fellow citizens or oppress the peoples of other nations, and they do not wish to be led by fear. Yet we see the growth of leadership by fear. We are finding among ourselves fear of remote enemies and fear of our fellow citizens.

I have found this unease among every kind of American, and my most urgent appeal is not to any ready-made political bloc or alliance of interests or constituencies in this country. It is to one constituency—a constituency of conscience, of hope and of trust in the future.

If I am elected I will never regard the presidency as a personal office. A President should not speak of "my country" but always of "our country," not of "my Cabinet" but of "the Cabinet." For once the Cabinet has been appointed it becomes something apart from the man who

nominated its members and something apart even from the Senate which confirms them in office.

In this conception the office belongs not to the man who holds it but to the people of the nation. It is an office which must be exercised by the will of the majority but not in the sole interest of the majority.

The role of the President must be to unite the nation. But he must unite it by inspiring it, not unite it by just adding it up or by piecing it together like some kind of jigsaw puzzle. Rather than trying to organize the nation he must try to encourage the common purpose of creating an order of justice in America.

I believe that a man who is presented to the presidency must know the limitations of power, and know the limitations that must be placed on the exercise of the office of the President. He should understand that this country cannot be governed by coercion, and that it needs a special kind of leadership, which itself recognizes that the potential for leadership exists in every man and woman.

America has great reserves of energy and high purpose, but at present our energy is being diverted and our idealism is being sapped by a war that seems to transgress our cherished tradition of prudence and decency. Much of our energy has been turned toward destruction, and the more generous and noble impulses of our people have been given little room to manifest themselves.

The next President must liberate these generous impulses by reordering our national priorities. He must give direction to the movement of the nation by setting people free

A Test of Time

Outside the door to White House Press Secretary George Christian's office a secretary taped a sign: "No enemy would dare bomb this place and end this confusion." She had a point. Seven months before the presidential elections, an air of disorganization has enveloped President Johnson's staff.

The latest soundings show that the President can still count on a majority of the 2,622 Democratic delegates at the August convention, but every day brings word of new defections. Of the nation's 24 Democratic Governors, no fewer than ten have failed to commit themselves to the President. Even the loyalists are finding themselves with shrinking armies to command. In Utah, pro-Johnson Governor Calvin Rampton declared after learning that six of his



LADY BIRD JOHNSON AT B'NAI B'RITH LUNCHEON*
But the organization was in irons.

eight top nonsalaried advisers prefer New York Senator Robert Kennedy: "I may have a tough time holding the delegation for Johnson." In Iowa, where Democratic precinct caucuses last week showed that Senator McCarthy might pick up as many as 21 of the state's 46 convention votes, Governor Harold Hughes was palpably wavering. Sighed California's ex-Governor Pat Brown, a Johnson man: "Right now, we're dead in the water out here."

Selective Charisma. The President's campaign organization back in Washington also seemed to be in irons. Aside from Johnson himself, the key operative so far has been White House Appointment Secretary W. Marvin Watson, a dour, former Texas steel executive whom the President lauds as "the most efficient man I've ever known" but who is less than an expert in national politics.

Some old Johnson hands have begun reappearing. Former White House Aide Jack Valenti, now the \$125,000-a-year president of the Motion Picture

Association of America, contributed a Washington Post article deploring the "holy regard" among Americans for a President's "charisma." Wrote Valenti: "The only two modern figures who could be truly said to possess magic charisma, whose voice and person cast a spell over their countrymen and whom people followed blindly and exultingly were the two largest tyrants of our age, Hitler and Mussolini." Somehow, he overlooked such charismatic non-tyrants as Churchill and Gandhi, Roosevelt and De Gaulle—and for that matter, John Kennedy.

Collective Couch. The President himself, having devoted his speechmaking largely to Viet Nam two weeks ago, last week shifted gears. In ten speeches delivered during a cyclonic week, he hymned his domestic accomplishments as the best ever achieved

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Salami Slicer

In 1934, when Lyndon Johnson was a lowly aide to a lowly Texas Congressman, Wilbur Cohen was busy helping to draft the law that established Social Security, a keystone for both the New Deal and the Great Society. Down the years, Cohen co-authored many other major social measures, from the 1946 act that put federal money into the financing of new hospitals to Medicare in 1965. But even after he became Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare three years ago, he remained a back-room man. Now, as President Johnson's nominee to replace John Gardner as Secretary, Cohen, 54, will be the chief proponent and defender of the programs he has hitherto assembled in obscurity.

Deferred Sandwich. Short (5 ft. 6 in.) and portly, Cohen has a keen sense of the possible. With an eye on the generation ahead, he has always been willing, if necessary, to sacrifice cherished legislative objectives so long as he gets at least a small piece of what he wants. This morsel, Cohen believes, can be fattened a little year by year until eventually the legislation resembles what he wanted in the first place. An aide calls his technique "salami slicing." One slice does not amount to much, but eventually there is enough for a sandwich.

Sometimes Cohen has to wait a long time. Medicare, which he suggested in 1935, was not enacted until 30 years later. But social advances in the U.S., Cohen believes, follow cycles, and can only be hastened slowly. The early part of the New Deal, he notes, marked a high point in modern social history, followed by a plateau until 1946. Modest advances were made in the Truman and Eisenhower years, and a big spurt took place in the first two years of the Johnson presidency. Now the curve is descending somewhat again. He foresees another spurt ahead, but fears that it will come "later than it should."

Steps & Shuffles. Perennially denounced as a socialist since the mid-'30s, Cohen nonetheless is respected by most Congressmen, who are impressed by his knowledge of the American welfare system and appreciate his non-bureaucratic understanding of their own problems as legislators. Even Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee—who is about as antisocialist as a Congressman and an Arkansan can get—concedes that Cohen has always been willing "to compromise when compromises have to be made." That is perhaps the highest compliment Mills could pay anyone.

Cohen was John Gardner's choice to replace him as Secretary; but while they would probably agree on goals, the two men have markedly different ideas on how to achieve them. Gardner was convinced that the nation could not wait for the next upward cycle and



WILBUR COHEN
Keen sense of the possible.

resigned in disenchantment when he felt the President did not share his sense of urgency about the plight of the cities. Cohen is no less unhappy with the current negative mood in Congress and the nation, but he is willing to wait, moving ahead meanwhile in small steps and shuffles.

RACES

Memphis Blues

For seven weeks racial tensions had mounted in Memphis, as the city's garbage strike escalated into a showdown between Mayor Henry Loeb and more than 200,000 Negroes seeking economic parity with whites. Last week black blues erupted into violence when militants got the opportunity they had been seeking. It was given to them by Dr. Martin Luther King.

The explosion was as senseless as it was inevitable, once King took his 4,500 marchers onto historic Beale Street. A band of young Negroes called the Invaders had been waiting for the event. "We been making plans to tear this town up for a long time," an Invader chieftain told TIME's Atlanta Bureau Chief Roger Williams. "We didn't dare do it on our own. We needed a crowd. We knew he'd turn out a crowd, and with a crowd the cops would have a hard time laying hands on us." One hundred strong, the Invaders infiltrated the marchers' flanks, planning to disperse in flying squads and riot on cue. Their strategy was upset only because teenagers boiled over even before the scheduled time.

Bloody Beale. Hardly had King, the apostle of nonviolence, led the way out onto the street than the rocks began to fly. Glass shards sprayed from splintered windows. Rioters galloped from downtown store to store. The parade faltered, halted, turned upon itself to retrace its steps. Police fired tear gas at random, as King beat a prudent retreat

to his motel, leaving local civil rights leaders to herd the marchers back to their headquarters church. Looting began, and the police lost their cherished reputation for restraint. Cops thwacked away with clubs, and Negroes turned savagely upon isolated officers.

By the end of the day—the tenth anniversary of Memphis Blues-Smith W. C. Handy's death—there were 282 arrests, 62 injuries and one fatality; a 16-year-old Negro shotgunned by police. Nightfall brought double the usual number of fires, most of them in uncollected garbage piled along curbs. Damage was estimated at \$400,000—modest by the standards of Watts and Detroit.

Though relatively mild, the rampage panicked authorities. "We have a war!" cried Fire and Police Director Frank Holloman. Mayor Loeb slapped down a curfew, shuttered liquor stores, bars and entertainment places, and stopped the buses. Governor Buford Ellington rushed in 250 state troopers and 4,000 Tennessee National Guardsmen.

Shredded Mantle. King has heard himself dubbed a rabble-rouser before; now, for leaving the march, he was called a coward as well. Ignoring the intransigent role that Mayor Loeb had played in stoking the Negroes' discontent, King's critics called upon him to cancel his "poor people's march" on Washington next month; some demanded federal curbs against it as well. Undismayed, though his nonviolent mantle was in shreds, King vowed to press ahead with the Washington demonstration and lead another march on Memphis this week.

PUERTO RICO

Politics, Mainland Style

Three decades ago, Roberto Sánchez Vilella forswore the engineering career for which he had been trained and, at the invitation of Luis Muñoz Marín, entered Puerto Rican politics. Muñoz's Popular Democratic Party prospered. Its founder became so revered and powerful a figure that when, in 1964, he relinquished the governorship after 16 years, he had no difficulty anointing Sánchez, his protégé and closest adviser, as his successor. Last week Sánchez formally broke with his old mentor by announcing that he would run for a second term this year—against Muñoz's wishes.

Sánchez's declaration was a shocker on a number of counts. When he took command of the Governor's palace, La Fortaleza, Sánchez was eager to carry on his predecessor's social and economic development programs. He was just as anxious to end the Latino tradition of one-man rule in Puerto Rico. He set out to make the Popular Democratic leadership more popular, more democratic and younger; inevitably, he made enemies.

Underground Governor. Then, in a far more shattering challenge to Puerto Rican tradition, Sánchez announced to

his Roman Catholic constituency a year ago that he was divorcing his wife of 30 years to marry a beautiful younger woman, Jeannette Ramos, 35. At the same time, he said he would retire after his current term. The angry reaction virtually drove Sánchez underground for a time. During last summer's plebiscite campaign over Puerto Rico's legal status, Muñoz, now 70 and in semi-retirement as a senator, came back into the arena to marshal the P.D.P.'s successful fight to keep Puerto Rico a commonwealth.

After his remarriage in September, Sánchez, 55, regained his confidence. By January, he prepared a visionary message to the legislature that had all the earmarks of a re-election platform. But by the time he delivered it, Senator Muñoz had already given an unofficial state-of-the-commonwealth speech in which he spoke approvingly of Sánchez's plans to retire. The challenge to Sánchez was clear.

Two other candidates for the P.D.P. nomination immediately surfaced: Senate Majority Leader Luis Negrón López, 58, and Santiago Polanco Abreu, 47, the island's commissioner in Washington. Waiting to profit from the P.D.P.'s current split is Industrialist Luis Ferré, head of the pro-statehood New Progressive Party.

Despite the odds, Sánchez predicted: "I will win if the people are allowed to decide." To make that possible, Sánchez is attempting to expand the primary election system, now restricted to lower offices, to include the governorship. Otherwise, the August convention will be controlled by the party organization. The outcome is uncertain; never before has Puerto Rico gone through a political brawl, mainland style.



SÁNCHEZ & WIFE IN SAN JUAN
Some shattering challenges to tradition.

THE WORLD

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Into Unexplored Terrain (See Cover)

Up the winding road to Hradčany Castle, which broods above Prague's Baroque towers and its wide, grey Vltava River, came a steady stream of Tatra limousines. As they had many times before, they bore the rulers of Communist Czechoslovakia to a meeting of the Central Committee, usually the most remote and tightly guarded of affairs. On this spring morning, however, the atmosphere on Hradčany Hill was more like the opening of a fair. The usual se-



PRESIDENT SVOBEDA & DUBČEK DRINKING TOAST IN PRAGUE
Beckoning vision of their own special road to socialism.

curity guards were absent, and crowds of people wandered unhindered through the castle's many courtyards. As the Communist leaders arrived, they were greeted by whirring TV cameras, popping flashbulbs, microphones thrust into their surprised faces and reporters firing bold questions.

Last week's meeting was not only different; it was far and away the most historic meeting in the Central Committee's history—and a turning point for modern Czechoslovakia. Amid a display of press freedom and accessibility more familiar to Western politicians than Communist leaders, the party's top brass assembled to consider an "action program" for a democratic reform of Czechoslovakia that has been brewing during three stormy months of nationwide debates and mounting pressures. The reform harks back half a century in spirit to 1918, when Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points proclaimed the self-determination of peoples and enabled Czechoslovakia to be born as an independent state. This time, Czecho-

slovakia was announcing its own self-determination—a determination to regain control of its destiny and shuck off the worst features of an alien Communist system.

Wearing dark business suits and sober expressions despite the warm weather, the party leaders marched up the red-carpeted stairs in twos and threes and made their way inside to the massive Spanish Hall, with its high ceiling and Bohemian crystal chandeliers. When the tall, blue-eyed boss of the Czechoslovak Communist Party got out of his car, the crowd pressed closer for a better look and reporters broke into

to emigrate and travel freely abroad. He urged a speedy return to a liberalized economy, greater independence from the state for industrial enterprises and a federal system that would give the country's Slovaks more power to run their own affairs. Within the Communist Party itself, dissenting factions would be allowed to develop and contest the leadership's views. Such national groups as student associations, farmers and unions would be freed of party ties and allowed to argue for their interests.

During his first 100 days in power, Dubček has offered the 14,300,000 Czechoslovaks a bright and beckoning vision of how to take their own special road to socialism. In a country where for 20 years civil and personal liberties had been mercilessly squashed, almost total freedom of expression now reigns, the police have been put in harness and demonstrations of every sort can take place. Dubček, who threw out the hardlining Antonín Novotný as party boss in January and as President in March, has transformed Czechoslovakia into the most liberal of Communist states. Hardly anything in Czechoslovakia is any longer so sacred that it cannot be questioned and, if necessary, changed. And the entire transformation has been worked without bloodshed or disorder.

Resolution to Reform. Censorship has been almost entirely lifted, and the press, television and radio have exploded in an orgy of free expression. Long-banned films, plays and books are blossoming into production. The country's judiciary has undertaken to review all cases heard in the 1950s in an effort to right legal injustices, and a special commission has been established to rehabilitate the thousands of victims of the Stalinist purge trials of that period. Church and clergy are fast being freed of restraints, and the Communists' phony religious front organization, called the "Peace Priests," is disintegrating. Last week the Czechoslovaks even had their first strike under Communism. Workers at an electrical-appliance factory in Písek walked out in complaint against management—and did not come back until the manager signed a resolution to reform.

Police will now be required to wear numbered badges for identification. The party Presidium has even decided to postpone the planned May elections for local, regional and municipal offices until the end of June to give the authorities more time to liberalize the election laws. Novotnýites are falling right and left, quickly to be replaced by younger, more pragmatic men. Last week three top secretaries of the central Trade Union Council were forced to quit, the Czechoslovak Women's Union bounced its boss, the director of the secretariat for church affairs was ousted, and the

Minister of Health was asked to quit his post.

Comradely Compromise. Relatively few men could have brought off such changes with such calm and order. A tall, mannerly man with a receding blond hairline, Dubček would be an unlikely choice for the task if only because he is a Slovak—the first ever to be entrusted with the most powerful office in the land. Though he has spent most of his adult life as a Communist *apparatchik*, he has none of the iron rigidity of that breed. Polite and soft-spoken, he is a master of restraint and poise, dislikes both dogmatism and pyrotechnics. A persuader rather than a strong-arm man, he consults colleagues before acting, feels that changes within the party should be worked out by comradely compromise rather than by dictation from the top.

Dubček also believes that the party should win support among the people for its ideas; he seems genuinely to want his countrymen to have a greater voice in their affairs. "Democracy is not merely the right to utter opinions," he says, "it also depends upon how these opinions are treated, whether the people really have a feeling of taking part in solving important social problems." To see that the Czechoslovak people get that chance, he left his family behind in Slovakia in January, moved alone into a downtown Prague hotel and began working 18-hour days on his reforms. Inevitably, since he wants to transform Czechoslovak society within the wide bounds of socialism, he is compared to the 15th century Czechoslovak Theologian Jan Hus, who tried to reform the Roman Catholic Church from within but saw his followers break away and form their own movement. Hus was burned at the stake. Dubček does not expect any such fate—but he is feeling plenty of heat because of the course on which he has launched Czechoslovakia.

Spillover Effect. Dubček has no intention of breaking Czechoslovakia's links with the Soviet Union and his socialist neighbors, but they view the events in Czechoslovakia with considerable alarm. They are all too aware that the success of Dubček's reforms would almost certainly have a spillover effect, causing their populaces to seek more liberalization at home. When Dubček was summoned to Dresden two weeks ago to tell party bosses from Russia, Poland, Hungary and East Germany just where he thought he was leading Czechoslovakia, he reportedly told them that he planned no big changes in foreign policy but intended to go right ahead with his internal reforms. During the summit, some 12,000 Russian troops were moved to Czechoslovakia's borders with East Germany and Hungary, ostensibly on maneuvers; they were later withdrawn.

Hungarian Party Theoretician Zoltán Komocsin warned that events in Czechoslovakia have "an anarchistic



DANCING AT PRAGUE'S OLYMPIC CLUB



MASS IN PRAGUE



STREET SCENE IN PROVINCIAL TOWN



STUDENT POLITICAL RALLY IN PRAGUE

Harking back to the spirit of 1918



SCHOOLGIRLS PLAYING BASKETBALL



FIRST UNREHEARSED & UNCUT POLITICAL DISCUSSION ON NATIONAL TV
Fears about the spillover effect among the neighbors.

character," but the biggest storm broke last week when East German Party Ideologist Kurt Hager accused Dubček and his men of "filling the West with the hope that Czechoslovakia will be pulled into the maelstrom of evolution." The remark reflected East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht's fear that Dubček's government may soon cozy up to West Germany for the sake of more trade and the special hard-money credits it badly needs. The Czechoslovaks were furious. Dubček's government formally protested Hager's speech, and Radio Prague denounced "this inadmissible meddling in the affairs of a sovereign state." A second attack by Hager put a severe strain on relations between the two states, once such close allies.

Conciliatory Gesture. During the week, Russia denounced the West for speculating that it would ever move to hinder Czechoslovakia, proclaimed its undying "fraternal fidelity" for the Czechoslovak people. When it came time to pick a new President to replace Antonín Novotný, Dubček decided to make a conciliatory gesture to the Soviet Union. At his request, the Central Committee nominated General Ludvík Svoboda, a liberal who enjoys wide prestige among the people and is particularly acceptable to Moscow because he commanded troops that served with the Russian Army in World War II.

Svoboda, who at 72 cannot be expected to serve long in the post, predictably announced that Czechoslovakia and Russia would always stand together. At week's end he was elected by the National Assembly, but his selection did not please everyone. Thousands of students conducted street rallies in Prague in support of their own candidate, a liberal intellectual named Cestmír Cisar, 48, who was until recently Ambassador to Rumania. Czechoslovakia's liberals, who earlier

feared that Dubček might have given in to the Russians at Dresden, also resented Svoboda's election as a sop to the Russians.

To Russia & Back. Czechoslovakia's whole history has been a fight to decide its own future, free from the oppression of the other powerful forces that have dominated its land. In the 9th century, when the Greek Apostles Cyril and Methodius spread Christianity among them in their vernacular, the Czechs and Slovaks were united in the powerful Moravian Empire. Later divided, they were ruled first by the Hungarians and the Holy Roman Empire, and then by the Habsburgs, who razed Bohemia's cities, slaughtered its landowners and persecuted the Hussites in a series of religious wars that plagued the country for 300 years.

The Czech revival began only in the late 19th century, thanks largely to the industrialization that developed in Bohemia and Moravia to a far greater degree than elsewhere in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When the empire was carved up after World War I, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, a tolerant and tenacious philosophy professor who had worked for years for Czech independence, talked the victors into creating Czechoslovakia as an independent state. Between the wars, Czechoslovakia was the only state in central Europe that consistently maintained a parliamentary democratic form of government.

It was during those years that a Slovak emigrant to the U.S., dissatisfied with his lot as a carpenter in America and attracted by the prospects of the new united Czechoslovakia, returned to his native land. He was Alexander Dubček's father, Stefan Dubček, and his return meant that his son missed becoming a U.S. citizen by a matter of months. Shortly after Alexander's birth in the Slovakian village of Uhrovec, the elder Dubček, embittered by the dif-

ficult conditions that persisted in Slovakia, became a pioneer member of the newly formed Czechoslovak Communist Party. In 1925, following an appeal to help build the first socialist state, he uprooted his family once more and moved to the Soviet Union, where he founded a cooperative in Russian Asia with 300 other Czech Communists.

Alexander Dubček grew up practically on the Chinese border, went to high school in Frunze. When he was 17, his father was kicked out of Russia during the Stalinist purges, and the family returned to Slovakia. There young Alexander joined the outlawed Communist Party and went to work as an apprentice machine locksmith at the Skoda munitions factory.

Police Terror. Dubček was still there when Czechoslovakia's fledgling experiment in parliamentary democracy was ended by the Munich pact of 1938, which enabled Hitler to march into Czechoslovakia while the Western powers looked the other way. The Czechoslovaks justly felt betrayed by the West, but they put up little resistance at the takeover or during the occupation. One exception was the Slovak uprising of 1944, in which both Alexander Dubček and his brother Julius fought the Germans in the mountains; Julius was killed and Alexander was wounded in the leg. The Czechoslovaks were further embittered when General Patton's Third Army rumbled to the outskirts of Prague, only to stop and, following an agreement between the Allied commanders, stand off while the Russians were allowed to liberate the city.

In agreement with Moscow, the Czechoslovak government that had spent the war years in exile in London returned to Prague in 1945. Eduard



20TH ANNIVERSARY PARADE
But the banner of nationalism

TIME, APRIL 5, 1968

Beneš became President and Jan Masaryk, Thomas' son, Foreign Minister; the Communist Party leader Klement Gottwald, who had been in exile in Russia, was appointed Vice Premier and, a year later, Premier. In free elections held in 1946, the Communists won 38% of the vote, Beneš' party only 26%; the rest was spread through a group of splinter parties. A coalition government was formed, and in 1947 it decided to accept U.S. aid under the Marshall Plan. Stalin furiously forced the government to back down, but his suspicion of the coalition had been confirmed; he decided to do away with it.

When twelve non-Communist ministers resigned in 1948 in protest against Communist infiltration of the police, the Communists saw their chance. They seized virtual control of the government, took over all mass communications and held rigged elections with only one list of candidates. Foreign Minister Masaryk fell to his death from his third-floor apartment window; the Communists said that his death was suicide, but much of the world believed that it was murder. Gottwald soon initiated a strongly Stalinist policy. He carried out mass arrests of "bourgeois" politicians and intellectuals, suppressed the Catholic Church (arresting most of its bishops, closing its seminaries and disbanding all religious orders), nationalized industry, collectivized agriculture and made police terror the law of the land.

At the insistence of the Kremlin, Gottwald viciously purged the party in 1951 and 1952, executing eleven top Communists for Titoism and jailing hundreds more. Prague's police chief at the time particularly praised the city's Communist Party boss, a fellow named Antonín Novotný, for his "outstanding

role in unmasking the conspirators." When Gottwald died in 1953, Novotný cannily got himself put in temporary charge of the party secretariat while the party was debating a successor. No one was ever able to dislodge him, and a few years later he also grabbed the presidency for himself. Stalin, too, died in 1953, and it is one of the cruelest tricks that fate played on Czechoslovakia that a Stalinist rose to power in the very year of his death. In 1955, Novotný had a huge statue of Stalin—reputed to be the largest of its kind in the world—unveiled in Prague on the commanding heights overlooking the Vltava River.

Striking a Truce. Novotný followed a rigidly orthodox Stalinist line. In no country behind the Iron Curtain, with the possible exception of Albania, did Khrushchev's destalinization speech at the Soviet Party's 20th Congress in 1956 have so little impact. Novotný banned books, plays and films, disciplined authors and artists and succeeded in finally strangling, by dogmatic ideas and rigid central controls the once robust Czechoslovak economy. When Czechoslovakia's much abused economy plunged into its worst crisis since the war and Khrushchev pushed his anti-Stalinist campaign farther, even Novotný had to knuckle under. He had the monumental statue of Stalin removed, was also forced to drop some of the more notorious Stalinists from Czechoslovakia's Communist leadership.

One such vacated post went to Alexander Dubček. Shortly after the Communist takeover by Gottwald, Dubček had become a full-time *apparatchik*, a professional Communist Party functionary. He was too junior an official to be seriously affected by the Stalinist purges of Gottwald and successfully escaped too close an association with the early repressions of the Novotný regime by spending three years—from 1955 to 1958—at Moscow's party political college. On his return to Slovakia, he was made regional secretary for the capital of Bratislava, and in 1960 he moved to Prague as secretary of the Czechoslovak Central Committee. Two years later, at the age of 40, he became one of the chosen ten on the party Presidium. When Novotný was forced to drop the Slovak secretary, an arch-Stalinist, the highest post in the Slovak party went to Dubček.

Once in a position of real power, Dubček almost immediately began to distance himself from Novotný's line. One of his first actions as leader was to strike a truce with the Slovak writers and intellectuals, who thenceforth had wide freedom of expression. He also identified himself with the new economic theories that had begun to be proposed in Czechoslovakia by Professor Ota Sik (TIME, Nov. 11, 1966) and his colleagues at about the same time as, or even before, Evsei Liberman took up the cudgels for economic reform in Russia. As time went by, the quiet Slovak grew more confident and self-as-



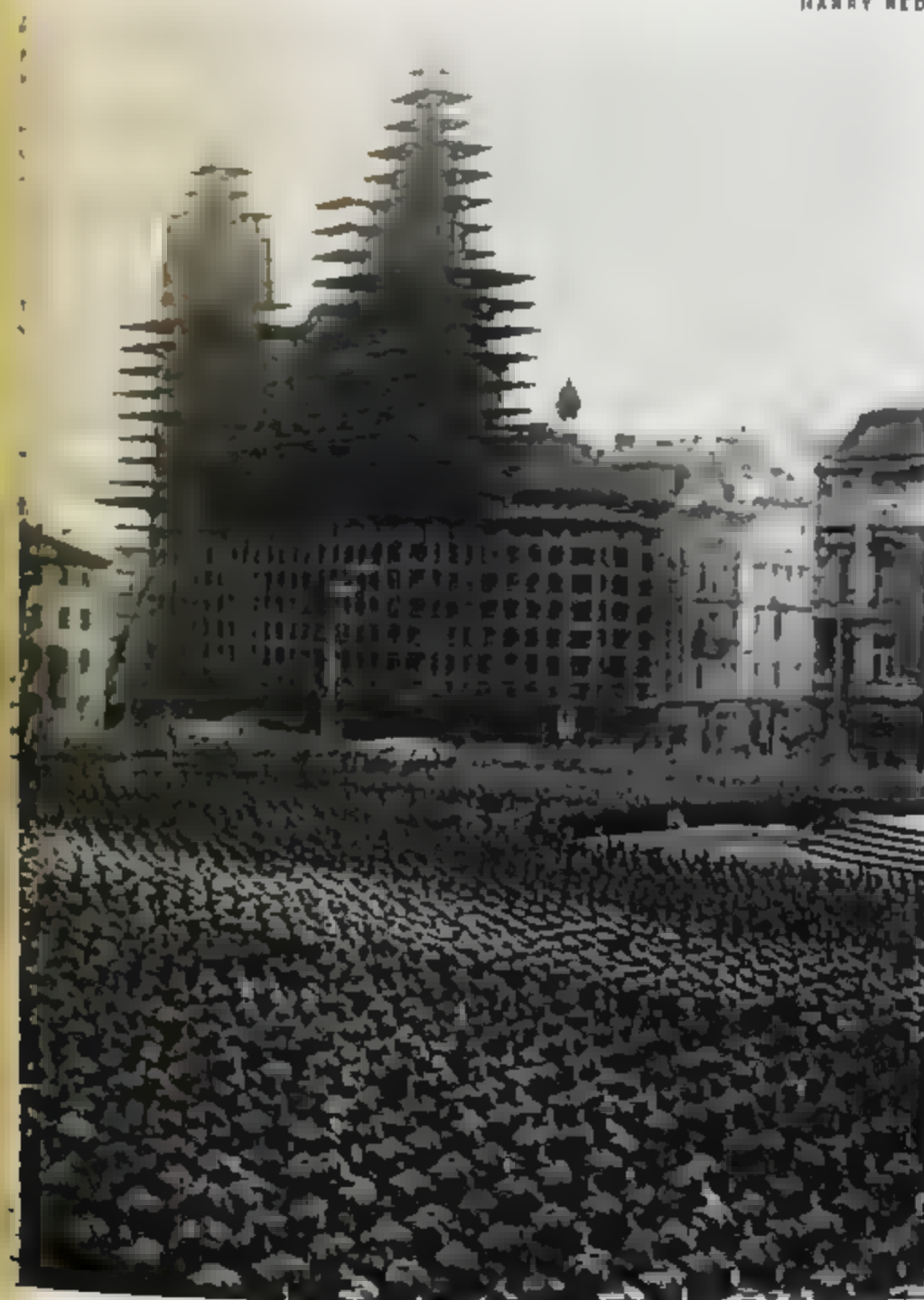
PRAGUE'S WENCESLAS SQUARE
From Russia, two out of three rolls.

sertive and slowly emerged as a strong critic of Novotný's policy.

Pressured on all sides for reform and liberalization, Novotný adopted a carrot-and-stick technique. He gave ground to his critics when the pressure seemed irresistible, then unhesitatingly reached for the stick when he felt that things had gone far enough. He thus permitted a sudden flowering of imagination in Czechoslovak art and literature, allowing Franz Kafka's work to be published again, films to portray romantic love and other "bourgeois" themes and biting satire and protest to appear in literary journals. But he continued to make intermittent crackdowns on writers and intellectuals, banning books, films and magazines that displeased him. He also gave Ota Sik the green light to put some of his reforms into effect—including a greater stress on profits and bonuses and other incentives for workers—but hampered and slowed them down before they could really do any good.

Worst Insult. The disaffection with Novotný came to a head in the summer and fall of 1967. At a congress of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, liberal writers rose one after the other to denounce the regime for impoverishing the country's literature through censorship and for brazenly rewriting its history. Novotný struck back by banning the liberal journal *Literární Noviny* and blocking the election of liberals to the Writers' Union governing board. Even worse, he incurred the enmity of the students by sending his police to break up a march of 1,500 students complaining about a power failure at Prague's Technical Institute. The brutality brought out other students, and a series of demonstrations and repressions followed.

Against this background of swirling unrest, Alexander Dubček entered the



MARKING COMMUNIST TAKEOVER
still flies high.

TIME, APRIL 5, 1968



VĚRA CHYTILOVÁ'S "DAISIES"



VOJTECH JASNÝ'S "WHEN THE CAT COMES"



JAROMIL JIRŮ'S "THE FIRST CRY"

Wry, tender, human and without a political message to dull it.

fray, carrying the banner of Slovak nationalism. As party boss of Slovakia, he rose at a Central Committee meeting in October and launched a fiery polemic against Novotný for breaking his promises and neglecting the development of Slovakia. In a highly heated exchange, Novotný called Dubček a "bourgeois nationalist," one of the worst insults in the Communist lexicon. Dubček began working behind the scenes to oust Novotný from party leadership, gradually bringing together dissident Slovak leaders, university officials, economists and other liberals. When Novotný went to Moscow in November for the Soviet Union's 50th anniversary, he peevishly excluded Dubček from his official party. It was a major mistake. Left at home with all the dissidents, Dubček whipped them into a unified opposition. When Novotný returned home, they felt strong enough to demand his resignation.

Novotný tried to relieve Dubček of his Slovak post, but the Slovaks would have none of it. Finally, after Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev flew into Prague in a belated attempt to save him, Novotný resigned the party job in January, and Dubček was elected to replace him. Even then, Novotný did not completely give up. His allies in the Defense and Interior ministries put to-

gether desperate plans for a coup, and at least one tank battalion was ready to roll into Prague on Novotný's behalf. But the coup fizzled when other commanders demanded written orders from the Central Committee before moving. (Major General Jan Sejna, then one of the architects of the coup, defected to the U.S.) By the time the party leaders gathered in Prague for festivities marking their 20th year of power in February, a public drive to force Novotný's resignation as President had already sealed his fate.

Butterflies as Bras. While it took a hardheaded politician like Alexander Dubček to push through reform, it was Czechoslovakia's writers and artists who created the climate for it. Through 20 years of Communist rule, they had been more daring and less puritanical than their Communist colleagues almost anywhere else. Many of them enjoyed the privileges offered them by the party—free tickets on the national railways, for example—and went on paying homage to the approved art form of socialist realism. But Czechoslovak intellectuals have a long tradition of fighting political authority, and even under Novotný they constantly pushed to extend the bounds of the permissible. They succeeded in getting a surprising number of their works published, but for the

most part they wrote secretly, kept a rich lode of manuscripts in their desk drawers. Currently, the intellectuals are celebrating Dubček's promise to prevent any future censorship by taking them out again. "It is the end of an era," says Novelist Ludvík Vačulík, an editor of the journal *Literární Listy*, the liberated successor to the banned *Literární Noviny*.

Also despite Communist rule, Czechoslovakia managed to produce a wealth of talent in film making. The country's "New Wave" of directors flows out of the FAMU academy in Prague, one of the best and toughest schools for cinema art in the world. Among the most audacious of the school's products is Director Věra Chytilová, whose dazzling photography and experiments in surrealism amount to nose thumbing at the party's effort to dictate style in art. Her *Daisies*, for example, is a plotless romp of two teenage girls whose stunts include holding up butterfly specimens in place of their bras, swinging from chandeliers and eating food ads instead of food. The work of Milos Forman has helped to make Czechoslovak films popular abroad; his *Loves of a Blonde* was a human, tender, wry love story of ordinary people with ordinary emotions that had no socialistic message to dull it; it appealed



*Sometimes I wonder
if you like me for myself...
or just my shape.*



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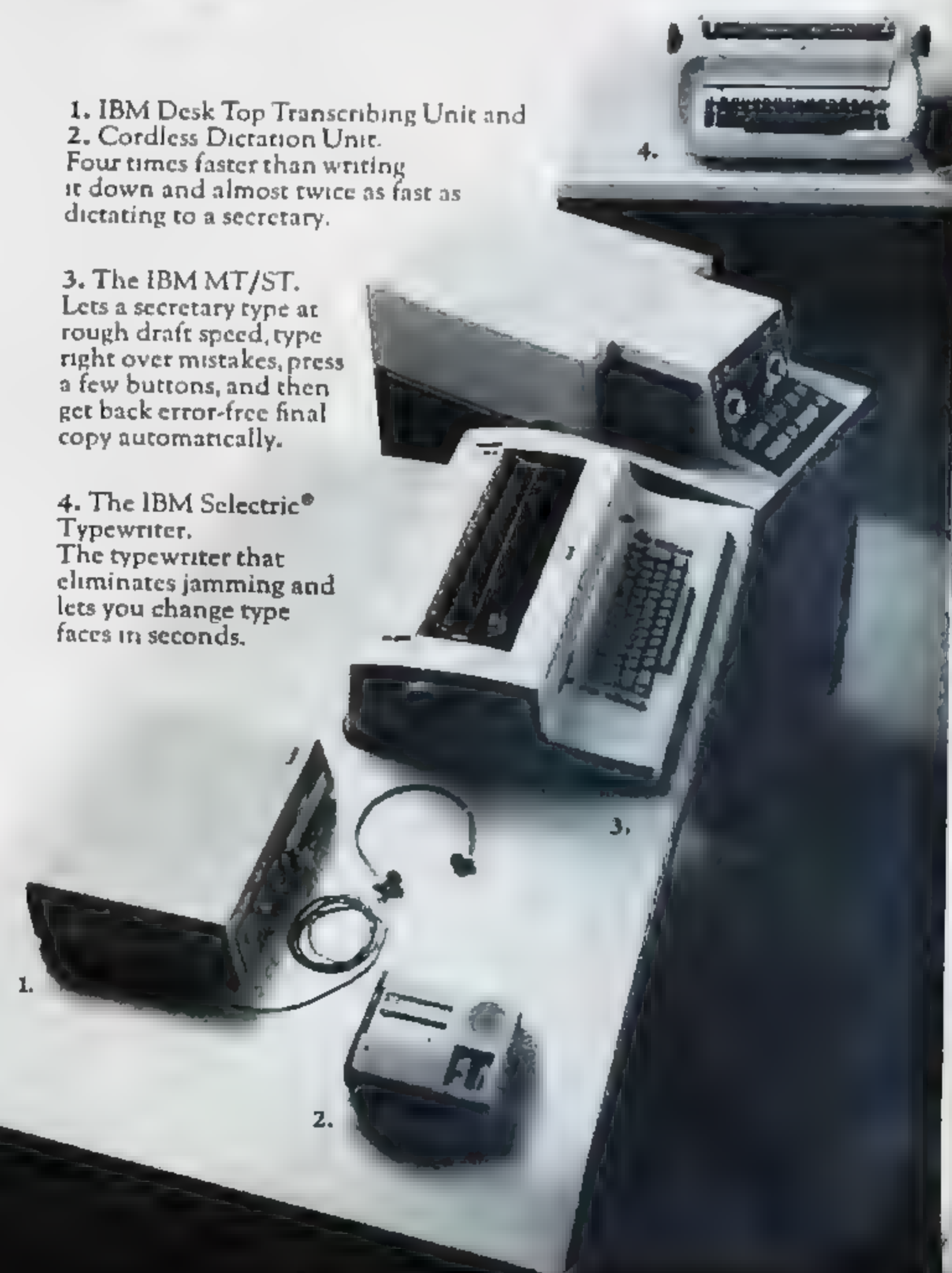
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to people everywhere. One of its features: the first nude love scene in the history of the Czechoslovak cinema. Other top films range in style from Vojtech Jasný's fantasy about a cat with magic glasses who sees through human deceptions, *When the Cat Comes*, to Jaromil Jires' charming record of a couple's reminiscences on the eve of their first child's birth, *The First Cry*.

Since 1954, the Czechoslovak directors have carried off no fewer than 35 major international prizes for their films. The Czechoslovaks are also pacemakers in new screen technology, as illustrated by two highly successful experiments at their Expo 67 pavilion. Packed audiences were all delighted with the "Kinomat," which enabled them to affect the outcome of a movie's plot through an electronic vote, and with "Polyvision," a technique that projected a series of synchronized patterns and images on more than 100 small, moving screens. Many people thought that the pavilion, which cost more than \$10 million, was the fair's best.

Biting Satire. These days, Czechoslovakia's writers specialize in biting satire on Communist bureaucracy. Their work is in the tradition of Kafka and Karel Capek, whose play *R.U.R.* first introduced the concept of a robot. In *The Memorandum*, a popular play by Vaclav Havel, the main character gets an important memorandum in an impenetrable official language; in order to get permission to learn the language, he must first write a petition in it. One of the biggest hits of the Prague theater season, *The Labyrinth* by Ladislav Smoček, shows men imprisoned in a maze of park pathways and hedges, which represent bureaucracy. While an amused keeper watches with his vicious dog, they crawl piteously about, toss out the bones of their dead comrades and conduct absurd conversations.

None of the better writers seems to have written even a line in praise of the triumphs of socialism. The popular Bohumil Hrabal's erotic stories about barflies, criminals and layabouts (*The Pearls* and *The Palaverers*) are filled with surrealism and black humor. Novelist Vačulík writes about languid Czechs such as the farmers in *The Axe*, who are brutally herded into Communist collectives. Novelist Ladislav Mňačko, who went to Israel in protest against Novotný's repression last fall, writes in *Delayed Reports* about tortures and rigged trials that he has seen as a journalist. In his *A Taste of Power*, Mňačko describes an *apparatchik* whose character is twisted by power.

But a sophisticated and relatively free cultural life has been of no help in solving Czechoslovakia's dire economic problems. Once a highly industrialized country that had a healthy trade with the West, Czechoslovakia has seen its economy warped and weakened under Communist rule. For too long it has been tied to barter agreements with the Soviet Union; shielded from competition, it allowed its in-

dustries to become sluggish and grossly inefficient. Forced to concentrate on providing iron, steel and heavy machinery for the Russians, it did not bother to keep up the quality of its other products or develop new ones that could be sold in world markets. Mismanaged by Communism's central planners, the economy simply became outmoded. In 1963, it even registered a negative growth rate.

Professor Sik and his colleagues will play a big role in Dubček's new Czechoslovakia. Under the New Economic Plan that they have proposed, sweeping changes will be made in the



ECONOMIST OTA SIK

Fine line between perilous extremes.

economy. Wholesale prices will be determined by market forces instead of party bureaucrats, and incentives will be introduced for both workers and management. Plant managers will have the power to fire unnecessary workers, to reinvest profits or to distribute them as bonuses to the workers. One of Czechoslovakia's main needs is to catch up with the West in technology and become competitive again in markets outside the Soviet bloc. Since the country lacks credits in the West, Sik will doubtless urge a quick expansion of trade with Western nations to pay for the sophisticated machines that the country needs for modernization and to buy more of the top-quality consumer goods sought by the people.

While the job of reconstructing Czechoslovakia's economy is going on, Dubček's government will be constantly under the shadow of the Soviet Union. Russia really does not need to march troops into Prague if it becomes displeased with Dubček and his regime. For one thing, it is not anxious to risk another Hungary while it is getting propaganda mileage out of the U.S.'s problems in Viet Nam. For another, the Russians now have such a firm grip on the Czechoslovak economy that they could badly damage it solely by economic reprisals. "Let us not forget," said the popular Prague TV commentator Milan Weiner, "that

nine out of ten cars here are driven on Soviet gasoline, two of every three rolls are baked from Soviet flour, and that the gigantic metallurgical factories would stop in a few days if the supply of Soviet ore were interrupted."

For this reason and for many others, Dubček faces the delicate job of toeing a fine line between perilous extremes. He certainly wants to rebuild his country's bridges to Western Europe, pursue a more neutral foreign policy and promote more trade with the West—but he dare not invite Russian wrath. He must move ahead quickly enough with his reform program at home to satisfy the progressives, who have tasted their first real freedom in 20 years and now want democratic institutions to go with it. But he cannot alienate Czechoslovakia's considerable number of convinced and dedicated Communists by allowing criticism of the party and its creed to go to anarchic extremes.

More Heady. After years of waiting and watching liberalization spread through other Communist lands, the Czechoslovaks have finally moved at their own supreme moment and in their own manner. One of the most hopeful signs for the ultimate success of their revolution is the amount of participation by the people. Television has brought the winds of change into most of their homes. Throughout the country, thousands upon thousands of Czechoslovaks have flocked to meetings to air their opinions, have signed petitions supporting Dubček, deluged government offices, radio and TV stations with calls, and even marched in the streets. Because it offers a socialist form of democracy so far unequaled anywhere in the Communist world, Czechoslovakia's revolution may have a far more lasting impact on Communism than either Tito's breakaway from the Kremlin or the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. "It lies upon us, on Czechs and Slovaks," says Forestry Minister Josef Smrkovský, "to enter courageously into unexplored terrain."

At week's end there was dramatic evidence of how far that exploration has already gone. More than 1,000 students poured into the streets of Prague after dark to protest the choice of General Svoboda as President because of his past Soviet ties. Angry and upset, they marched to the Communist Party headquarters and shouted for Alexander Dubček to show himself. It was midnight. In the past, the students would either have been clubbed to the ground or, at the very best, ignored. This time, no one interfered with them. What was more, Debček quickly appeared before them in the street. "What are the guarantees that the old days will not be back?" one student asked him. "You yourselves are that guarantee," replied Dubček. "You, the young." Then, as if mulling over all his country's painful history, he said: "Can the old days come back again? There is only one path, and that is forward."

POLAND

"Splinters Must Fly"

While the forces of liberalization continued to gather momentum in Czechoslovakia, the regime of Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka stiffened its resistance to reform. To filter out the ringleaders of the student demonstrations that have occurred over the past few weeks, it closed down eight academic departments at Warsaw University, forcing 1,000 out of its 7,000 students to re-enroll this week. The government drafted into the army more than 200 students, expelled 34 others at Warsaw and fired six professors, at least two of them Jewish, on charges of inciting disturbances. In a revival of a thinly veiled anti-Semitic campaign, it also fired the twelfth Jewish high government official in three weeks. All in all, the drive on students and professors, whom Gomulka called "enemies of the people," constitutes the most sweeping purge of intellectuals in Poland since the Stalinist days just after World War II.

Less than Absolute. The students enjoyed a minor bit of triumph when the state-controlled daily *Zycie Warszawy* printed a list of demands drafted at a Warsaw protest rally. But it also printed a reply to each point, starting with the students' bedrock demand for the enforcement of constitutional guarantees of free speech and assembly. While allowing that some of the complaints might be justified, the paper warned that such freedoms "cannot be used against the character of our socialist system." As for the students' protest against police brutality during the rioting, the paper came straight to the point. "When chopping wood," it said, "splinters must fly." The students got a new ally, however, in Poland's Roman Catholic Episcopate, which broke its silence on the



POLICE BOSS MOCZAR WITH MILITIA GIRL
Most sweeping purge since Stalin.



MEMBERS OF BOLSHOI BALLET PERFORMING "STONE FLOWER"
Out with double-dealing and sexy dancing.

outbursts by protesting the government's "brutal use of force."

With no liberal wing such as that in the Czechoslovak party to absorb and channel complaints, Gomulka's regime seems to be on a collision course with students and intellectuals. Gomulka's own powers within the government seem to be considerably less than absolute, as proved by the fact that his condemnation of the anti-Semitic campaign has failed to stop it—or even slow it down. At week's end Jews were baited, in effect, to join the campaign; they were asked to denounce what the government called an international "Zionist" propaganda effort against Poland. There are rumors in Warsaw that Interior Minister Mieczyslaw Moczar, the head of the police and an ambitious candidate to succeed Gomulka, is backing the anti-Semitic campaign in the hope of replacing many dismissed Jews with his own men.

The students as a whole seem as dangerously irrepressible as ever. Many universities were rimmed with police guards, and the atmosphere at Warsaw University became so threatening that the rector closed it for a day. A group of 200 students decided to meet there anyway, and broke into a lecture hall to pass resolutions demanding reinstatement for the fired professors and military discharges for the drafted students. If they have not received satisfaction by the end of Easter vacation, warned the leaders, they will put out a call for a general strike at all Polish universities.

RUSSIA

Word of Warning

"Renegades cannot expect impunity," Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev told a Moscow party meeting last week. "The Soviet public harshly denounces the abominable deeds of these double-dealers." Brezhnev was talking about the country's increasingly restless intellectuals, many of whom have al-

ready been subjected to show trials and long prison sentences for displeasing the state. Before the situation gets better for them, Brezhnev indicated, it will get much worse.

And so it already had. A few days before Brezhnev's speech, Attorney Boris Zolotukhin was expelled from the party, apparently for defending one of four young writers sentenced last January to prison terms ranging from one to seven years (*TIME*, Jan. 19). Along with Zolotukhin, the party also expelled five intellectuals who signed a formal protest against the star-chamber aspects of the trial. Far from dealing too sternly with the writers, the pro-government *Literaturnaya Gazeta* said last week, the courts dealt too lightly with them. Its solution: deport the dissident writers. "Instead of feeding such people at public expense in our prisons or corrective labor camps," wrote Editor Aleksandr Chakovsky, "it would be better to let them be supported by the taxpayers of the U.S., Britain or West Germany."

Dissension among Russia's artists seems to have spread well beyond literature. Calling a special press conference, Mrs. Ekaterina Furtseva, the Soviet Culture Minister, assured Western newsmen that "never have conditions for artistic creation in Russia been so favorable as now." She then went on to announce that a gala international ballet contest will be held in Moscow next year. Of course, the emphasis will be on "realism"—meaning that abstract dancing is out. "And we do not share the opinion of some ballet lovers who approve of the sexual direction that ballet has taken," added Mrs. Furtseva. "When you see sexual figures on the stage, it is unpleasant." That was too much for Contest Chairman Igor Moiseyev, director of the Bolshoi Ballet and the Moiseyev dance ensemble. "Sex," he bridled, "is not abstract." As newsmen roared their approval, Mrs. Furtseva glared: "I don't entirely agree with you." Coming from an official, those are ominous words in today's Russia.

THE WAR

Trials of the F-111

The F-111 is probably the most controversial plane ever built. Ever since former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara overruled the top military leaders in 1962 and gave the contract for the 1,650-m.p.h., two-seat fighter-bomber to General Dynamics, the plane has had to fly through a barrage of verbal flak. It has been the center of several congressional investigations, been frequently attacked in the press as deficient in performance and criticized relentlessly by the U.S. Navy, which complains that its version is hopelessly overweight for carriers.

Last week, as the first six of the new

planes made their combat debut over North Viet Nam, the F-111 flew right into another, even more serious controversy. On only the third and sixth days of combat, two of the \$6,000,000 planes went down in Southeast Asia. One of them failed to return to its base in Thailand on a bombing mission to North Viet Nam; the other crashed in Thailand.

Escape Module. The North Vietnamese quickly claimed that their gunners had downed the first F-111 lost, but there were some indications that it may have crashed somewhere on the way to its target over the southern, or panhandle, part of North Viet Nam. U.S. pilots speculated that the F-111, which sweeps in at treetop-level on bombing

runs, may have run into a hill or mountain. Not surprisingly, the Air Force slapped on a tight security blackout. Since the plane is crammed with the very latest navigational and other electronic gear, the U.S. did not want to let the enemy know whether it fell over the North or in Communist-held portions of Laos. The Pentagon confirmed that the second F-111 crashed in Thailand after what the Air Force described as "an in-flight" emergency; both of its crew members parachuted to safety in the F-111's detachable escape module.

The F-111's ill-starred debut cast doubts on what is, on paper, an impressive fighting machine. The plane can fly faster and farther than any ear-

AN EFFICIENT SLAUGHTER

The Communists executed hundreds of civilians during their Tet offensive, but the slaughter was particularly marked in and around Hué, where estimates of those put to death range from 200 to 400. British Journalist Stewart Harris, who opposes U.S. policy in Viet Nam and declares that "my instinct is not to sustain it by writing propaganda," recently visited Hué and vicinity to investigate the executions. Last week he reported his findings in the Times of London:

THE North Vietnamese army and the Viet Cong executed many Vietnamese, some Americans and a few other foreigners during the fighting in and around Hué. I am sure of this after spending several days in Hué investigating allegations of killings and torture. I saw and photographed a lot for myself, but inevitably I relied on many civilians and soldiers, Vietnamese, Americans, Australians and others. All seemed honest witnesses, telling the truth as they believed it.

On a lovely sunny afternoon in the green valley of Nam Hoa, about ten miles southwest of Hué, I was with Warrant Officer Ostara, an Australian adviser with the South Viet Nam army, standing on the sloping sides of a recently dug hole. In the bottom were rush mats over sheets of plastics. Ostara drew them back and I saw two bodies, dead Vietnamese, with their arms tied behind their backs just above the elbows. They had been shot through the back of the head, the bullet coming out through the mouth. The faces would have been difficult to recognize, but the day before 27 women from the village walked out three miles carrying mattocks to dig for their missing husbands and sons, having heard about this patch of disturbed earth near the roadside. Ostara told me that the enemy had come through on their way to Hué. They had taken 27 men. Some were leaders and some were younger, strong enough to be porters or even ancillary soldiers.

"Men were simply condemned by drumhead courts and executed as enemies of the people," said Bob Kelly, the senior province adviser in Thua Thien province. "These were the leaders, often quite small men. Others were executed when their usefulness ceased, or when they didn't cooperate they were shot for their trouble. Some of my staff were badly mutilated, but I am inclined to believe this was done after they were killed. Their hands were tied and they were shot behind the head. I helped to dig one body out, but I have been told by Vietnamese whom I respect that some people were buried alive."

Lieut. Gregory Sharp, an American adviser with the Viet Nam 21st Ranger Battalion, told me that his men had come across about 25 new graves in a cemetery five miles east of Hué on March 14. From half a dozen of the graves the heads were sticking up out of the sandy soil and, according to Sharp, "there wasn't much left of them—buzzards and dogs, I suppose. Some had been shot in the head and some hadn't. They had been buried alive, I think. There were sort of scratches in the sand in one place, as if someone had clawed his way out." At Quan Ta Ngan three Australian warrant officers saw seven men in one of three graves they found. The seven, I was told, had been shot one after the other, through the back of the head, hands tied.

Soon after arriving in Hué I went in a Jeep with three Viet Nam officers to inspect sites where the bodies of executed men were said to have been found. We went first to Gia Hoi high school in District Two, east of the citadel. Here 22 new graves had been found, each containing between three and seven bodies. It is still a horrifying place. The officers told me that the bodies had been tied and, again, most had been shot through the head, but "some had been buried alive."

• There are about 40,000 Roman Catholic Vietnamese in Hué. What happened to them? About three-quarters of the Roman Catholics in Hué live in Phu Cam, on the southern outskirts of the city. They resisted strongly when the enemy came in, and some were executed. Four Viet Nam priests were taken away and three foreign priests were killed. Two French priests were actually given permission by the Viet Cong to return to Phu Cam and help the sisters—and then they were shot on the way back. Another French priest was executed, perhaps because he was chaplain to the Americans.

Summing up all this evidence about the behavior of the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese army in Hué, one thing is abundantly clear and ought to surprise no one. They put into practice, with their usual efficiency, the traditional Communist policy of punishing by execution selected leaders who support their enemies. In Hué, as elsewhere, they were unable on the whole to capture and execute the more important officials, because these men were careful to protect themselves in heavily fortified compounds, defended by soldiers and police. In Hué, as elsewhere, the more defenseless "little people" were the victims—the village and hamlet chiefs, the teachers and the policemen.

Already most of these positions have been filled again, and I find it impossible to write adequately about the courage of men who succeed the executed.

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lier U.S. fighter-bomber and lift twice the bomb load (12,500 lbs.). Its great strategic importance in Viet Nam was to be that its new inertial guidance and radar targeting system enables it to bomb in foul weather or fair, either by night or by day. Its arrival in force would thus mean that the U.S. could keep up its aerial bombardment of the North despite monsoon rains or heavy cloud cover.

Under the Net. The F-111 is the world's first combat plane with the so-called "variable geometry" wing, which extends for greater lift during takeoff and landing, folds back for less drag at supersonic speeds. Its "terrain radar," which automatically adjusts the plane's altitude to accord with the topography, is supposed to enable the plane to hug the ground while flying at a speed of 900 m.p.h. and thus dash in below the enemy radar net. If the first F-111 did hit a mountain, it was probably due to a malfunction in the terrain radar. The Russians, who have been experimenting with a swing-wing plane of their own, would learn a great deal if they could retrieve parts of the F-111.

The other four F-111s carried out a dozen or so successful raids against supply and troop staging areas in North Viet Nam's panhandle. The Air Force has ordered 395 of the swing-wings, but the Navy still does not want the plane. As the Senate Armed Services Committee last week voted to cancel funds for any further development of the naval version, Senator John McClellan, the F-111's leading critic, called the Navy's swing-wing "a dog" in a Senate speech. In the middle of his speech, an aide handed him the bulletin that the first Air Force F-111 was missing in action.

MIDDLE EAST

Battle Rejoined

Between Arab and Jew, the taste of blood is not easily forgotten. Even while the U.N. Security Council was debating the extent of Israel's blame for its "punitive invasion" of Jordan two weeks ago, both sides were rolling up their sleeves for another battle. Israel, ever more touchy about the incursions of Arab commandos across the River Jordan, massed troops, tanks and artillery in the Beisan valley south of the Sea of Galilee awaiting an excuse to renew the offensive. Jordan, cheered beyond measure by the fact that its troops had knocked out a dozen Israeli tanks, replied in kind. It evacuated civilians from its own Beisan valley villages, moved in well-trained guerrillas and its Arab Legion troops to face the expected Israeli attack.

It was not long in coming. The Israelis got the provocation they were looking for when a tractor pulling a cartload of kibbutzniks ran over a terrorist mine in the soggy underbrush of a Beisan valley banana plantation. Four men were killed, including the 53-year-old founder of the kibbutz, and four



JORDANIAN COMMANDO BASE AFTER ISRAEL'S "PUNITIVE INVASION"
Hardly likely to stop the terrorists.

others wounded. Three hours later, the Israeli army opened up with light machine-gun fire on the Jordanian side of the valley. The Jordanians fired back, and the battle was on. Israeli artillery pounded an evacuated village, and Jordanian 155-mm. Long Toms zeroed in on seven kibbutzim. As the duel spread south toward Jericho along a 65-mile front, the Israelis called in their jets, sending waves of fighter-bombers across the river and behind the Gilead mountains deep into Jordanian territory to bomb out the Long Toms.

Cinemascope Production. Israeli farmers got a panoramic view of the battle from slit trenches near the river. They called it "a Cinemascope production." The broad Beisan valley, green with ripening winter crops and blossoming trees, was painted with countless columns of rising black smoke. Israeli planes dive-bombed Jordanian positions, then wheeled west into the sun to confound the aim of Arab anti-aircraft gunners. The village of Tel el-Arbain, an El Fatah commando base, was in flames. A Jordanian oil dump near the river burned an ominous red far into the night.

As usual, the Israelis were the apparent victors. Their admitted losses were one jet and one soldier, and they claimed to have knocked out four guerrilla bases and much of Jordan's artillery. The battle was, declared Chief of Staff Haim Bar-lev, "a blow greater than the one of Feb. 15"—when Israel unleashed a similar assault. But it is hardly likely to stop the Jordanian terrorists, who are now the heroes of the Arab world, from continuing their own destructive blows against Israel. Since the Israelis have threatened to answer each new terrorist raid with an attack on Jordan, there is every likelihood that the battle will be joined again and again, with all the danger that situation holds for an eventual renewal of major war in the Middle East.

EGYPT

Freedom, Later

"Change! Change!" Egyptian students shouted at President Gamal Abdel Nasser last month. He promised to. Two weeks ago he purged his Cabinet of many of its political figures, choosing as replacements technocrats from the universities and the professions. Last week, speaking on television and radio from his office in the presidential palace of Kubbah, Nasser presented a comprehensive plan aimed at entirely revitalizing his Arab Socialist Union, the country's only legal political party, and giving Egypt a new constitution.

Under Nasser's plan, a set of nationwide elections will be held to name new delegates to the Arab Socialist Union, which will convene July 23. One of the delegates' main tasks will be to draft a constitution that will guarantee many of the rights that the students have demanded. Nasser promised that it would ensure, for example, complete freedom for Egypt's muzzled press, freedom of thought and an independent judiciary. There was only one catch. The constitution, Nasser declared, will not go into effect until the Arabs regain the lands lost to Israel.

CHINA

Purges on the Left

Spring came to Peking last week bringing crocuses to the Imperial Palace gardens and Mao-jacketed revolutionaries back into the streets. After a long and severe winter, the city echoed again to the feet of 100,000 mass marchers, who tromped around for two days straight chanting insults at the latest round of "ambitious right-wingers."

The term invariably used against the enemies of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. This time there was one significant change. The targets of the taint, far from being "right-wingers," were "left-wingers."

Suribachi, with the U.S. flag flying above it. Now the flag has been lowered as a concession to Japanese sensibilities, and in its place a copper flag has been raised. When a treaty is signed this week or next, the U.S. will officially return to the Japanese the Bonin and Volcano Islands, of which Iwo Jima is one, and two other Pacific islands.

Most of the 7,000 Japanese colonists on the Bonins, which supplied Japan with fish and many of its winter vegetables, were evacuated during the war, when the large Bonins were turned into a part of Japan's island defense system. After the U.S. took them over, it made them and the Ryukyu chain (including Okinawa) bases for air and naval installations. While Okinawa has since

BRITAIN

Into the Ground

Like a stake driven into the ground by the repeated blows of a sledgehammer, Harold Wilson's reputation has sunk lower and lower with each passing month. In the 13 by-elections since the country as a whole went to the polls in 1966, the Prime Minister's Labor Party had lost six of its constituencies and seen the majority in its three others cut sharply. Last week, in the first by-elections since the introduction of the government's stringent new budget, the sledgehammer fell on Labor with such force that it all but buried what was left of the party's reputation. In all four elections—three of

trouble; last week the party had to expel Desmond Donnelly, a maverick who leans to the right, for refusing to knuckle under to party discipline. If Wilson fails to revive Britain's sluggish economy and restore his position by October, he will be under unrelenting pressure from many Laborites to hand over his job to someone who can.

PANAMA

Too Many Presidents

Panama last week found itself in the embarrassing position of having two Presidents. One was Marco Aurelio Robles, 62, the country's duly elected chief of state for the past four years; the other was Max Delvalle, 57, Robles' First Vice President. This tricky situation was brought about by the opposition-dominated National Assembly, which, seizing on an obscure clause in the country's constitution, accused Robles of giving illegal support to a candidate in the upcoming May 12 elections. Early in the week, the Assembly voted to oust Robles from office, and within an hour formally installed Delvalle as Panama's 34th President.

Refusing to budge, Robles holed up in the presidential palace, conferred with his top aides and managed to win the crucial support of the country's 4,000-man national guard. On Delvalle's side was the powerful, five-party National Union coalition, which represents 75% of the popular vote—based on the 1964 elections—and is now led by the favored opposition candidate, Arnulfo Arias, 66, the wily politician who organized the ouster proceedings. Taking to television after Robles' refusal to step down, Arias called for "civil resistance." A few hours later, national guardsmen swooped down on his headquarters in Panama City, arrested more than 200 of his supporters and confiscated a small cache of weapons.

Angry Mobs. National guardsmen also surrounded the legislative palace, which Delvalle had announced he would use as a temporary office. When Delvalle arrived to take occupancy, a mob of supporters gathered to cheer him on. "I am the constitutional President and you should obey me," Delvalle told the officer in charge. "Please help me maintain order," the officer snapped back. From somewhere in the crowd, rocks began flying. With that, the troops fired off a volley of tear-gas grenades. Delvalle beat a retreat, and a full-scale riot erupted. For two hours, demonstrators swarmed through downtown streets, overturning vehicles, throwing rocks and building barricades.

Later there was a second riot, and 2,000 women staged an anti-Robles march. This week the Supreme Court is scheduled to meet and make a decision about the legality of the National Assembly's ouster proceedings. After that, the national guard, the final arbiter in Panamanian politics, will either stick by Robles, back Delvalle—or step in and assume power itself.



COPPER REPLICA OF MT. SURIBACHI FLAG
An arsenal still awaits the invader.

become the major U.S. military base in the Western Pacific, the Bonin area installations are now only three small stations and a complement of only 75 men. Last November, as an *omiyage* (gift) to Japan's visiting Premier Eisaku Sato, President Johnson agreed to give back the islands to Japan.

Japan has long-range plans to redevelop most of the islands to their prewar farming and fishing levels. Iwo Jima, for one, will take a lot of patient cultivation. After 23 years, it still remains a desolate battlefield, where hulks of landing craft and shell casings jut from the black volcanic sand. Farther inland, in tunnels and caves, lie the bones of thousands of Japanese soldiers, which the Japanese hope to send home. And hidden like deadly thorns among the island's thick green vines, an arsenal of mines and shells still awaits the invader's incautious footsteps. The Japanese, who planted them, estimate that it will take up to ten years just to defuse the island.



them in Laborite constituencies—the Conservatives swept to easy victories.

The losses trimmed Labor's Commons majority to 74, down from the comfortable 97 won two years ago. The elections showed an 18.2% swing to the Tories, the biggest switch between the two parties since the surprise result that ousted Winston Churchill in 1945. If elections were held now, on the basis of last week's count the Conservatives would win 420 of the 630 seats in the Commons, picking up no fewer than 270 from Labor. "If the government cannot reverse its present unpopularity," warned the London Times, "there will inevitably be a further political crisis."

That crisis could well come when Harold Wilson faces his party's embittered rank and file at next October's party congress. Labor is badly split internally over Wilson's economic measures and high-handed way of running things. Former Foreign Secretary George Brown, who has stubbornly refused to quit his post as the party's deputy leader, is out to cause Wilson

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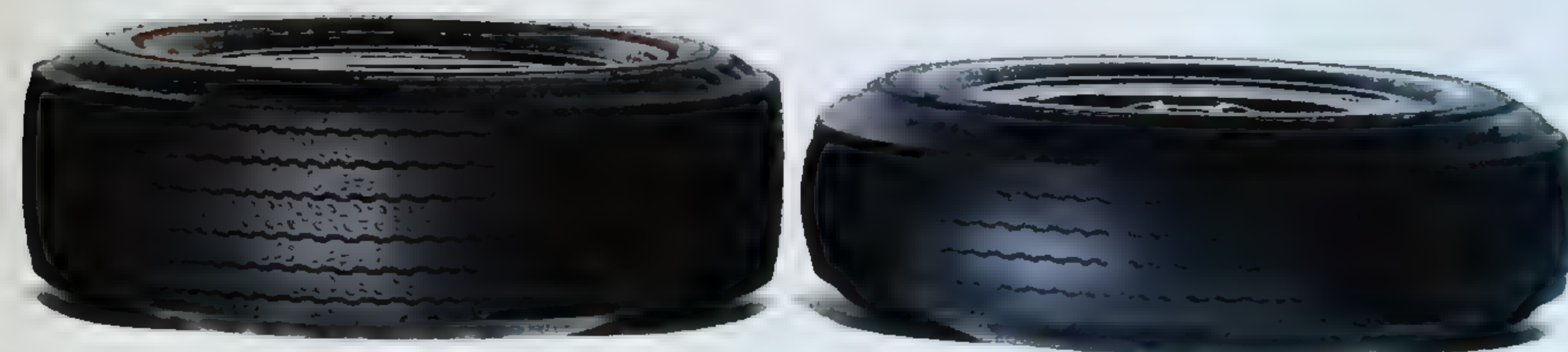
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PEOPLE

It just goes to show that it takes more than some horrid divorce-court testimony by ex-Wife Dyan Cannon to dim the ardor of Cary Grant's devoted legions. There he was, three weeks after that nasty automobile crack-up, bounding out of a Queens, New York, hospital looking nowhere near his 64 years and flashing that famous grin as several hundred shrieking females gathered to wish him well. "I feel great," said Cary, and proved it by planting a kiss on the cheek of Sister Thomas Francis, executive director of the hospital. "Oh, my," said Sister Francis, blushing. "Isn't that nice. Maybe he respects age."

She hadn't thought that she was involved in international high finance, yet when Figure Skater Peggy Fleming, 19, met a smiling President Johnson in the White House Rose Garden, he hailed her as "someone who has helped us with the gold drain." Peggy had, indeed, as the only American to bring home an Olympic gold medal from Grenoble. And now a properly appreciative L.B.J. added a decoration of his own, reaching up to pluck a magnolia blossom from a tree and pinning it on Peggy's dress.

The jet jump from Maharishi'ing around on the banks of the Ganges to facing Frankie at the Fontainebleau, to grooving with Liz and Dick on the banks of the Thames would be quite an adjustment for anybody. Added to that was the pressure of starting work on her second major film role in *Secret Ceremony*. So Mia Farrow, 23, had a problem. It got out of hand after Mia, in her mini mini, danced until the wee hours at a Burton party at London's Dorchester Hotel, then turned up



MIA & RINGO AT PARTY
Absent from the scene.



CARY & SISTER THOMAS FRANCIS
Light for the legion.

absent from the scene next morning. After a couple of days, the film makers dispatched an emissary to a private psychiatric clinic in Middlesex. No Mia, and a clinic spokesman refused to say whether she had been there or even what for. Eventually she turned up, saying that she had merely been home with a tummyache.

Ill lay: Senator Everett Dirksen, 72, in Walter Reed Hospital with severe bruises after he fell from his dining room table while attempting to replace a light bulb; Patrick Lyndon Nugent, nine months, running a fever of 104°, high enough to bring a doctor to the White House; Pakistan's President Ayub Khan, 60, reportedly ill with pneumonia, though rumors buzz in Karachi that he has suffered a stroke; Alabama Governor Lurleen Wallace, 41, in St. Margaret's Hospital in Montgomery after an operation for an abdominal infection, having already undergone surgery for cancer three times in the past two years.

Italy's Nino Benvenuti, 29, figured to stay out of scraps for a while after polishing off Emile Griffith last month to recapture the world middleweight title. Then along came a wicked one-two punch smack in *la pancia*. Through her lawyers, Nadia Bertorello, 20, blonde, bosomy, and a model back home in Bologna, charged that 1) Nino is the *fiero padre* of the baby she expects in August, and 2) Nino's manager, Bruno Amaduzzi, had foisted a cover-up by snipping out of her passport the visa proving that she had traveled to the U.S. with Nino last October. "I am no longer interested in Nino as a man," she said, "only as the one who should guarantee some future for our child."

Nino denied the paternity, if not the relationship. Said his wife Giuliana, when asked if she could forgive his escapade: "An escapade, yes—a serious affair, no."

The children's crusade for Senator Eugene McCarthy marches on. Ann Hart, 20, daughter of Michigan's Senator Philip, started it all, and now the ranks are swelling with dozens of notable offspring. Latest to join the youthful fold: Edmund G. Brown Jr., 29, son of California's former Governor Pat; William Yorty, 21, son of Los Angeles' Mayor Sam; James Roosevelt Jr., F.D.R.'s grandson; Harold Ickes Jr., 28, son of the New Dealer; Randy Paar, 17, Jack's daughter; Erica Heller, teen-age daughter of Novelist Joseph; Hal Wiley, grandson of Wisconsin's late Senator Alexander; Jamie Bernstein, 15, daughter of the New York Philharmonic's Leonard; and Joshua Leinsdorf, 22, son of the Boston Symphony's conductor Erich.

Stagehands hustled up coffee and a soft chair, directors fell over one another congratulating him on his poise, even actors split their sides yukking it up at his every quip. And why not? For the bashful newcomer on the movie set was that grizzled czar of the gridiron, peerless coach of the National Football League's champion Green Bay Packers, Vince Lombardi, 54, on hand for a cameo appearance in the United Artists movie version of George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*. Vinnie, as he was called by the movie folk, breezed through his scene with Actor Alan Alda, who plays Plimpton, and proved that there is a good bit of ham left in the old Packer. The script called for him to turn down Plimpton's request to try out for the Packers with a curt "No." But Lombardi had a different idea. "Have you tried the A.F.L.?" he asked sweetly.



MOVIE FOLK & "VINNIE"
Hail to the czar.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS MONEY-HUNGRY

NATIONS are like people: no matter how much money they have, they never seem to have enough. Today the world has more capital funds for investment than ever before. Yet there is disturbing evidence that capital is not being created fast enough to meet the rising volume of legitimate needs. Capital is scarce and costly almost everywhere, and the global shortage will worsen unless two basic remedial steps are taken. First, ways must be found to develop more funds. Second, the "flow" or distribution of capital has to be sped up and improved.

Capital—the funds left over from present consumption and used to produce future benefits—is more than the core of the capitalist system. Even the anti-capitalists of Moscow recognize it as the force that corrals human energy and ingenuity, transforming it into machines and factories, roads, rail lines, bridges, telegraph nets and power plants. Capital begets capital because it leads to production. That creates jobs and income, which in turn produce more capital and more demand for it. The Atlantic Council of the U.S.—a group of U.S. Government and business leaders—estimates that, in the ten-year span ending in 1976, North America and Western Europe will need \$1 trillion to expand production. They will also need the funds to open new and costly programs to assault pollution and slums, exploit the resources of the oceans, and perform other basic tasks to make the civilized world more livable. The needs are great as well in countries that are stepping up toward industrialization. Iran needs \$11.8 billion for its current five-year development program, started two weeks ago. In the next five years the Philippines will require \$4 billion.

The needs are most conspicuous in the impoverished states, many of them new nations. Almost by definition, an underdeveloped country is an undercapitalized country. Struggling to advance from muscle power to the machine, its people anxiously eye their smokeless horizons in search of capital to build factories, hire managers and export young men to universities from Göttingen to Berkeley. They cast an envious glance at such cities as San Juan and Teheran, which have risen from squalor to considerable splendor in less than a generation. The modern influences of communications—tourists, transistor radios, Hollywood films, advertisements—have carried to every mud hovel in the world the idea that cash and credit can help men build a better life; that capital can create choices.

Reasons for Squeeze

The consequences of the tight supply and growing demand for capital are postponed projects, frustrated entrepreneurs, and an inflation in the price of money. Interest rates have been rising fairly steadily since World War II, are now the highest since the 1920s. In Brazil, interest is typically calculated by the month, and rates run as much as 2½% monthly for prime borrowers, 5% for medium-sized companies, and 7% for consumers who make installment purchases. In large parts of Latin America, Asia and Africa, long-term capital is scarcely available at any price, and great chunks of it are hard to come by in Europe. Last week the deficit-ridden U.S. Government had to pay the highest rates since the Civil War—6.45%—to float \$730 million in bonds (see BUSINESS). Double-A corporate bonds market for as much as 6.8%, twice as high as in 1955. On a \$40,000 mortgage in Washington, D.C., the tag is 6.5%, plus a "discount" charge of two interest points (\$800); in Los Angeles, it is 7% plus 1.5 points.

The squeeze comes from a complex of causes. First, there is the world's exploding population—itsself a product of better medical care and improved nutrition brought by capital investment. Only 40% of the people alive today are in the labor force; thus the majority must be supported by

the minority who work—and raising their productivity on farms and in factories requires copious quantities of capital. Second, increasing economic competition forces every society to spend more to modernize and automate. Expensive plants age and fade as quickly as cinema sex queens; machines that have been built to last 25 years must be scrapped after ten. Man the dreamer—constantly torn between today's reality and tomorrow's potential—continually destroys capital.

And the cost of capital goods is climbing. Take airplanes: from \$1,000,000 for a propeller DC-6 to \$7,000,000 for a 707 jet to about \$40 million for an SST. Modern superhighways cost more than \$2,000,000 a mile. Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman George Champion notes that in U.S. factories, capital investment per production worker has risen from \$550 a century ago to almost \$20,000 today; in the petroleum-refining industry, the figure is more than \$250,000. The capital investment in a medium-sized U.S. farm is about \$80,000—double what it was 15 years ago. In the next five years, the nation's steel producers intend to invest about \$12 billion to expand, modernize and automate. Then there is the nation's annual investment in research and development: last year it took \$24 billion. Contrary to John Maynard Keynes—who theorized that economies eventually mature, stop growing, and then demand only meager amounts of capital—it is now clear that as economies become stronger and more sophisticated, their appetite for capital increases.

Controls & Cutbacks

Yet, as economies grow more industrialized, the productivity of their capital can decline—as the Soviets have lately discovered. To raise gross national product by a value of 1,000,000 rubles a year, for example, the Soviets during the 1950s had to make capital investment of 2,000,000 rubles; to achieve the same G.N.P. gains more recently, they have had to invest 3,300,000 rubles. The Communists have been used to raising capital by coercion, holding down wages, deferring consumption, and plowing back the produce of today's labor into plants and machines for tomorrow. But now they are also finding it politically necessary to divert more and more into consumption to quiet their clamoring people. One consequence is that Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia have begun in a modest way to import capital from the West, permit Western businessmen to invest in some ventures.

Lately, the long-term trend to capital tightness has been aggravated in the U.S. by the Government's large-scale borrowings to finance its budget deficit. Through issues of securities and loans, the market generates about \$70 billion in credit yearly. The Federal Government expects to borrow a phenomenal amount of that—about \$22 billion in the fiscal year ending this June. Unless taxes are increased fairly soon and sharply, the Government will pull \$17 billion more out of the capital market in the first six months of 1968 than in the first half of 1967. In consequence, capital is likely to become still costlier and scarcer; money tightness has already begun to crimp construction.

There is also a worldwide clamp on capital flow across national borders. This trend is doubly disturbing because foreign capital is usually targeted on strategic investment projects and provides a particular filip. The \$7.2 billion that Europeans invested in the U.S. up to 1914 financed most of the nation's railroads and canals, and many of its oil fields and mines; the \$12.8 billion that the U.S. sent in Marshall Plan aid rebuilt much of postwar Europe. Now, to fight the battle of the balance of payments, the world's two major exporters of capital—the U.S. and Britain—have lurched toward controls. Under newly tightened re-

strictions on foreign loans and investments, Washington hopes to cut the capital outflow by \$2 billion this year. Europe stands to lose about \$1.5 billion in American capital, Japan and Australia about \$300 million between them.

At the same time, a growing disenchantment with foreign aid has led to a leveling-off in grants and other assistance. Although the gross national products of industrialized North America, Europe and Japan have increased more than \$300 billion since 1961, the net outflow of aid from their governments is just about the same as it was then—\$6 billion. U.S. foreign aid accounts for half the total; but the U.S. gives only six-tenths of 1% of its G.N.P. in aid—a much lower ratio than France, Italy, Belgium and The Netherlands, all of which give 1% or more.

As for private U.S. investment in the developing countries, most of it concentrates in a few that produce marketable minerals—Middle Eastern oil, Latin-American metals. The developing countries are in a squeeze because they depend on the U.S. and other rich nations for 20% of their capital, need hard currencies to buy machines and other capital to build schools, low-cost housing, telephone systems, roads and other all-important "infrastructures" that are slow to show profits. The dilemma: countries often need infrastructure to attract capital, but cannot develop it without large amounts of capital.

Since capital is the product of deferred consumption, the way to make more of it is to increase savings. The U.S. by far leads the world in total savings and capital formation. Economist John W. Kendrick of George Washington University has calculated that Americans have accumulated financial assets of \$2.4 trillion, mostly in bonds, stocks, savings accounts, pension funds and life insurance. Last year the U.S. added \$129 billion to its stock of capital in the private sector of the economy. The greatest source was not people but businesses, which added \$90 billion, primarily through reinvested earnings and depreciation allowances.

Finding New Sources

Government is a fast-growing source of capital formation. Though the Government spends prodigiously on services, salaries, subsidies and defense, which add little directly to capital formation, it does make quite a contribution to the nation's capital resources by building dams and roads, making loans, and investing in education, manpower training, health programs, research and development. The Budget Bureau estimates that these federal investments will rise from \$27.3 billion in fiscal 1967 to \$31.9 billion in 1968.

Americans are generally becoming much thrifter—personal savings have jumped from 4.9% of after-tax income in 1963 to 7.5% now—but they tend to save less of their pay than do the Europeans. The highest savers of all are the Japanese, whose people, companies and government together save and reinvest 36% of the gross national product—compared with 18% in the U.S. Emphasizing tomorrow's growth at the expense of today's income, Japan this year will rank third in the world in G.N.P., after the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., but 20th in per-capita income. One of the secrets of Japan's 11.4% average annual growth rate, compared with the U.S.'s 4.3% during the 1960s, is that Japan permits its businessmen to deduct from their taxes nearly twice as much depreciation as does the U.S.

The obvious keys to attracting capital are economic good sense and political sanity. Without those, foreign capital will not flow in and domestic capital will flow out. When governments begin to welsh, devalue and expropriate, capital flees. Such was the case with Indonesia under Sukarno and Brazil under Goulart. And merely printing money cannot create capital. All that that usually does is bring on inflation. When prices soar and money values decline, people usually put their money into goods instead of savings.

Savings plus stability lead to an economic takeoff point, as several countries, including Spain and Mexico, have recently demonstrated. Benefiting from a Japanese-built infrastructure, Chinese management and U.S. aid of \$1.5 billion, Taiwan has established a promising capital base. By rapidly spreading a network of banks, Thailand has in-

creased savings deposits twenty-five-fold since 1958. Meanwhile, Colombia, Chile, The Netherlands and other countries are considering various plans to increase capital through enforced savings by issuing bonds in place of promised wage increases or tax reductions.

In capital terms, much of Europe is an underdeveloped area. The Continent lacks many of the broad-based financial institutions that, in the U.S., have transformed "people's capitalism" from a flag-waving slogan into a reality that works. The bourses exist in an aroma of gossip, cater primarily to a thin group of the elite. In France, most brokers do not even advertise—and the first one who does so aggressively may get on to quite a good thing. Still fearful of invasion and deflation, peasants tend to distrust securities, put their money in the mattress and their faith in gold, which they hoard and bury—a complete waste of capital. But proper marketing techniques can lure it out. Europe had hardly any mutual funds until an expatriate from Brooklyn, Bernie Cornfeld, started marketing them a dozen years ago. His Investors Overseas Services now raise more than \$2,500,000 per day in new money, and by investing in American stocks, Cornfeld contributed \$324 million in 1966 to the plus side of the U.S. balance of payments.

Hurdling the Borders

One important innovation, mothered out of necessity after the U.S. began curbing its money exports, is the big and free "Eurobond" market, which rallies currencies from many countries. Conceived and usually underwritten by Wall Street bankers, the bonds are floated for borrowers as diverse as South Africa's De Beers, France's state-run P.T.T. telecommunications monopoly, and U.S. subsidiaries abroad. They are sold to oil sheiks and other wealthy individuals, and reportedly, the United Nations pension fund and the Vatican. From almost nothing in 1963, the volume of these bonds rose to \$2.1 billion last year, mostly for European corporate and governmental borrowers. Hung up for capital from home, European subsidiaries of U.S. companies are turning more and more to this market. They raised \$527 million on it last year, another \$550 million in the first two months of this year. Internationalizing the world's capital markets is the single best hope for expanding them. Europe's Common Market officials have been disappointed by the slow progress made toward their goal of a free-capital market. Still standing in the way is a thicket of props, controls and discriminatory taxes on incoming or outgoing capital. Governments often tell banks and other financial institutions where and how to invest their capital.

But progress is being made. One day last week, a Japanese industrial borrower phoned the Paris office of an investment bank, whose officials in turn called a German and a Belgian bank to raise money for him, while a London bank acted as financial agent on the loan—which was quoted half in dollars and half in Deutsche marks. More deals like that would go far to unclog the capital channels.

The tragedy of the world's current unrest over gold and money is that it forces nations to take capital-curbng actions that may be necessary today but will be dangerous tomorrow. The way to expand capital is not to clamp chains on its movements but to scrap them, not to reduce foreign aid but to increase it. One step to capital freedom would be a reform of the world monetary system and an expansion of international reserves. That would remove some of the pressure on the dollar, enable the U.S. to enlarge its foreign loans, investments and aid.

Capital has almost always been tight, and will always be tight so long as society is dynamic and man creates new needs. If the scarcity causes investors and governments to size up projects more carefully and make sensible priorities, it will be all to the good. The problem is that the majority of the world's population has urgent needs that will not wait. It is primarily a lack of funds that compels many people to live in shacks, to send their children off to work instead of school, and to die young. Only if they succeed in expanding their capital will men be able to dominate the forces of nature.

RELIGION

CHRISTIANS & JEWS

Learning from the Chosen

The problem hit Father William McFadden two years ago. As head of the theology department at Washington's Roman Catholic Georgetown University, he was supposed to inaugurate a program in Judaism—and no teachers could be found. "There is a rabbi gap," Father McFadden complained wryly. Finally last summer, two Jewish scholars, including Rabbi Saul Kraft of New York City's Queens College, signed up

turies of concentration in Europe, many Jewish scholars are now writing in America. The late Hebrew Philosopher Martin Buber, whose books stress concern for the individual over organized religion, has become a big man on non-Jewish campuses. "In the U.S.," observes University of Chicago Theologian J. Coert Rylaarsdam, "there is currently a great vogue for things Jewish."

Seminarians and secular students alike find appeal in what Rylaarsdam calls "the worldliness of the Jewish faith." Rylaarsdam also attributes increased interest in Judaism to widely read Jewish novelists like Saul Bellow, whose moral insights are "more attuned to this technological age" than many a Christian sermon.

Yehoshuah to Jesus. In their lectures, Jewish professors reciprocate by stressing not only Judaism's contemporary relevance but its common links with Christianity. At Georgetown, Rabbi Kraft likes to surprise his students by pointing out that like many a Jewish immigrant's name, Jesus' was changed to fit more comfortably on alien tongues. His real name was Yehoshuah, which was translated as 'Ishōōs in Greek and *Jesus* in Latin; the latter, in turn, became Jesus. No one expects the campus trend to dispel the doctrinal differences between Judaism and Christianity. But as Michael Zeik, a Jewish professor at Catholic Marymount College in Tarrytown, N.Y., puts it, such scholarship will help Christians and Jews "go beyond the sentimental hand-holding stage." Last week Catita Williams, 20, a pretty Episcopal coed at Georgetown, confessed that before she enrolled in her school's new course in Judaism she was "confused" about whether she would marry a Jew. And now? "Yes!"

SACRAMENTS

Plighting of Protest

Folk Singer-Pacifist Joan Baez, 27, got married last week in a ceremony that was as much a demonstration of dissent as a plighting of troth. The lucky man was David Harris, 22, ex-president of the Stanford student body who, like his bride, did time in jail after participating in last winter's anti-draft demonstrations in Oakland; Harris is also under indictment for refusing induction into the armed forces.

The scene was Manhattan's St. Clement's Episcopal Church, which is in the theatrical district and whose congregation, according to a church spokesman, is "concerned with the same things that Joan and David are." The nuptials were performed by the Rev. Thomas Lee Hayes, 35, executive director of the Manhattan-based Episcopal Peace Fel-

lowship. Hayes chose the Anglican Church of Canada's *Book of Common Prayer* instead of the American text. The Canadian version, Hayes explained, "has some phrases that I consider more beautiful, and also it was a nice way of remembering those in exile in Canada"—presumably U.S. draft dodgers hiding out north of the border.

Sleep of a Flower. The Canadian service, Hayes added, "also was expressive of Joan and David." Where the American version of the ring blessing simply states, "With this Ring I thee wed: In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the Canadian text puts it, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee honour, and all my worldly goods with thee I share." Unlike the American version, the Canadian goes into the purpose of marriage. Said the Rev. Hayes: "Matrimony was ordained . . . for the procreation of children . . . and for the mutual community, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, in both prosperity and adversity."

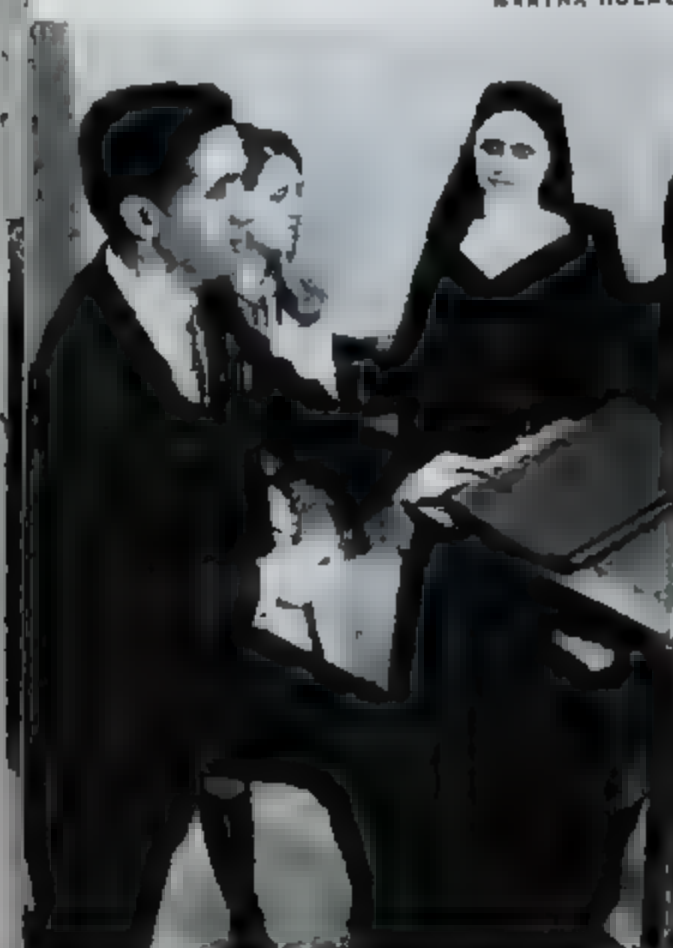
The Canadian book also offers a place for a hymn or poem. Hayes inserted a poem by Kenneth Patchen, *The Character of Love Seen as a Search for the Lost*, which includes the lines:

*You, the woman; I, the man;
this, the world:
And each is the work of all . . .
How smoothly, like the sleep
of a flower, love,
The grassy wind moves
over night's tense meadow.*

Afterward, everybody stood up and sang gospel songs. But true to the spirit of the occasion, there was little time for a honeymoon. At week's end bride and bridegroom resumed a campus tour protesting the Viet Nam war.



JOAN & DAVID EXCHANGING VOWS
Remembering the exiles.



ZEIK AT MARYMOUNT



KRAFT AT GEORGETOWN

Amounting to a new Diaspora.

to teach at Georgetown. But across the country other educators still echo McFadden's complaint. The scramble is on to find Jewish teachers—not only of theology but of Jewish history, literature and culture.

Since World War II, the number of non-Jewish secular campuses in the U.S. offering Judaic studies has jumped from seven to more than 100, and the growing demand has underlined the shortage of first-rate Jewish scholars. Schools are competing by upping salaries and fringe benefits. The migration of Jewish professors amounts to a new Diaspora, and even administrators of some Jewish schools are having difficulty in staffing their classrooms.

Vibrations from Buber. Much of the expanding interest in Judaism can be traced to the ecumenical movement, which has given Christian scholars a greater appreciation not only of one another's denominations but of Christianity's Judaic origins. To be sure, Christian seminarians have traditionally studied Judaism. But in the past, such courses have largely been taught by Christian scholars; now, reports Father William J. Schmitz, dean of sacred theology at Catholic University, there is a new conviction that comparative religious study demands teachers "born, brought up and trained in the religions they talk about."

There is also a new understanding of what Judaism has to teach. After cen-



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Reaction to Bobby

With remarkable consistency, the U.S. press corps has risen in indignation against the candidacy of Bobby Kennedy. Even those who have come to his defense have demonstrated a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm. Of those newspapers and columnists who have commented, the great majority object both to the manner in which he entered the presidential race and his subsequent campaigning. Their tone ranges from outrage to contempt to a kind of weary resignation, as if to say, "Well, that's politics."

One of the most outraged was the conservative Chicago Tribune. "This is the cheapest sort of opportunism," it said. "Not since the days of Aaron Burr has the country been treated to such an example of unbridled personal ambition." Just as incensed was Liberal Columnist Murray Kempton of the New York Post. Kennedy, he wrote, had shown nothing less than "cowardice" by agreeing to support Johnson before the New Hampshire primary. With the returns in and L.B.J. bloodied, Kennedy is "just as much a coward when he comes down from the hills to shoot the wounded. He has, in the naked display of his rage at Eugene McCarthy for having survived on the lonely road he dared not walk himself, done with a single great gesture something very few public men have ever been able to do: in one day he managed to confirm the worst things his enemies have ever said about him."

More Sly. The Chicago Daily News was one of the papers that welcomed Bobby's candidacy editorially; its columnist Mike Royko, on the other hand, compared the presidential race to a baseball game being mismanaged by a fellow called Big Lin. "Bobby walked around telling the other guys what a mess Big Lin was making. But he didn't say anything to Big Lin." Only Eugene, who "wore glasses, read books and played the piano," had the nerve to tell off Big Lin and pop him in the nose. "Suddenly Bobby shouted: 'Don't worry, Eugene, I'll protect you,' and Bobby socked Big Lin in the back of the head with the catcher's mask." After that, "nobody thought much of Bobby. They figured maybe he was a lot more sly than he was brave."

The Washington Star was obviously resigned to Kennedy. "This was a ruthless performance," noted the paper, "but politics is a ruthless business." Echoed Atlanta Constitution Columnist Ralph McGill: "It will do no good to cry opportunist at Senator Kennedy. He is an opportunist—and he had better be! In politics, opportunism is the name of the game." San Francisco Chronicle Columnist Art Hoppe wrote an allegory in which the Gentle Knight (Mc-

Carthy) jousts the old king (L.B.J.) to a standstill, only to be shouldered aside by the Young Knight (R.F.K.), who has won over the crowd with words, not deeds. "But the Gentle Knight was always universally admired—by those who remembered his name. Moral: Admire the brave, the gentle and the noble—and support the ruthless opportunist of your choice."

More Hesitant. Bobby fared no better on the campaign trail: "demagogic" was a charge frequently hurled at him by correspondents. "He has repeatedly misstated facts about the war in Viet Nam," wrote Washington Post Reporter Richard Harwood, "the most notable



"ASK NOT WHAT I CAN DO FOR MCCARTHY—ASK WHAT MCCARTHY CAN DO FOR BOBBY..."

being his claim—which he has now amended—that the South Vietnamese do not draft their young men to fight. He has incorrectly blamed the South Vietnamese government for developing the Khe Sanh bastion and has refused to acknowledge that South Vietnamese troops are fighting there."

For all their beefs about Bobby, however, the press seemed to feel he had a fair chance of wresting the nomination from Johnson. But by week's end, some were beginning to have doubts on that score. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak noted that Bobby was in danger of losing the youthful support he has so assiduously cultivated because he had toned down his revolutionary rhetoric. The Kennedy campaign organization in Washington, reported New York Daily News Columnist Ted Lewis, seemed to reflect hesitant middle age rather than headstrong youth. "One gets the feeling in the Kennedy operating centers here that those most in charge are loyally rallying around a ghost. The

most vital inspiration is the man who lies buried in Arlington rather than his brother. It is a strange new cause they are involved in, even more incomprehensible because of individual uncertainties that John F. Kennedy would have wanted his brother to do what he is now doing."

MAGAZINES

New York Revival

Most publications that die in New York stay dead. But a few, or parts of them, are coming back to life this week. *New York* magazine, which used to supplement the New York Herald Tribune and later the World Journal Tribune, is reviving as an independent weekly. A TIME-sized 40¢ magazine on glossy pa-



"CAPTAIN QUEEG I'M TAKING OVER THE SHIP"

per, its first issue contains 136 pages, with 64 pages of advertising, including the much-prized Fifth Avenue retailers. After an inventive promotion campaign offering winners such awards as a dinner with Mayor Lindsay or a personal bench in Central Park, an encouraging 60,000 people have subscribed. Editor Clay Felker hopes that newsstand sales will boost circulation to more than 100,000.

Laid out along the handsome, professional lines of such city magazines as *Philadelphia* and *Seattle*, the first issue of *New York* captures the excitement of the city in a way that few other publications have. It obviously relishes the city's vivacity and variety—and for that reason the reader does too. From the witty random notes at the beginning to the theater, book and movie reviews at the end, the publication is sharply written, crisply edited. Tom Wolfe examines the confusion of accents in the city and how they unfailingly give away the speaker's social

This week 1000 motorists will take their last ride

EXPIRES ON BIRTHDAY

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This week 1000 people will die as a result of automobile accidents. Another 75 thousand motorists will be injured—nearly half of them disabled.

These shocking statistics are even more alarming when you realize that cars are multiplying faster than people. Right now, there are 81 million cars jamming the highways. By 1975 this number will soar to 110 million.

A glance at Detroit's latest models reveals new emphasis on safety devices. But safety devices alone won't prevent accidents. It's the responsibility of every driver to obey all traffic laws, to support

driver education and safety programs, and to keep his car in top operating condition.

Here is where FMC Corporation contributes to safety. As a major supplier to automotive service and maintenance centers, our equipment is used in servicing and rebuilding brakes...checking and adjusting headlights...aligning and balancing wheels for surer steering and longer tire life.

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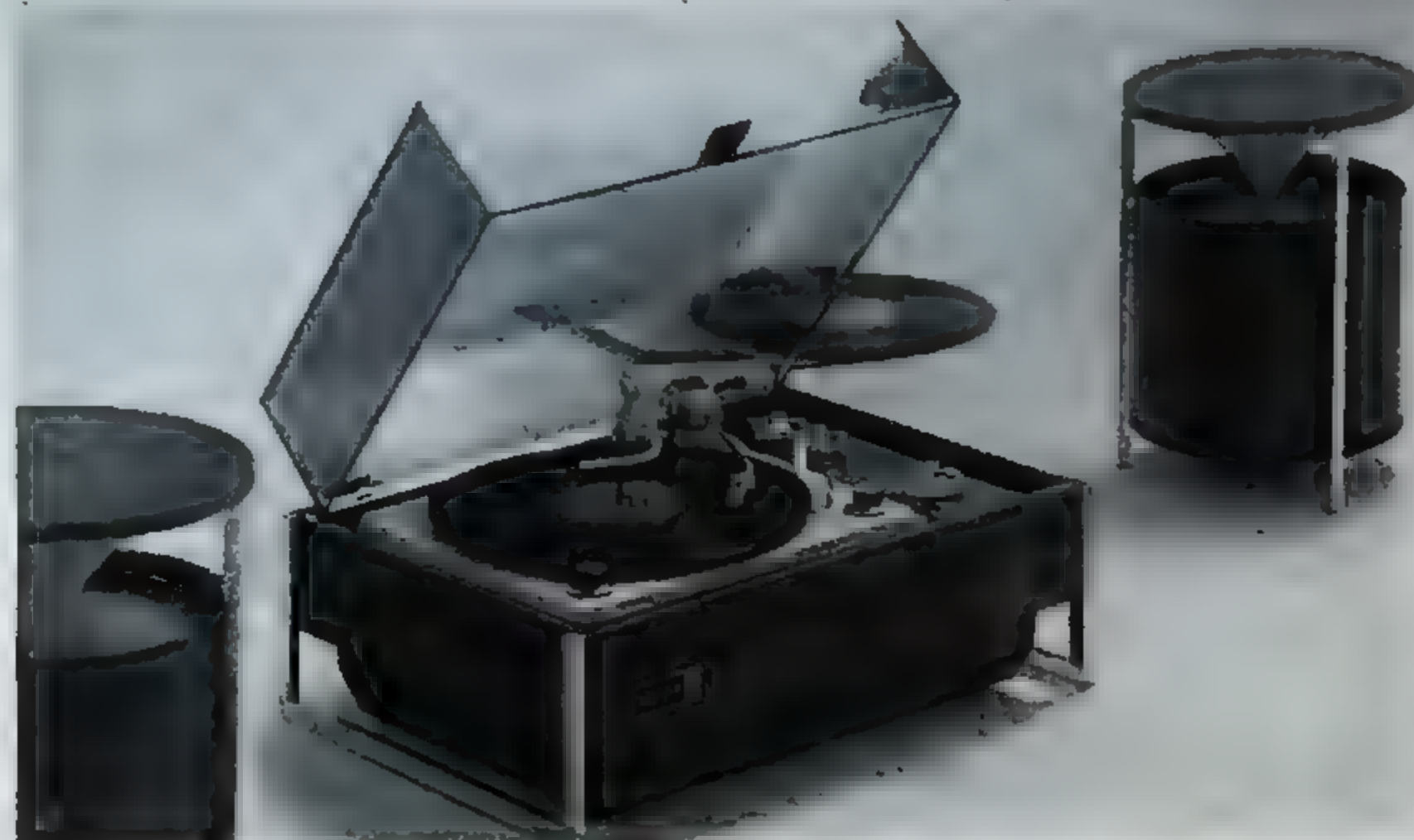
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ZENITH'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY — BEST YEAR YET TO GET THE BEST



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Stereo lets you
sit anywhere...
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perfectly balanced
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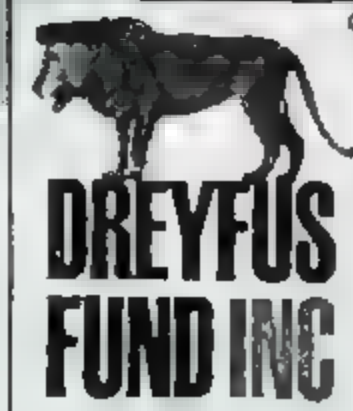
You can sit to the left of it. Sit to the right of it. Sit anywhere in the room. You're *still* surrounded with perfectly balanced stereo sound. The secret: unique Zenith remote speakers that fire upward into inverted cones—uniformly dispersing stereo sound in a 360° circle. "Circle of Sound" Modular Stereo also features a solid-state amplifier with 80 watts of peak music power and famous Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm. The Moderne, Model Y565, \$199.95*



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status. Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder visit "one of the last remaining Old World markers" under the elevated in East Harlem. Gloria Steinem re-creates the years that Ho Chi Minh spent in New York, when he worked as a waiter and laundryman. And a freelance reviewer, Clare Boothe Luce, discovers that John Kenneth Galbraith is a better economist than novelist when she reviews his first novel *Triumph*, about U.S. fumbling in a Latin American country.

Besides the *New York* crowd, a horde of columnists disappeared from the New York scene with the World Journal Tribune. Most of them return to the city this week, along with some new ones, in the New York Daily Column, a tabloid devoted entirely to columns and features. Running to 24 pages and costing 10¢, it will carry such columnists as Joseph Alsop, Joseph Kraft, Ralph McGill, William S. White and Walter Winchell, as well as Cartoonists Paul Conrad and Bill Mauldin. Published by Jerry Finkelstein, a longtime dabbler in local Democratic politics who also puts out the New York Law Journal and the Civil Service Leader, the Column plans an initial press run of 150,000.

COLUMNISTS

Tilting at Rumor Mills

For weeks, newsmen had been hearing rumors that Nelson Rockefeller's second marriage was on the skids and that he had a new romantic interest. Rumors of that sort trail almost any well-known politician, but this one seemed particularly persistent, perhaps because of the recollection of the Governor's rather abrupt divorce, and remarriage in 1963. The item appeared in print in a few places, but without Rockefeller's name. Then last week, with Rocky out of the race, Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson added the name.

A bit self-righteously, they announced they were printing it only because so many people had asked them about it. Readers had even assumed that Rockefeller withdrew because the scandal was about to be exposed in their column. They were happy to report, they said, that there was "no truth" to it. Their own investigation had proved that the "Rockefeller second marriage is most harmonious and compatible."

Not that Pearson-Anderson left it at that. Who, after all, had started the rumors? They said it was supporters of Richard Nixon, who has "compiled dossiers" on all possible Republican competitors for the presidency. "The rumor mill is going to play a part in the coming campaign," they declared solemnly, "and we write this to warn that the American public should be prepared for it." Disputing the Pearson-Anderson thesis, the New York Times said that the source of the rumors was not the Nixon camp but "arders of Governor George Romney."

Here are ten of America's top manufacturers. You probably know what they all make.



Except maybe
this one.

In case you *didn't* know: Western Electric makes the telephones you get from your Bell telephone company.

Perhaps our name did not

register because you may take the telephone pretty much for granted.

But one reason you *can* take it for granted is that Western Electric is in the Bell System. And our job

is to make phones and things to connect them so that they work. Fast. Reliably

Maybe that's why you never think about who makes them.



Our best known
product.



This rear window just washed itself.

Now, it's not that you only use this feature when it rains. It's that you can use it when you're stuck in traffic, or when you're stuck in traffic, or when you're stuck in traffic. It's a feature that's always there, ready to help you when you need it.

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Why? Because we have a feature that's called "Self-Cleaning Rear Window." It's a feature that's always there, ready to help you when you need it. It's a feature that's always there, ready to help you when you need it.

Traditional features and options that are available on your Plymouth, Dodge or Chrysler vehicle. Engine, 1100 cc. Why? Because we have a feature that's called "Self-Cleaning Rear Window." It's a feature that's always there, ready to help you when you need it.

Chrysler Corporation. Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler, Imperial, Dodge Trucks, Simca, Sunbeam. We're "Sunco" in France. After all, we're "Sunco" in France. After all, we're "Sunco" in France.





We built an airline for professional travellers.

American can't forget a request for diapers or a dinner of baby food.

We own the world's biggest business computer, just for remembering.

It remembers a businessman's order for chili instead of the regular main course. It remembers salt-free diets and kosher meals, too.

Of course we didn't build this computer

for babies. We built it for professional travellers—businessmen who buy up to fifty plane tickets a year.

We go all out for customers like them.

For them we flew the first fan-jets. Built the first Stewardess College. Were the first to check bags at the curb. To introduce the air credit card. To seat everyone within five rows of a movie screen.

In fact, we baby them.

Just as we do all our passengers, whether they're on their first flight or their hundred-and-first.

On American Airlines, everyone gets the full professional treatment.

That's the American Way.

American Airlines



YIP-IN AT GRAND CENTRAL



STRIP-IN AT GOLDEN GATE

Amorphous amalgam of the alienated.

YOUTH

The Politics of YIP

They poured into the vast main concourse of Manhattan's Grand Central Station 3,000 strong, wearing their customary capes, gowns, feathers and beads. They tossed hot cross buns and firecrackers, and floated balloons up toward the celestial blue ceiling. They hummed the cosmic "Ommm," snake-danced to the tune of *Have a Marijuana*, and proudly unfurled a huge banner emblazoned with a lazy "Y."

The Yippies—1968's version of the hippies—were celebrating spring. Hardly had the equinoctial orgy begun, when it turned as bleak as a midwinter blizzard. A dozen youths scaled the information booth, ripped off the clock hands, scribbled graffiti and defiantly passed around lighted marijuana "joints" in full view of the Tactical Patrol Force. The fuzz charged, billy clubs flailing, and arrested 61 demonstrators. Battered but unbowed, the celebrants coursed off to the Central Park Sheep Meadow to "yip up the sun."

Creeping Meatball. After a winter in which the hippie movement seemed so moribund that its own members staged mock burials in honor of its death, the Yippies have suddenly invested it with new life through their special kind of antic political protest. The term Yippie comes from Youth International Party, an amorphous amalgam of the alienated young that coalesced in Manhattan two months ago around a coterie of activist hippies, all in their late 20s and early 30s. "The YIP is a party—like the last word says—not a political movement," argues the East Village's Abbie Hoffman, who last fall tried to levitate the Pentagon (TIME, Oct. 27, 1967). Says Yippie Leader Ed Sanders, 28, of the Fugs rock group: "It's the politics of ecstasy."

Ecstasy begins with a platform certain to make any hippie yell yippie: an

MODERN LIVING

end to war and pay toilets, legalization of psychedelic drugs, free food, and a heart transplant for L.B.J. Also advocated: "juvenile exhibitionism"—a favorite hippie habit most recently practiced by at least 50 young men and women from San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, who stripped to the buff in Golden Gate Park before a crowd of ogling onlookers.

"Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball!" goes the rallying cry, and it has brought to the Yippie standard such underground gurus and goblins as Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg, *Realist* Editor Paul Krassner and Jerry Rubin, a key organizer of the Pentagon March. Hard-core Yippies may number as few as 400 nationwide, but Fug Sanders reckons that the total following may now have reached 250,000.

Festival of Life. "Our attitude is basically satirical," says another YIP leader, Keith Lampe, 36, in a rare Yippie understatement. Already Yippies have demonstrated their distaste for air pollution by invading the Manhattan offices of Con Ed to deposit black chrysanthemums with secretaries, hurl soot at executives and detonate smoke bombs. They parodied the police by staging their own mock predawn narcotics raid at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York. Next month Yippies from coast to coast are planning an Indian ghost dance against American foreign policy.

* A messianic ritual meant to bring back the buffalo and ward off white bullets, the original Ghost Dance movement was not infallible. At Wounded Knee, S. Dak., on Dec. 29, 1890, more than 200 Sioux Ghost Dancers were machine-gunned to death by the U.S. cavalry in the last "engagement" of the Indian wars.

But what the Yippies are really pointing toward is Chicago. There, come the last week of August, they intend to hold a six-day "Festival of Life" in comic contrast to what they call the Democratic Party's "National Death Convention," which will be running concurrently. The Yippies aim to set up a lakefront tent village in Grant Park, where they can groove on folk songs, rock bands, "guerrilla" theater, body painting and meditation. Through the park they will bear on a blue pillow their very own presidential candidate: Lyndon Pigasus Pig, a ten-week-old black and white porker now flattening at the Hog Farm, a hippie commune in Southern California. Other possibilities being considered: a lie-in at Chicago's O'Hare Field to prevent Democratic delegates from landing or, failing that, a fleet of fake cabs to pick up delegates and dump them off in Wisconsin.

Looking back on the melee at Grand Central, many non-Yipping hippies are wondering if the politics of YIP are not already too controversial for comfort. The Chicago shindig, they fear, could well result in a far larger number of clubbed and lacerated heads. Yippie leaders themselves are in a mood for "better communication with authorities." Last week, promising to behave themselves, some Manhattan Yippies opened talks with the Mayor's office about holding a YIP-out with rock bands and theater troupes in the Sheep Meadow on Easter Sunday.

THE CAR

Automotive Mourning

There are drive-in movies, restaurants, laundries, banks and even churches—so why not a drive-in funeral home? Atlanta Mortician Hirschel Thornton, 49, will open one this week. The world's first monument to automotive mourning consists of five picture-windowed viewing rooms fronting



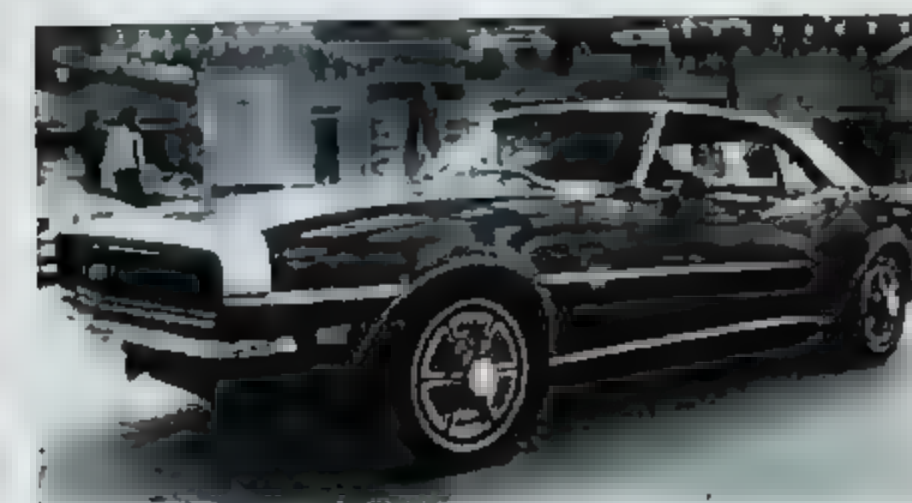
ROAD RUNNER



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Build a bomb in the showroom.

on a curved, gravel driveway. So that drive-in mourners will not have to peer through rain-streaked windows, Thornton has covered the driveway with a roof. Another thoughtful touch: the windows reach almost to the ground, enabling passengers in even the lowest-slung foreign sports cars to get a good look without having to crane their necks unduly.

What they will see through the glass is a draped and carpeted room, 6 ft. by 12 ft., bathed in soft fluorescent light, with an open casket tilted toward the window for easier viewing. To prevent any possible confusion about which are the remains to be seen, each window has a drop-in name plaque. "This is the glass age," says Thornton, explaining the convenience of the arrangement for both his customers and himself. "Families often come by in the wee hours of the morning, and you have to get up for them," he adds a bit defensively, "and this will also make it easier for elderly people, who can just sit in the car. There's no need to dress up this way, either." Nor need friends of the family worry that they will receive no credit for paying their last respects by car: outside each picture window will be a box for cards and a condolence register.

Muscle with Hustle

In last week's twelve-hour endurance race at Sebring, Fla., the one-two finish of the fast new Porsche prototypes was almost a foregone conclusion. But the performance of ex-Road Racing Champion Roger Penske's Chevrolet Camaros, which placed third and fourth, was a startling surprise. The Camaro, after all, is a standard road car, not a finely tuned racer. Penske's entries were no run-of-the-showroom models, to be sure; at a cost approaching \$25,000 apiece, each machine had been modified for racing with the addition of everything from a souped-up 440-h.p. engine to disk brakes on all four wheels. Yet the cars merely mirrored, albeit on a grand scale, a burgeoning off-track trend toward faster road cars—and Ralph Nader be damned.

To tap the growing market for high-performance "street iron," triggered by the introduction of the Ford Mustang in 1964, Detroit is offering an increasingly wide array of hot intermediate-sized "muscle" cars, and an even wider range of optional extras designed to make them hotter still. At the International Auto Show in Manhattan last week, the muscle cars were there in force, from Plymouth's Road Runner to Pontiac's Firebird, and they made an obvious hit with visitors. Says Ray Brock, publisher of *Hot Rod* magazine: "The high-performance buff can now literally 'build' his own individualized machine right on the showroom floor." Among the fastest of the new hybrids: ► Plymouth's Road Runner, a stripped-down version of the Satellite, which, with the addition of the dome-shaped

426-cu.-in. "Hemi" engine,* covers the quarter mile in a blistering 13.5 sec. from a standing start, hits a top speed of 107 m.p.h. "Beep-beep" goes the horn, duplicating the sound made by the cartoon character, as a warning to slowpokes that the Road Runner is on its way. Cost: \$3,610.

► Ford's Carroll Shelby Cobra GT-500, a modified Mustang with heavy-duty suspension and transmission, hood scoops that ram extra air directly into the carburetors, and a new 428-cu.-in. engine that will be available next month on Ford's Mustang, Torino and Cyclone and Mercury's Cougar as well. Padded roll bars and shoulder harnesses are standard on the Shelby Cobra, as well they might be: the \$4,200 car winds up to 150 m.p.h.

► American Motors' AMX, a \$3,245 sports coupé on the market for less than a month. A 290-cu.-in. engine is standard, but another \$123 rates a 390-cu.-in. replacement. Testing an extra-powered AMX, Land Speed Record Holder Craig Breedlove got the car up to 170 m.p.h.

Not for All. Among the options, the switch to a bigger engine is basic, though it adds from \$400 to \$800 to the cost of the car. Also popular: decorative features such as racing stripes, special identifying fender emblems and "spoilers"—vertical flaps that put pressure on the rear wheels to prevent spin-outs but are largely nonfunctional at highway speeds. All told, muscle buffs last year spent some \$500 million on optional high-performance equipment—despite the fact that the cars greatly exceed speeds that are safe and/or legal on most U.S. highways. Nor does the price of the excess power end with the cost of the equipment. Gas mileage drops to ten miles per gallon or less. Wide-track racing tires, now virtually *de rigueur*, cost 30% more than conventional treads and wear out sooner.

But the main reason that the muscle cars are not for everyone is that they are downright difficult for most motorists to drive. One case in point: the Los Angeles father who borrowed his son's red-hot Mercury Cougar, promptly got a ticket for going 50 m.p.h. in a 35 m.p.h.-zone—in low gear—then stalled so badly on the freeway that it took him three hours to make the ten mile trip home. Witness also the experience of Hertz, which bought 1,000 of the original Shelby Carroll Cobra GT-350s two years ago. Customers were quickly disillusioned when the cars with jazzy, "four on the floor" stick shifts overheated and stalled in traffic—the engines have to idle at 1,500 to 2,000 r.p.m. just to keep running—and Hertz has turned them back in. Hertz's entire muscle fleet is equipped with easier-to-drive, automatic transmission.

* A more accurate measure of performance than rated horsepower, engine displacement, reckoned in cubic inches, is the combined volume of the cylinders.

Joseph Bruno of Birmingham is president of an award-winning chain of supermarkets in Alabama.



"Look, my money goes into new supermarkets, not life insurance!"

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Joseph Bruno talks it over with MONY man Jack Trigg.

"I have four brothers, all in the business," I told MONY man Jack Trigg. "If anything happened to me, they'd take care of my family. So life insurance just doesn't make sense—especially when we need practically every dollar to finance our growth."

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"Then, he just didn't try to sell me a policy. He met with

our attorney and auditor and planned a life insurance program to help protect my family and our business, too."

"That's the kind of thorough job Jack does. That's why my brothers and I recently had him develop a group plan for our company. MONY should be mighty proud of him."

"I still depend heavily on my family. But I've done a smart thing. I've made Jack a member of the family. We wouldn't make a decision where insurance might be involved without him."

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MUSIC

ROCK

Wild, Woolly & Wicked

Midway in Rock Singer Jimi Hendrix's concert at Cleveland's Public Music Hall last week, the master of ceremonies asked the audience to check under their seats: there had been a bomb threat. But as it turned out, the only explosion that night was onstage. Said Hendrix: "Nobody but Jimi burns a house down."

To light the fire, Jimi didn't even have to pull his stunt of burning his guitar—though a fireman was poised in the wings, ax at the ready, in case he did. Instead, he hopped, twisted and rolled over sideways without missing a twang or a moan. He slung the guitar low over swiveling hips, or raised it to pick the strings with his teeth; he thrust it between his legs and did a bump and grind, crooning: "Oh, baby, come on now, sock it to me!" Lest anybody miss his message, he looked at a girl in the front row, cried, "I want you, you, you!" and stuck his tongue out at her. For a symbolic finish, he lifted the guitar and flung it against the amplifiers.

Shouting "Stoned! Stoned!" his listeners surged forward, clawing at the kicking feet of the policemen who ringed the footlights. After the performance, they shredded curtains, ripped doors off their hinges, and generally wreaked the worst havoc on the Music Hall since it was battered three years ago by the Beatles.

Amplified Whirlpool. Such scenes have not been uncommon during the past three weeks on the latest U.S. tour by the Jimi Hendrix Experience—Hendrix plus Englishmen Noel Redding on bass and Mitch Mitchell on drums. Their music, when Jimi pauses to con-

centrate on it, is a whirlpool where the currents of Negro blues and psychedelic rock meet, and it churns with all but overwhelming power from their nine amplifiers and 18 speakers. But it is no more than a conveyor on which the high-riding Hendrix projects his anti-personality: wild, woolly and wicked.

His outfit is pure hippie Latin American *bandido*—black boots, silver-belted denims, Navajo vest, and a purple velours gaucho hat patted down over his colossal corona of frizzy hair. On the hat is a button that reads, "Let's Brag a Little." So he does: "What I don't like about being on the road, man, is that you only remember each town by the broads. Like the blonde broad with the mole, she's from Frisco—things like that."

For a fellow of 25, Hendrix has been on the road a long time. The son of a Seattle landscape gardener, he dropped out of high school at 18, largely, he claims, because of a teacher who was "prejudiced" against him as a Negro. "I couldn't dig that scene very hard anyway," he says. By that time, he was learning the guitar to Muddy Waters records on his back porch. After a stint as a paratrooper, he toured the rhythm-and-blues circuit, working his way to Nashville, Harlem, Greenwich Village and finally London.

There, in 1966, James Marshall Hendrix became Jimi, and his band became an experience. Their first record soared on the English bestseller charts. As soon as English audiences got a look at them, London hairdressers began featuring "the Experience Look." Last year, Jimi doused his guitar in lighter fluid and set a match to it on the stage of California's Monterey Pop Festival, whereupon his career in the U.S. heated up too. His first LP was No. 6 on the U.S. charts for a while; last week his second was No. 4.

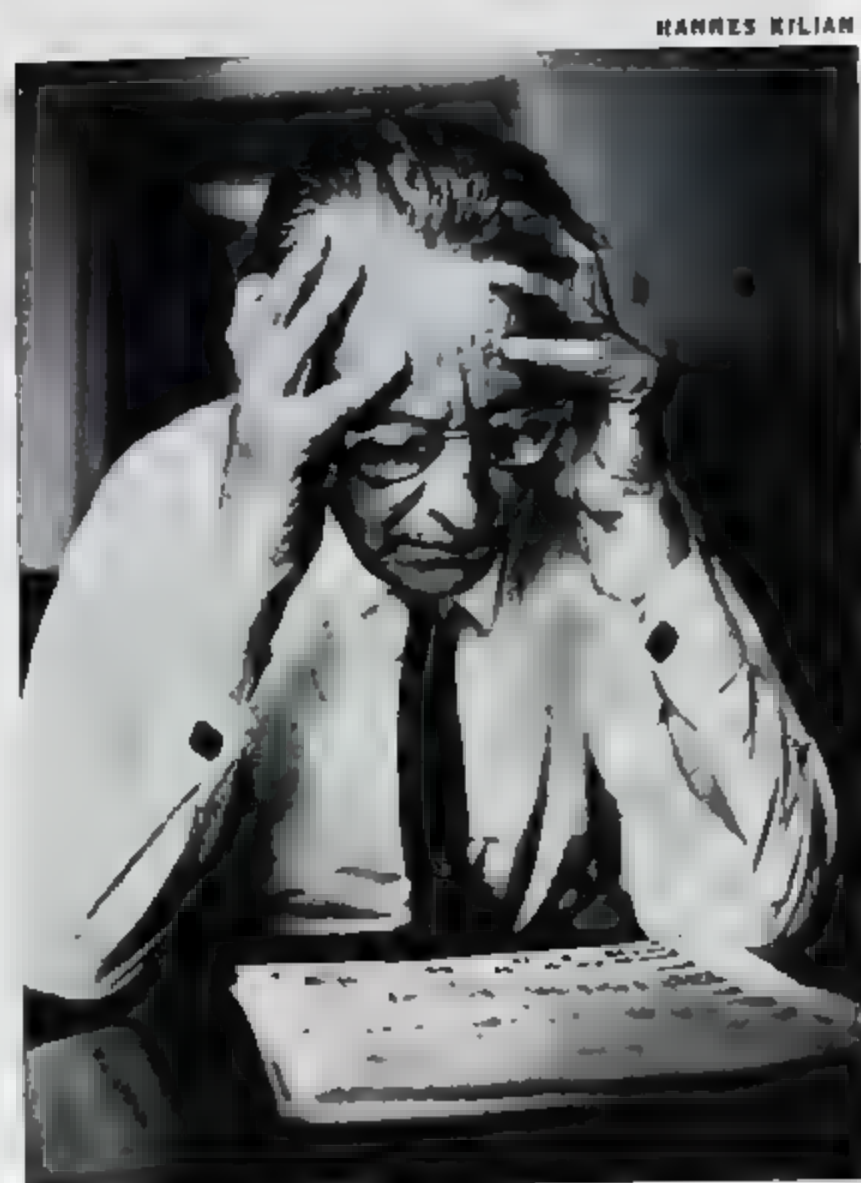
Jimi confides that he is planning a "very groovy" new musical concept for his next album. "I want to be respected in the music field," he says. And skeptics had better believe it. "When people try to call me a phony," warns Jimi, "I smash them."

NEW WORKS

Perplexing Prometheus

Let's see. The directions are in Latin, the musical indications are in Italian, so the libretto should be in—right, ancient Greek. The plot is Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, the story of a Titan who was chained to a rock in Scythia, so the setting should be—right, a jungle.

Such perplexities are typical of the work of Carl Orff. Everybody agrees that Orff, at 72, ranks as Germany's foremost composer, but nobody agrees on why, or even whether he ought to. Thus the world premiere of his *Prometheus* last week by the Stuttgart Opera was, depending on the listener, either the



ORFF WITH SCORE
Music to words, not words to music.

most satisfying Orff in a long time or the most exasperating.

The use of the original Greek text carried to an extreme his longtime interest in ancient subjects. The orchestration was bizarre even for a man who is noted for unorthodox noises from the pit: no violins, huge phalanxes of wind instruments, four banjos, and no fewer than 42 percussion pieces—not including the four pianos, whose keyboards were smashed by forearms and whose strings were struck with cymbals and strummed with fingernails. And the score—simple, severe and static—was the furthest extension yet of Orff's belief that music should be set to words, not the other way around.

Incantatory Drones. Ever since he wrote his first major work, *Carmina Burana* (1936), Orff has steadily pared away the body of Western musical devices—themes, counterpoints, harmonic progressions and so on—to arrive at a skeletal idiom of powerfully primitive, repetitive sounds. In *Prometheus*, what little melody was left was expertly sung by U.S. Baritone Carlos Alexander as Prometheus and Australian Mezzo Althea Bridges as the tormented Io. The other singers, obscured by grotesque masks and headdresses, declaimed the drama in incantatory drones, while the orchestra rolled along in seemingly endless *ostinato* figures or erupted with brash punctuations.

After two uninterrupted hours of this, some members of the audience may have welcomed the concluding thunderbolt from Zeus that plunged Prometheus into the netherworld; yet most cheered and stomped for 20 minutes when Orff appeared for curtain calls. The reviews were more divided. Hans Stuckenschmidt, Germany's leading music critic, wrote that "the performance counts among the best that one can see and hear today in European theaters." But *Der Spiegel* scoffed that the opera sounded like "a prehistoric equinoctial celebration of a voodoo ritual."

EAGLE AT TROON

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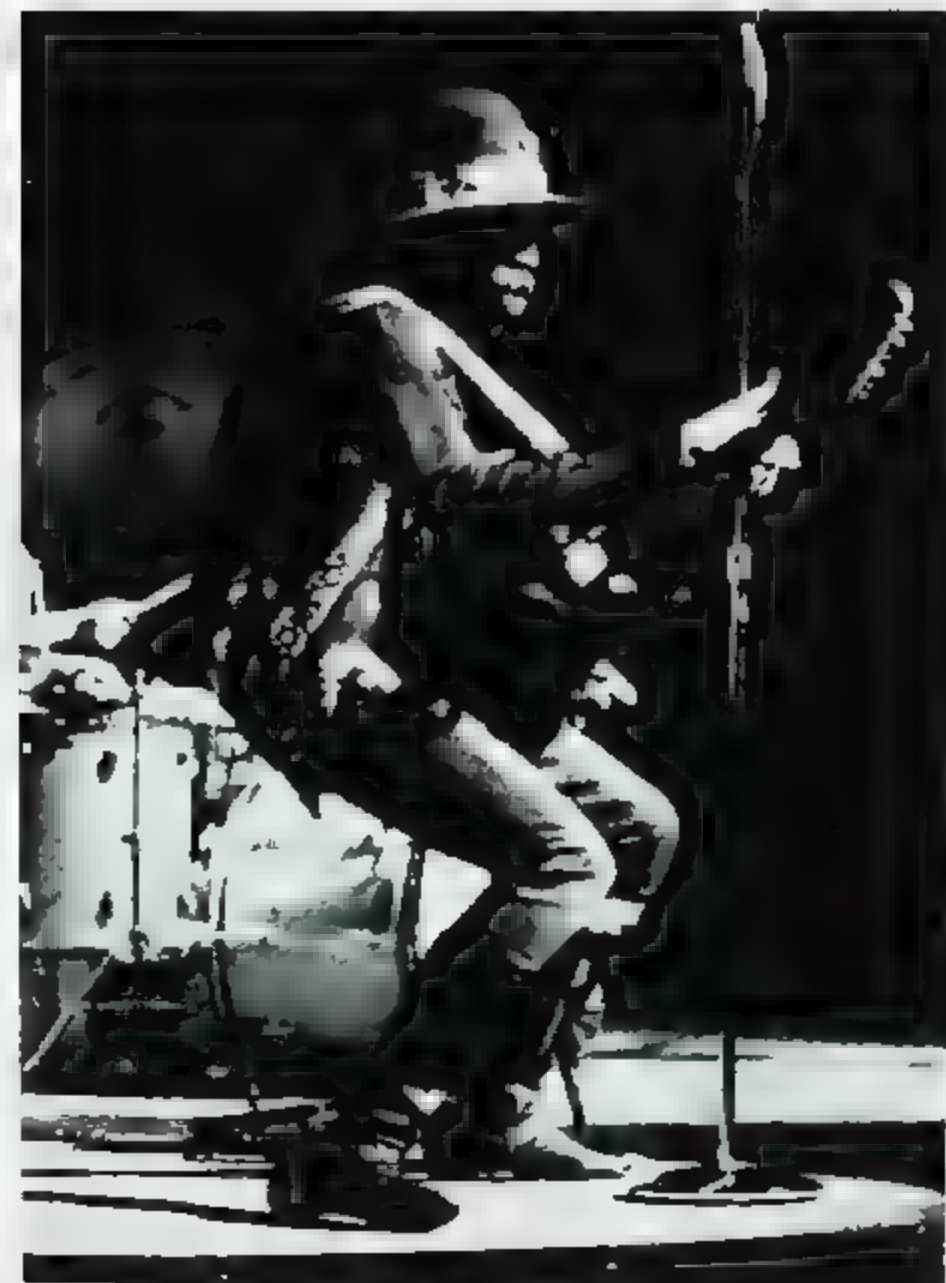
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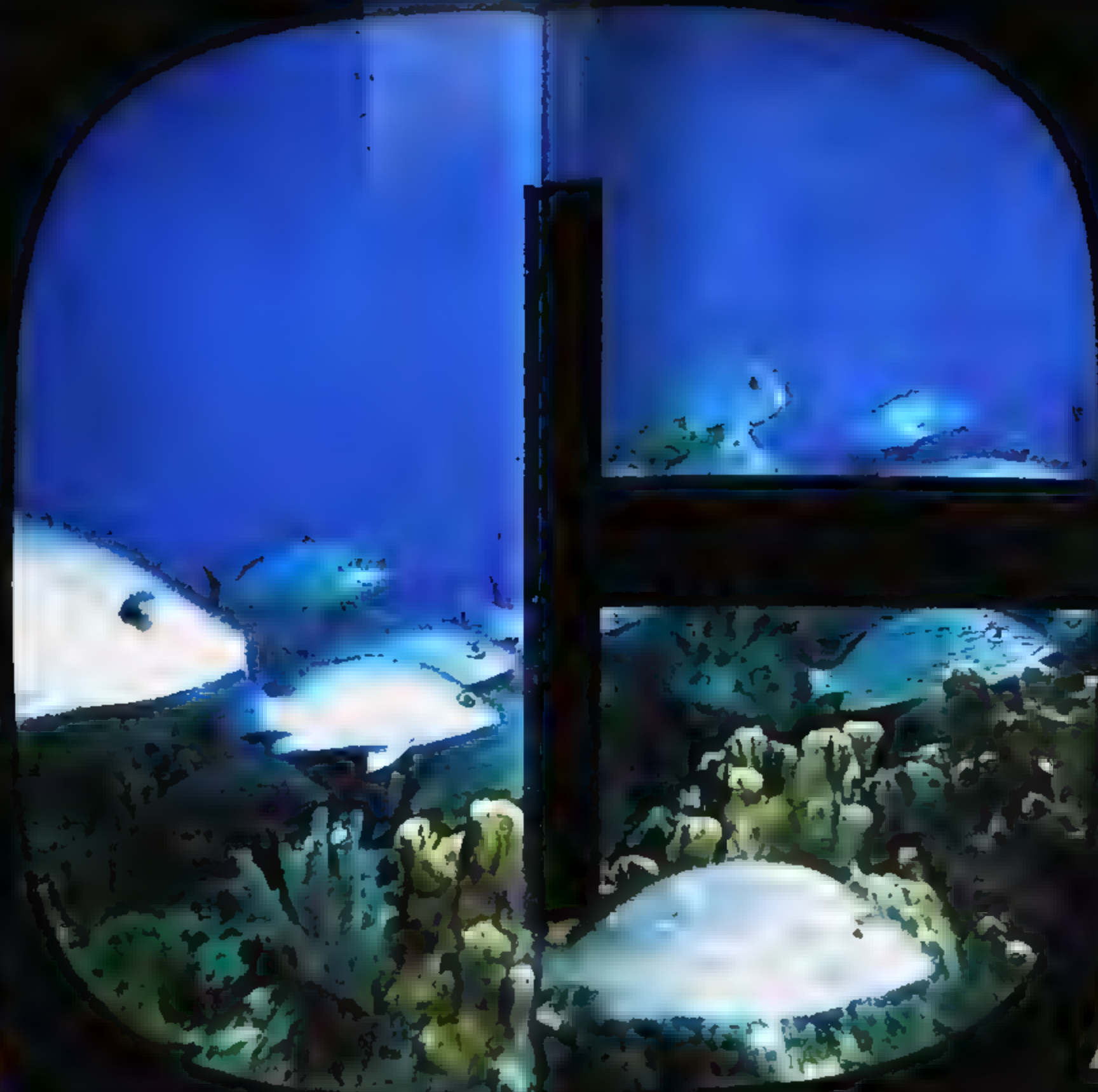
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EDUCATION

PROFESSORS

The Dissenters

Some 300 young faculty members and graduate students from 68 U.S. campuses met at the University of Chicago last week with a grandiose goal: to design "a comprehensive program for radical university reform." Composed mainly of leftist activists, old and new, the "New University Conference" was infected with what one of its organizers called "the rampant disease of individualism." Nevertheless, the individualists agreed enough to set up committees to open a national office and try to start radical movements within their home faculties.

The conference was the latest example of a cascading cry within academe that big universities have lost their critical function, become captives of Government, business and military research. The dissidents are especially concerned that values inherent in the humanities are not being applied to real-life problems. A university, argues University of Chicago Sociologist Richard Flacks, one of the conference organizers, must not be "just a service station for the establishment, but a place where people can work for the dispossessed, the poor, and those out of power."

Sterile Scholarship. A basic manifesto for the movement is a collection of eleven essays, *The Dissenting Academy* (Pantheon, \$6.95), edited by Historian Theodore Roszak of California State College at Hayward. In the lead essay, Roszak contends that professors, pampered by their own rising affluence and coddled by Government grants, have let their research and teaching turn sterile. They gain no professional esteem from lively teaching, find no joy in pursuing a social cause, even lack loyalty to their own schools. Their main aim is to score points within their department or professional society. "Professional politicking and scholarly publication are all that academic success requires," claims Roszak.

Roszak notes that reporters rarely find anything newsworthy at conferences of such groups as the American Political Science Association or the American Sociological Association. The meetings, he says, have "no more socially significant purpose in mind than an assembly of plumbers or hotel managers." Today's academics, he notes, take a "strange kind of pride in recognizing a problem, but not in solving it."

Genteel Banter. M.I.T. Humanities Professor Louis Kampf contends that many English teachers now recoil from stressing literature's illumination of life. They fear that voicing strong opinions is not only "a bad breach of manners," but might jeopardize their careers; thus confine themselves to "genteel banter." Historian Staughton Lynd, who has carried his beliefs into angry dissent from the Viet Nam war, criticizes historians

who limit themselves to defining and analyzing forces in society. He asks acidly: "Should we be content with measuring the dimension of our prison instead of chipping, however inadequately, against the bars?"

Some of the dissenters insist that many scholars are too beholden to Government research grants. Marshall Windmiller, an international-relations teacher at San Francisco State College, charges that "specialists in international affairs are not only failing to distinguish between the aims of the Government and the aims of the academy, but are allowing themselves to be made over into instruments of the state." Former University of Oregon Anthropologist Kathleen Gough argues that U.S. anthropology has become "a child of Western capitalist imperialism" and that the U.S. "power elite" uses anthropologists to help delay "social change throughout two-thirds of the world."

Professors should indeed profess with a passion, and scholarship should not remain aloof from social ends. But in their obsession with the failure of scholars to change the Government's Viet Nam policies, the dissenters run the danger of creating a restrictive dogma of their own. When the radicals contend, as did many of those at the conference, that "you can't change society through conventional political channels," they risk rendering their own efforts irrelevant. Instead of coping out, they might better examine the way thousands of their own students are now trying to topple a President—by working for opposing political candidates. Thus far, the 1968 campaign suggests that some professors have quite a bit to learn from students.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Mixing Races in Manhattan

As urban public schools grow increasingly black, city private schools are thriving—as select enclaves for ever brighter whites. Many such schools are seeking more Negroes, but in New York City, for example, private-school enrollment is still only about 3% black. Now one unusual school is showing others how to break the racial barriers.

After eight years of teaching at Manhattan's Dalton School, Augustus Trowbridge felt frustrated in the face of his students' uniform brilliance, decided "there is no justification for the perpetuation of institutions that represent only one society." In 1966 he started his own Manhattan Country School, which has a 30% Negro and Puerto Rican enrollment, hopes to serve as "a private model for public education."

Trowbridge, 33, a private-school product of Philadelphia's Chestnut Hill Academy and Vermont's Putney School, shuns the liberal notion that racial differences should be ignored. Manhattan Country's Negro pupils, most of whom are from poverty areas in East Harlem, may wear "Afro" haircuts with pride, knowing that their white classmates from high-rise apartment buildings cannot match them. No one pretends that there are no racial tensions at the school—but whenever a child tosses a racial slur, it becomes a topic of freewheeling discussion in which teachers lead the students in discovering the falseness of their generalizations.

Picking Beads. Manhattan Country's 102 children and ten teachers occupy three floors of a baroque mansion just off Fifth Avenue. So far, the children are in six classes, ranging from nursery school to a combined fourth and fifth grade. A \$60,000 grant from the Ket-



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PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

tering Foundation helped start the school, but despite scattered donations from some 30 foundations, it is hard-pressed for the scholarship funds it needs to retain its racial mix. Half the students get financial aid in meeting the tuition, which runs from \$1,050 to \$1,700 a year. Already 500 applicants are competing for 25 openings next year. They will be chosen mainly on the basis of highly subjective interviews. "It's like having a tray of beads," says Associate Director Ruth Cooke. "You pick out those with a certain sparkle."

The curriculum accents learning by "discovery" and subtly prods the children to teach one another. To act out childhood fantasies, they create weird costumes and run off in them to Central Park, where, as one student wrote in his daily journal, he simply "spied on people." One classroom contains eight doves, a skink, boa constrictor, canary, goldfish, turtles and families of gerbils and mice. The mating habits of a pair of doves, Hawk and Paloma, led to a highly explicit discussion of reproduction, all duly recorded in a scrapbook labeled the "Dove Book." The animals provide a common community of interest—and creating a community is a main Trowbridge aim.

Being Themselves. Such togetherness is turned to individual advantage. When a nine-year-old boy with a reading problem was asked to help second-graders with their reading, he became so proud that he not only overcame his own difficulty, but proved a highly effective teacher as well. A Negro girl, too repressed to talk, was handed a doll by a white girl, who told her: "You're the mother—and mothers have got to talk to their children." She did.

The paradoxical school name stems from the fact that the school has a 300-acre farm in upstate New York, where students spend occasional weeks in nature study. The advantage of the rural experience, says Trowbridge, is that "the farm is neutral in a way the city is not—it makes the same demands on the deprived kids as it makes upon the middle-class kid." To avoid pressuring all students to conform to middle-class values, there is no grading or assignment to ability "tracks"—all in line with Trowbridge's theory that "if children were not always measured comparatively, they might have the incentive to be themselves."

Actually, the faculty finds that the white youngsters seem to benefit more from the integration than do the Negroes. They learn to admire the independence and street savvy of the black children, such as that of the five-year-old who pushes alone into crowded rush-hour buses to attend school—a trip that would frighten his sheltered white classmates. The school has been so successful that only one student has dropped out. He was withdrawn by parents who objected to such close association with children from the ghetto. His parents are middle-class Negroes.



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THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

The Seven Descents of Myrtle

Tennessee Williams is a regional playwright in a far subtler sense than that of merely creating bizarre Southern characters. Until recent decades, the mind of the South had been haunted by the disastrous defeat of the Civil War and by memories of pre-bellum graciousness, leisure and glory. The habit of viewing human beings as wounded by life, just as the South was wounded by history, permeates Williams' plays.

From the beginning his characters have been great reminiscers. In *The*

MARTHA SVOPE



PARSONS, GUARDINO & BEDFORD
Drive succumbs to drift.

Glass Menagerie Amanda cherishes the "one Sunday afternoon" she entertained "17 gentleman callers." Blanche DuBois reveres the beauty of her father's plantation, Belle Reve. Dying of cancer, Big Daddy recalls his power as king of the Delta. In his earlier plays, Williams would rip apart this Chekhovian mood music with staccato drum bursts of violence. But in recent years he has virtually abandoned violence without discovering a substitute. Drive has succumbed to drift.

Tense Trio. His latest drifting drama, *The Seven Descents of Myrtle*, is middling-quality Williams at about the level of *Period of Adjustment*. The three characters who constitute the cast are scarcely well adjusted. Lot (Brian Bedford) has come home to the Delta to claim the decayed house and rich land bequeathed to him by his mother. He brings with him his two-day bride, a jittery ex-showgirl named Myrtle (Estelle Parsons), without having told her that they will confront his half brother

Chicken (Harry Guardino). He is partially of Negro blood, and has lived in the house and slavishly farmed the land for years.

They make a very odd trio, indeed. Lot is impotent, a transvestite, and facing imminent death from TB. Myrtle is a sometime prostitute, and Chicken is a cut below Neanderthal man. A flood is in the offing, and Chicken gets his nickname from the fact that in a previous flood, he climbed to the roof with a few chickens and subsisted by biting their heads off and drinking their blood. Who will drink whose blood before this latest flood? Chicken is furious at losing the property to Lot's wife, and he has in his wallet a previously signed agreement willing it to him. Lot assigns Myrtle the task of getting that piece of paper and destroying it.

Sleepwalking Tour. The tension should build, but instead it is dissipated. This is partly because the playgoer knows from the first skitterish-tigerish encounter that Chicken and Myrtle are fated to be sexmates. The dialogue is surprisingly colloquial for Williams and lacks the requisite venom or eloquence. Most damagingly of all, the play becomes a sleepwalking tour of the dusty attic of memory. Between coughing bouts, Lot recalls his Oedipal life with mother, and Myrtle shuffles through an account of her showgirl days with the Five Hot Shots from Mobile. The actors are uniformly admirable, and Estelle Parsons (Buck Barrow's wife in *Bonnie and Clyde*) is more than that as she makes of Myrtle a tender, vulnerable woman of tattered gallantry and frail flesh.

As usual, Williams polarizes his males—the sensitive soul and the brutal stud—and the division is as unconvincing as ever. He also preaches his favorite doctrine of physical redemption: "There's nothing in the world that can compare with what's able to happen between a man and a woman."

The evening ripples with laughter, a renewed credit to Williams' fluent comic sense. Yet the undertone of the play is prevailingly sad. The characters are sterile in their neurotic self-concern, people who cannot feed each other the simplest joys of life because each is so busy devouring himself.

THE LONDON SEASON

Posthumous Triumph

British critics have just discovered "a major dramatist" who turns out to be that old literatus of the libido, David Herbert Lawrence.

D. H. Lawrence has long been admired as both a poet and painter. As a novelist, he was a passionate realist and an impassioned crusader for plain talk about sex. As a playwright, however, Lawrence has been ignored; his eight plays were poorly received on the rare occasions when they were performed

during his lifetime, and they were first published in a collected edition only three years ago. Their new eminence is the result of a brilliant repertory production of three of them at London's Royal Court Theater by a relatively unknown director, Peter Gill.

A Collier's Friday Night (1909), *The Daughter-in-Law* (1912) and *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* (1914) are all set in the kitchens of proud, poverty-blighted Midlands coal-mining families like Lawrence's own; and all are variations on basic Lawrencian themes—the drunken father, the dominance of women, unrelenting intrafamily contests, and the devaluation of intimacy by privation. The plays are pure naturalism: the kitchen sink is never out of sight, and the weary labor of washing off the pit grime when the man

DOUGLAS H. JEFFERY



PARFITT & COLES IN "MRS. HOLROYD"
Never far from the sink.

comes home occurs in each of them. Yet, unlike the angry Osbornes and Weskers, Lawrence composes his homely details with the power of tragic necessity rather than the passion of protest.

Lawrence's posthumous triumph as a dramatist is shared by Director Gill, whose careful casting and slow, relentless holding of long silences allow the language to flower in the mind and the subtle relationships of these numb, dumb characters to take form. Seldom in years have London audiences sat so awed and hushed as at the final scene of *Mrs. Holroyd*, in which the coal-blackened body of a miner (Michael Coles), the victim of a pit accident, lies on the floor of his shack while his widow (Judy Parfitt) begins to wash him, keening to herself:

"My dear, my dear—oh, my dear! I can't bear it, my dear—you shouldn't have done it. Oh—I can't bear it, for you. Why couldn't I do anything for you? My dear—I wasn't good to you. But you shouldn't have done this to me. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Did it hurt you? Oh, my dear, it hurt you—oh, I can't bear it . . ."

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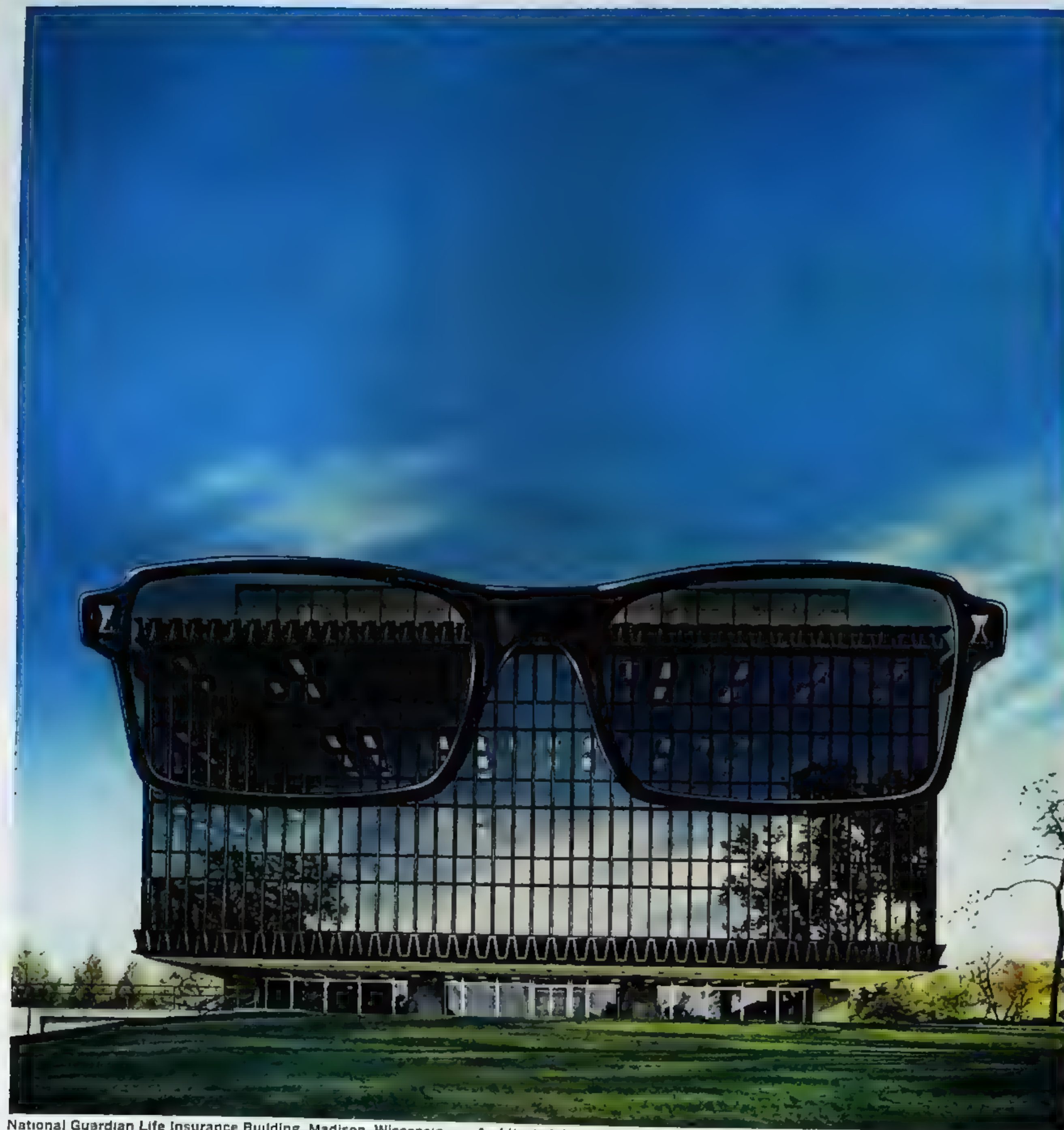
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TELEVISION

SPECIALS

Of Life & Death

Television seems to make its living mistaking melodrama for drama and canned laughter for joy. But last week three very good documentaries treated the human tragicomedy with unaccustomed honesty.

On ABC, *How Life Begins* began, literally, with the birds and the bees, covered marine life and then the lower mammals (a spaniel bitch lovingly licking life into a pup emerging from her womb). With humans, the program called a sperm a sperm, and showed a natural birth at Manhattan's Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals. The mother's face, at first view contorted during her contractions, suddenly suffused with pleasure at the first cry of her child. ABC also edited in segments of the famed Swedish film on the growth of the fetus that had been shown the week before on Public TV stations.

Hitler's Rage. Jesse Owens Returns to Berlin, syndicated by Sports Network Inc., stirring recalled the Summer Olympics of 1936. There was chilling footage showing more than 100,000 fans hailing Adolf Hitler as the games were opened. The test was on for the Nazis' myth of the master race. Close-ups caught the Führer clucking with pleasure as his Aryans competed in the qualifying heats against the U.S. team with its Negro stars. But then in the finals, as Owens, the Alabama sharecropper's son, won one, two, three and finally four gold medals, the camera caught Hitler's face as he smoldered with rage. He would not shake hands with the winner. Owens, now a fit 54 and in public relations, narrated his own story with commendable under-

statement. Revisiting the empty old Berlin Olympic Stadium 32 years later, he declared that he had not been embittered by Hitler's snub. "I'm here. He's not," reported Owens. "That is enough answer for me."

CBS's *Don't Count the Candles* was an "essay" on aging, stunningly directed and filmed by Britain's Lord Snowdon. "Ours is an age that venerates the young," said a narrator. "The old we tolerate." So much for narration. The rest of the story belonged to the eloquent black-and-white cinematography, the first ever attempted by Snowdon. Among the telling vignettes: desolate faces and palsied hands fighting dinner hour in an old folks' home; Cecil Beaton, 64, describing his "first signs of loneliness" and his denture problems; a septuagenarian marriage ceremony in which the bride momentarily forgot the name of the groom; a daughter guiltily registering her arthritic father in a home. A visit to Continental spas showed elderly people desperately trying to reverse the clock by means of surrealistic exercise machines and lamb-gland injections. But perhaps the most poignant was the closing scene—a tottering music-hall hooper, reduced to playing a pub, tearfully singing *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*.

NEWSCASTING

A Healthy Jaundice

In television newscasting nowadays, everybody's got his own private beat, but NBC's laconic Edwin Newman, 49, is a universalist, the one guy in the shop who is considered *au courant* on everything.

When George Romney resigned from the presidential race, Newman was



NEWMAN
Everything but awe.

hailed in to anchor a special report. He handled the same sort of job for twelve days during last year's Arab-Israeli crisis. When Lucy Jarvis produces a big documentary—Khrushchev, Picasso, Christiaan Barnard—she taps Newman for his narrative authority and scriptwriting dexterity. About twice a month, *Meet the Press* summons Newman to play moderator. *Speaking Freely*, Newman's urbane interview series with the likes of Harold Macmillan, Rudolf Bing and Physicist Hans Bethe, is so bright, lively and informative that 50 Public TV stations across the nation now carry it.

Box-Office Clout. Newman's official title at NBC is "critic at large." Over the network's New York City channel, he reviews opera and theater, and commands a respectable following. One recognition of Newman's box-office clout is that Producer David Merrick, who calls him "the undertaker," tried to bar him from the theater and demanded equal time to answer an embalming review. This was a characteristic Merrick publicity ploy, but then Merrick judged his adversary shrewdly.

Like the daily Broadway critics, Newman is given about an hour in which to prepare his reviews. When he goes on the air shortly after 11 p.m. on the night of an opening, he has 60 seconds in which to deal with his subject. That's "between 180 and 200 words, depending on how many are polysyllabic," he says. But despite the nerve-racking restrictions, he pours a remarkable amount of information, polish and tart viewpoint into his reviews. Of the fibbertigibbet comedy import, *There's a Girl in My Soup*, he observed: "Here we have the sort of English play that prevents the American theater from having a permanent inferiority complex." Or recently, from off-Broadway, "If two foul-mouthed mental defectives shouting at each other is your idea of



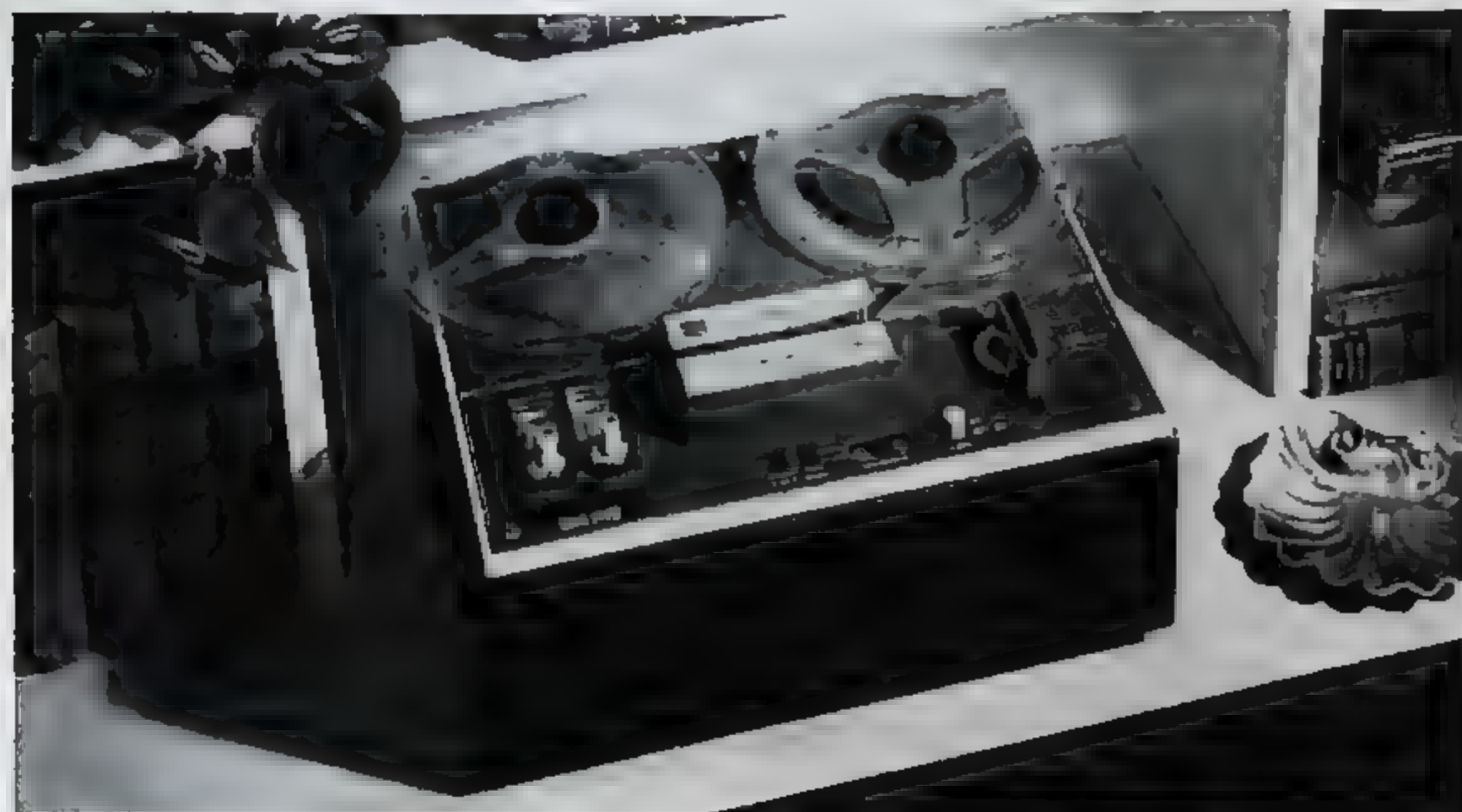
OWENS COMPETING IN 1936 OLYMPICS



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theater, there is *The Beard.* Of *Here's Where I Belong:* "As with so many recent musicals, none of the principals can really sing."

His criticism at large on radio has won Newman a Peabody Award, and on television he has unburdened himself on everything from the declining grammar of the New York Times ("The English is not always fit to print") to Charles de Gaulle's crude meddling in Canadian politics ("To put it kindly, he may be losing his grip") to the clichés of sportscasters (Roger Maris, according to a Newman parody, "swings a once potent mace but is still patrolling the outer garden with his ancient skill"). His architectural critique of the late New York World's Fair noted that most of the state pavilions "looked like the work of Governors' relatives."

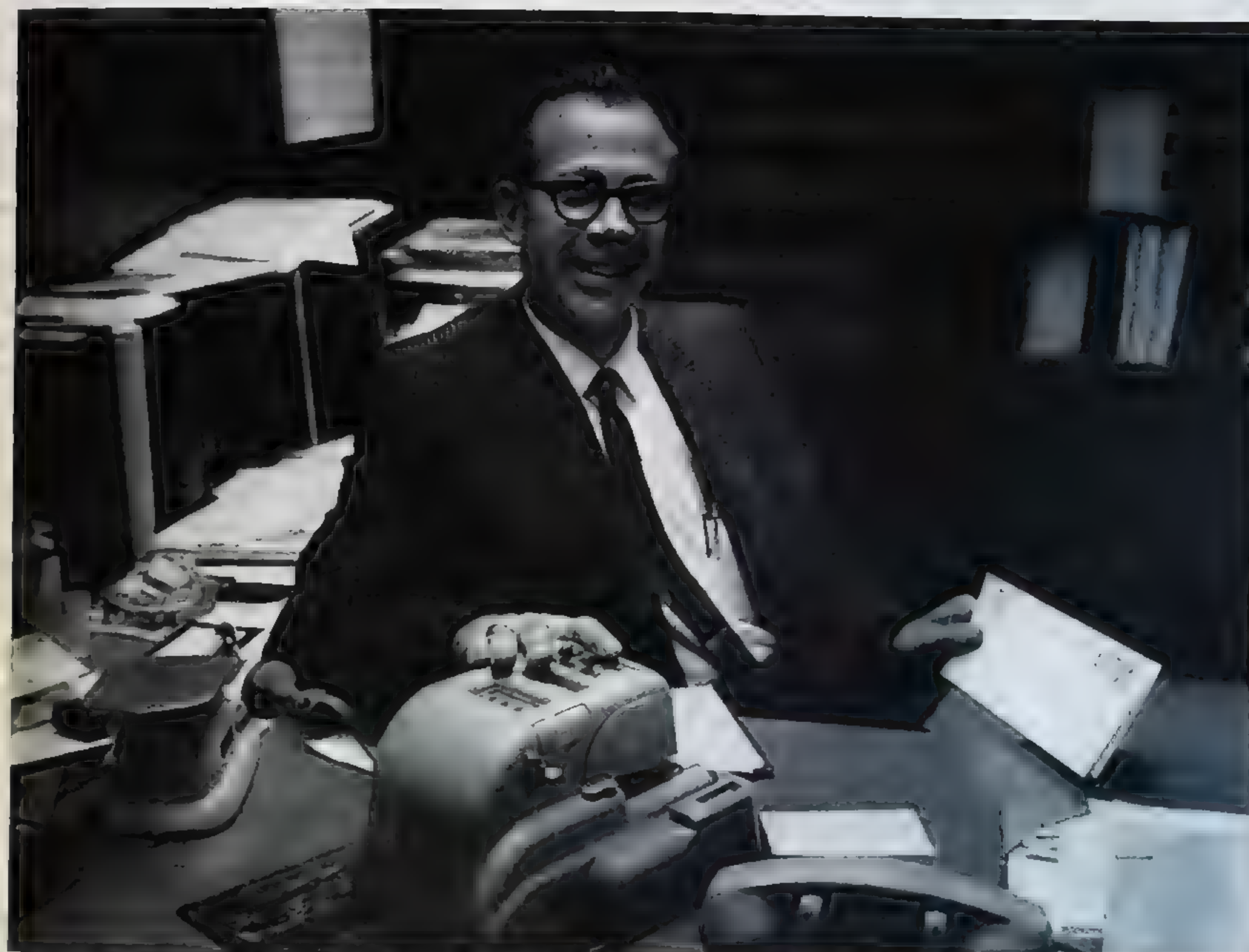
Christmas "Doggerel." When Manhattan reporters complained last year about difficulties in getting access to Hubert Humphrey, Newman observed: "He is not exactly a man from whom words have to be torn against his will." When Lyndon Johnson transferred Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach to the State Department, Newman noted "Mr. Johnson does not merely announce his appointments; he congratulates himself on having made them." And about the only joy of Christmas on the tube is Newman's annual "doggerel" reading on the *Today* show. A stanza from last year's.

*The final tallyluyeva
On the book by Alliluyeva
Who is a lively galliluyeva
Despite much ballyluyeva
Did not cause booksellers to shout
halliluyeva.*

Prose, obviously, is Newman's bag, and he is one of the few TV newscasters who can write anything that stands up. He has contributed over the years to the *Atlantic*, *Harper's* and *Punch*. Newman started writing at George Washington High School in his native Manhattan, took a journalism degree at the University of Wisconsin ('40) and did graduate work in government at Louisiana State University. Later, he studied in France, covered the State Department for the United Press, then became a writer for CBS's Eric Sevareid. From 1952 to 1961, he worked mainly out of Paris and London for NBC.

Then it was back to New York to begin his \$60,000-\$75,000 annual practice of what he calls "a more personal type of journalism." His basic reportorial posture he describes as "healthily jaundiced." "If someone wants something done on the scenic wonders of the United States," Newman says wryly, "he wouldn't call on me. I am not very good at expressing awe." That goes for television itself. When he isn't first-nighting or anchoring an NBC show, Newman catches up with his reading. "I'm not entertained," he says. "by television entertainment."

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SKIING

Keeping Them Happy

In Alpine skiing, the superpowers are France and Austria. But the balance of power belongs to Canada—at least where the girls are concerned, and at least since 1965, when Nancy Greene, 24, a bubbling, button-nosed lass from Rossland, B.C., began blasting down the slopes. "We all get along very well," says Nancy. "The Austrians are happy when I beat the French, and the French are happy when I beat the Austrians."

This year both the French and the Austrians must be delirious with joy. Nancy is walloping them all. In the Winter Olympics at Grenoble, she won a gold medal in the giant slalom and a silver in the slalom. Next, in the Arlberg-Kandahar at Chamonix, she won the downhill, slalom and combined trophies. When the tour moved to the U.S., she won all three events at Aspen, Colo.—slalom, giant slalom and downhill—beating France's Marielle Goitschel by a 1.67-sec. margin in the giant slalom. Two weeks ago at Sun Valley, she did it again, another triple, including a 2.97-sec. downhill win over another French star, Isabelle Mir.

Fooling the Experts. The astonishing string had to end some time. And last week, pressing extra hard before the home folks at Rossland, Nancy caught a ski tip on a gate and fell in the slalom. Even so, she still held a commanding lead in the battle for the World Cup, with 176 points to 150 for Mir and 128 for Goitschel.

Nancy's record is all the more remarkable because few experts expected much from her this year. Only three weeks before the Winter Games, she severely strained the ligaments in her left ankle. The experts should have remembered what a gutsy competitor she is. In the 1966 World Championships at

Portillo, Chile, she caught an edge in the downhill and somersaulted into a retaining wall at 60 m.p.h. "I've never seen any girl take a worse fall," said French Ski Coach Honoré Bonnet. "I didn't expect her to get up again." Nancy got up all right—with a badly bruised right elbow and a broken coccyx. Three days later, her right arm shot full of Novocain, ski pole taped to her glove, she raced in the giant slalom and finished fourth.

Time to Study. That was expectable from a girl who trains on such exercises as 40 deep knee bends with a 150-lb. barbell across her shoulders. Nancy first rode on skis as an infant strapped into a pack on her father's back. By three, she could angle down a slope by herself, and at 16, she competed in her first international meet: the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley. Her 22nd-place finish in the downhill spurred her to train so hard that Rossland's citizens waged a door-to-door campaign for enough money to send her to the 1964 games at Innsbruck, where she moved up to seventh.

One thing that bothers Nancy is that she still has not had time to complete her freshman year at Notre Dame University in Nelson, B.C. So last week, at the peak of her career, she made an announcement: "I have to set some new goals. One of them is a college degree." Next weekend, after the season's final meet at Heavenly Valley, Calif., Nancy will retire—which ought to make the French and Austrians even happier.

CURLING

Rocks on Ice

Hard-core U.S. sports buffs might scoff at the game of curling—that is, if they've even heard of it. Imagine grown men playing a sort of shuffleboard on ice, with brooms and a big rock. One man slides the rock down the ice and his teammates charge ahead of it, sweeping furiously as it approaches a series of concentric circles with a bull's-eye in the middle. Even the name sounds slightly nutty. Wasn't that something women did to their hair?

Just don't say that to the Scots, who invented the game almost 500 years ago. Or to the Canadians, who have made it their No. 1 participant sport, with 750,000 players spread across the country. In the old days, stout Scottish farmers slid their rough-hewn stones across the frozen lochs, nipping liberally on the "whisky punch," long a part of curling tradition as "the usual drink in order to encourage the growth of barley." The game was carried to Canada in the mid-1700s by Scottish soldiers who melted cannon balls into 60-lb. "irons" for a frolic on the frozen St. Lawrence. Pioneer farmers ringed hardwood blocks with iron or used lard buckets filled with cement.

Today's curlers slide a 44-lb. block

of highly polished granite that looks like a wheel of cheese with a handle on top. And the game has evolved into a test that combines the finesse of golf with elements of lawn bowling, horse-shoe pitching and pool—plus a dash of chess strategy. A rink (four-man team) scores one point for each stone it keeps closer to the bull's-eye than any rival stones. An expert curler can slide his stone more than 100 ft. down the ice with a spin so fine that it will curl tightly between two enemy stones and settle on the bull's-eye. He can also send his stone thundering into the target to scatter enemy stones like tenpins while leaving his own team's untouched. The idea of sweeping is to melt a thin layer of ice by friction, thus making it easier for the stone to slide, and strong-armed broom men can add as much as 12 ft. to a slide.

Last week the game's best brooms were in Montreal, as teams from eight nations gathered for the tenth world championship. With the whole country watching on TV, Calgary's Ron Northcott rink took aim on the title that Canada has lost only twice—to a U.S. club in 1965 and to a Scottish team from Perth last year.

For a while it looked as if that same Scottish quartet would repeat. The defending champions swept through seven preliminary rounds, including a 10-5 win over Canada. But the finals were a different story. No sooner had bagpipers led the two teams onto the ice than Canada swept off to an early 5-1 lead, finally brushing off the Scots, 8-6. And some day, say the Canadians, the world championships may really include the whole world. The host nation in every Olympics has the right to add one new sport. If Canada ever gets the Winter Games, everyone knows what that sport will be.



CHAMPION CANADIAN CURLERS IN ACTION
A long way from the lochs.



You don't believe in taking chances with the weather.

You don't believe in guesswork.



You never believe in tempting the fates.

You do believe in checking things for yourself.



And you say you haven't had our Family Security Check-Up yet?

Chances are you're the sort of a man who doesn't leave things to chance. That's good.

But then again, you may be something of a worrier. That's bad.

Metropolitan's Family Security Check-Up is for the man who is careful about his family's financial future, but doesn't want to worry about it.

The check-up begins with you and a Metropolitan representative talking about things like assets, liabilities, education for the children, money for the family in case you're not around, money for retirement in case you are.

The check-up ends with your agent feeding the facts into an electronic computer and coming up with a choice of three plans. From one with basic minimum coverage, to one that covers everything.

If you're the careful man we believe you are, we believe you'll want to see a Metropolitan agent about a Family Security Check-Up.

Don't worry. He won't feel insulted if you care to check his figures with an adding machine.



Metropolitan Life

The Battery Sucker.



If it cost Avis a customer last month, that's one customer too many.

This is the bug that causes batteries to go dry in rent a cars.

Just one of 47 different bugs we're trying to get rid of at Avis.

We try to keep our shiny new Plymouths not only spotless, but bugless.

Avis tries harder.

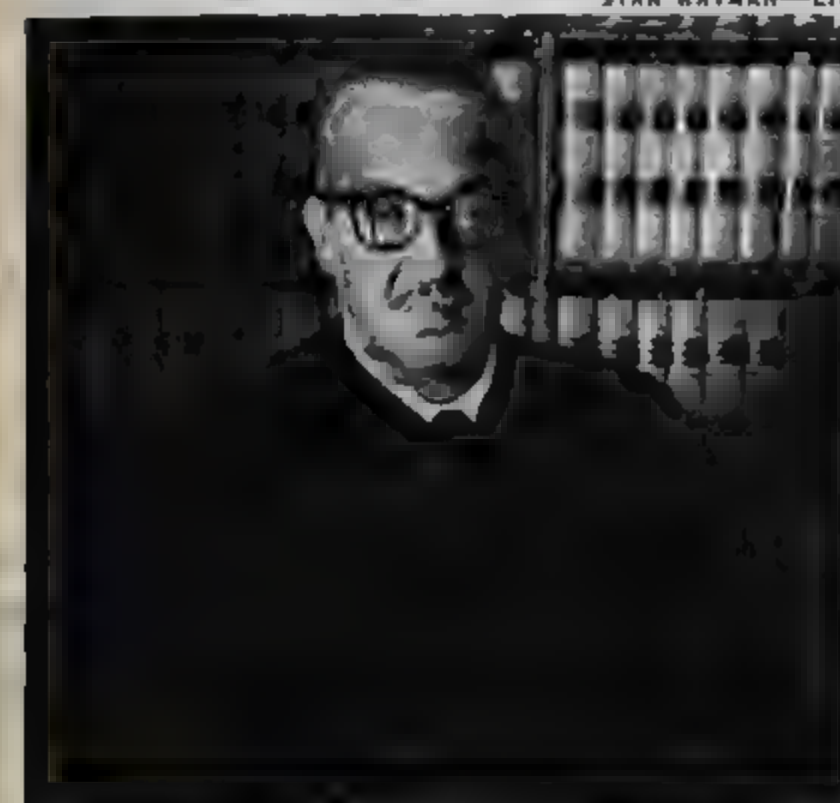
DAY & NIGHT 24 HOURS SERVICE

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Disqualified

Decision-making is its job, but last week the Supreme Court could not make up its mind in two cases. On both, the justices deadlocked 4 to 4, which meant that the court affirmed the lower court without ruling on the merits.* Such ties do not happen often, but there have now been four this term. The reason is that the newest justice, Thurgood Marshall, has had to



JUSTICE MARSHALL
From even a remote conflict.

disqualify himself from almost every case decided so far.

Marshall came to the court after having been counsel for the N.A.A.C.P.'s legal-defense fund and then U.S. Solicitor General, the man responsible for all the Government's cases and *amicus curiae* briefs before the Supreme Court. Only one other justice in recent times has gone directly to the court from the Solicitor General's slot, and he had the same problem Marshall has had. "I disqualified myself in any case with which I had dealt as Solicitor General," says retired Justice Stanley Forman Reed, "and Justice Marshall's action is perfectly in keeping with practice." But because the case load is now larger than ever before, Marshall has most likely set a court record. His total so far is 40 disqualifications out of the 54 cases decided after argument.

The general practice of court members is to disqualify themselves from anything smacking of conflict, but each justice decides for himself. No reason is given, but it is often clear. William Douglas, who had been chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commis-

* The result in one case was that Brooks Leo Anderson, a Negro who was convicted of rape in Tennessee, will not get a new trial because he failed to prove that the continual absence of Negroes on local jury panels was the result of racial discrimination. In the other, five plaintiffs seeking damages for wrongful death and personal injuries in the crash of an Alitalia plane near Shannon Airport in 1960 will be allowed to sue for more than the \$8,300 limit then in effect because the limitation was stated in such small print that it was too difficult to read.

sion, would not hear any SEC-related case for five years after going on the court. Potter Stewart would not take part in appeals coming from the Ohio Supreme Court when his father was one of its judges, and Tom Clark retired because he expected that the disqualification problem would become great after his son Ramsey became U.S. Attorney General last year.

Marshall's problem should ease considerably from now on as the cases that began during his solicitor generalship are slowly taken care of. By next year, it is expected that he will stay out of only 10% of the cases. Despite the current abstentions, however, he does not lack for work. He has written two of the 14 decisions in which he has taken part. And he has been handling an extra number of the petitions that ask the court to hear a case. So great is his work load, in fact, that he is in his office most Saturdays, and even some Sundays.

Sharp Line on Free Speech

Just what does free speech include? How obscene must a book or film be to lose the First Amendment protection? When can a soldier speak without fear of being punished for his words? Last week the question being argued before the court was whether or not a teacher can be fired by a public-school board for criticizing the superintendent of schools. In light of the continual immediacy of the problem, court watchers were looking carefully at Justice Hugo Black's *Carpentier Lectures* (TIME, March 29)—particularly at the final talk, in which Black dwelled on picketing and other forms of so-called symbolic speech.

Black reiterated his oft-expressed opinion that the free-speech guarantee includes every sort of speech, no matter how obscene. "All I am doing," he said, "is following what to me is the clear wording of the First Amendment that 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press.' As I have said innumerable times before, I simply believe that 'no law' means no law. I think the Supreme Court is about the most inappropriate supreme board of censors that could be found. The plain language of the Constitution recognizes that censorship is the deadly enemy of freedom and progress and forbids it." In short, free speech is an "absolute command" in Black's mind.

But he draws a sharp line between speech and action. "I believe, with Jefferson," he says, "that it is time enough for government to step in to regulate people when they *do* something, not when they *say* something." Recently, "many loose words have been spoken and written about an alleged First Amendment right to picket, demonstrate or march, usually accompanied by singing, shouting or loud praying, along

the public streets, or in and around government-owned buildings, or in and around other people's property, including their homes, without the owners' consent. I do not believe that the First Amendment grants a constitutional right" in this area. "Marching back and forth, though utilized to communicate ideas, is not speech and therefore is not protected by the First Amendment." Nor, by that reasoning, is there any free speech protection for those who burn draft cards or desecrate the flag.

Black went on to make clear, however, that while the Government may, if it wishes, make laws to restrict demonstrations and pickets, it must apply such laws equally. Concluded he, "These laws must never be used as a guise to suppress particular views which the Government dislikes."

JUDGES

Hello, Justice Calling

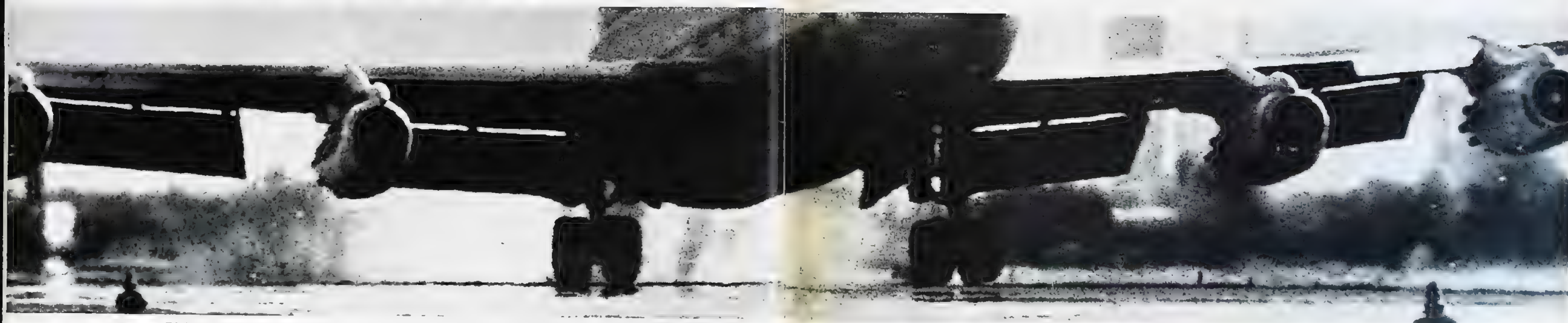
Having noted that much testimony could sensibly be taken over the telephone, California Judge Leon Emerson during the past year has been using a unique new courtroom tool: a speakerphone. The instrument is sensitive enough to pick up the courtroom questions of defense and prosecuting attorneys. The witness is sworn over the loudspeaker telephone, and his voice is amplified so that everyone can hear what he says.

Emerson, a municipal court judge in Downey, Calif., finds the speakerphone invaluable for getting a brief piece of testimony from a policeman, parole officer or technical expert. It cuts down on delays while a witness is summoned, and it also cuts to a bare minimum the time required of the witness. If there is ever any objection by either side in a case, or by the witness, he is made to come to court. And the speakerphone is never used for pivotal or major testimony. Also, Judge Emerson rarely tries it with a jury. On the few occasions that he has, however, it worked well.



EMERSON & SPEAKERPHONE
Time on the line.

**WE KNOW WHAT
SELLS TICKETS.
WE'RE GOING TO BE
ON TIME.**



We're going to put a Bulova clock on each plane.
The clock will be set to ring when the plane
is due to arrive.

"Arrive" as measured by the Civil Aeronautics
Board is the published arrival time plus 15 minutes.

If the clock rings before the plane reaches the
terminal, we will give each passenger a token

worth one dollar.

We know a dollar doesn't absolve us from being
late. But it could cost us a half million dollars
this month alone.

We're going to be on time.

We can't afford not to be.

**BRANIFF
INTERNATIONAL**

ART

MUSEUMS

The Hobbyhorse Rides Again

As openings go, it was a far cry from 1938's International Exhibition of Surrealism, when 2,000 outraged Parisians staged a near riot. Or from Cologne's Dada exposition of 1920, when the entrance hall was a public lavatory, the visitors were supplied with an ax to chop up the art, and a young girl in a white Communion dress stood on a platform reciting obscene verse.

Indeed, the mild catcalls and bilious banner-waving provided last week by several hundred Greenwich Village vig-

word *dada*, French baby talk for "hobbyhorse." Incorporated into the more structural surrealist movement in 1924, it immortalized a species of hoopla and *hubris* that has become characteristic of modern American society. Dada's pranks and surrealist spectacles were revived in the 1960s as Happenings, which in turn have been commercialized by department stores, and ultimately popularized by flower children as love-ins.

Yet, amazingly, the esthetic aspects of Dada and surrealism have never been presented to the public since the twin movements came of age. In retrospect, the hobbyhorse has been accepted by most art historians as a thoroughbred, but no U.S. museum has devoted a major display to it since 1936.

Dada and surrealism, now half a century old, were not merely episodes or aberrations in the history of art, but part of its mainstream development, perhaps more profound and influential than any other style of the century. Now that the fusillades have died away on the barricades, the Museum of Modern Art's carefully winnowed exhibit of 340 paintings, sculptures, collages and assemblages is intended to show just what has survived that is genuinely entitled to be preserved in museums.

"Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage"* demonstrates abundantly that the philosophies produced a witty, erotic, and still magically evocative body of work (see following color pages).

To demonstrate the validity of the movements, the show's organizer, Curator William S. Rubin, 40, eschewed the gaudy sensationalism favored in the heyday of Dada. Instead, he has let the precise craftsmanship and fertile inventiveness of his chosen artists speak for themselves. The exhibit is sedately mounted in a series of small, serene galleries, with Marcel Duchamp's proto-pop *Fresh Widow* (a miniature French window with a head cold) respectfully enshrined in a Plexiglas case. Dali's minuscule (as small as 7 in. by 5½ in.) Kraft-Ebing fantasies glow like 15th century Van Eycks beneath Metropolitan Museum-style picture lamps.

The sole concession to flamboyance is a reconstruction of Dali's ivy-twined *Rainy Taxi*, from the 1938 exposition, faithfully copied right down to the snails that crawl on the faces of the sopping, green-lit mannequins inside. Otherwise, dulcet decorum is preserved because, as former Sarah Lawrence Professor Rubin puts it: "While the Dadaists use the term anti-art to deny modern art, in retrospect their work takes its place in that tradition, enriching more than denying it."

Nonsense & Nostalgia. Though the Dadaists were determined to break with what they considered the "spiritually

bankrupt" styles of cubism and futurism, they borrowed many cubist techniques. While they claimed to tweak the nose of logic, and build their art by happenstance, it was in fact highly rational and ironically detached.

Collage, for example, was originally developed by the cubists; yet when the German Dadaist Kurt Schwitters began to build his many-splendored "Merz pictures" from old newspaper scraps, driftwood, buttons and other attic rubbish, his works took on a pathos and intimacy that more formal cubist compositions lacked. Schwitters himself always insisted that *Merz* was a nonsense syllable, derived from a phrase from an advertisement for the "Kommmerz und Privatbank." But *merzen* is also an obsolete German verb connoting rejection. Both as nonsense and as nostalgia, Schwitters' handsome, 5-ft. by 4-ft. *Merz Picture with Rainbow* clearly foreshadows Robert Rauschenberg's "combines" of the 1950s.

Freudian Art. Considerably less well known than pop art's debt to Dada is the seminal influence exercised by the surrealists on U.S. abstract expressionism. The relationship has been obscured until now, partly by the abstract expressionists themselves, who kept their early surrealist canvases out of sight. The confusion was compounded by the fact that the original surrealist manifesto of 1924 envisioned two different techniques for applying Freud's then radical theories to art.

All surrealists agreed that the time had come to substitute the logic of the unconscious for the deliberate illogic of Dada, but only half of the movement, including Dali, René Magritte and Yves Tanguy, used conventional Renaissance oil techniques and perspective to portray the fantasy world of dreams and hallucination. Helped by Dali's genius for self-publicity, it was this half of the movement that became synonymous with surrealism in the U.S.

Prophetic Approaches. In the long run, the other technique of "automatist" surrealism proved more revolutionary and durable. As practiced by Joan Miró, André Masson, Max Ernst and Roberto Matta, automatism relied on the unconscious to direct the pen, pencil, brush or tube of glue. "Rather than setting out to paint something," said Miró, "I begin, and as I paint, the picture begins to assert itself." *Landscape with Rooster*, one of a dozen outsize, uninhibited Mirós on display, illustrates the antic, fanciful contours that result.

Masson's approach was even more prophetic. Because he found the constant reloading of a brush impeded his "psychic impulses," he took to ladling glue onto a canvas, wiggling his fingers over it in patterns, then pouring sand into the glue to capture them. In addition, he squeezed color directly onto his canvases from a special tube, thereby antedating the drip paintings of Jackson Pollock by 20 years.

Automatist surrealism migrated to the U.S. during World War II. It deeply im-

DADA & SURREALISM: A HALF CENTURY



Kurt Schwitters' oil-and-driftwood "Merz Picture with Rainbow" (1939) epitomizes any, anti-art artistry of Dada.



DALI (RIGHT) AT OPENING*
It could also be called Daddy.

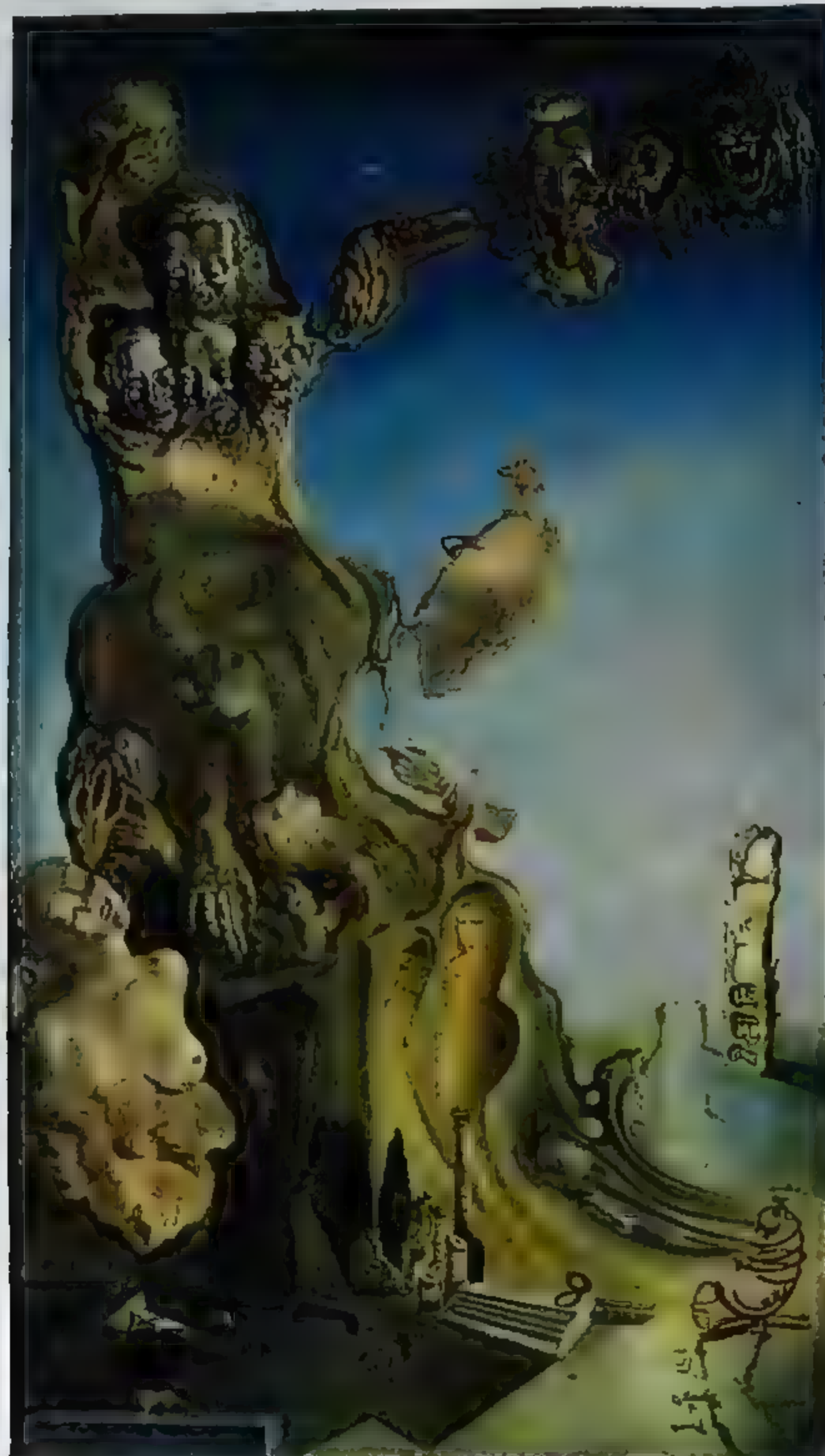
ilantes in front of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art seemed a slur on the once dread name of Dada. They were protesting a survey of Dada and surrealism, replete with crispy fried canapés, Galanos evening gowns, and a "bourgeois" black-tie dinner.

"Down with art, up with revolution!" yipped one Yippie in a Mao jacket. "We're carrying on the spirit of Dada by being here, instead of in the museum," insisted a Princeton University art instructor. Quoth the durable Salvador Dali, 63, who was on hand for the occasion: "Unfortunately many of the young people today have no information. Dada was a protest against the bourgeoisie, yes, but by the aristocracy, not by the man in the street."

After the Barricades. He did have a point. The anarchistic, anti-artistic spirit of Dada arose almost simultaneously in New York and Europe from the spiritual debris of World War I. It was baptized by two artistic types in Zurich who flipped open a dictionary at the

* With Mrs. Ruth S. Franklin and Barnett Newman.

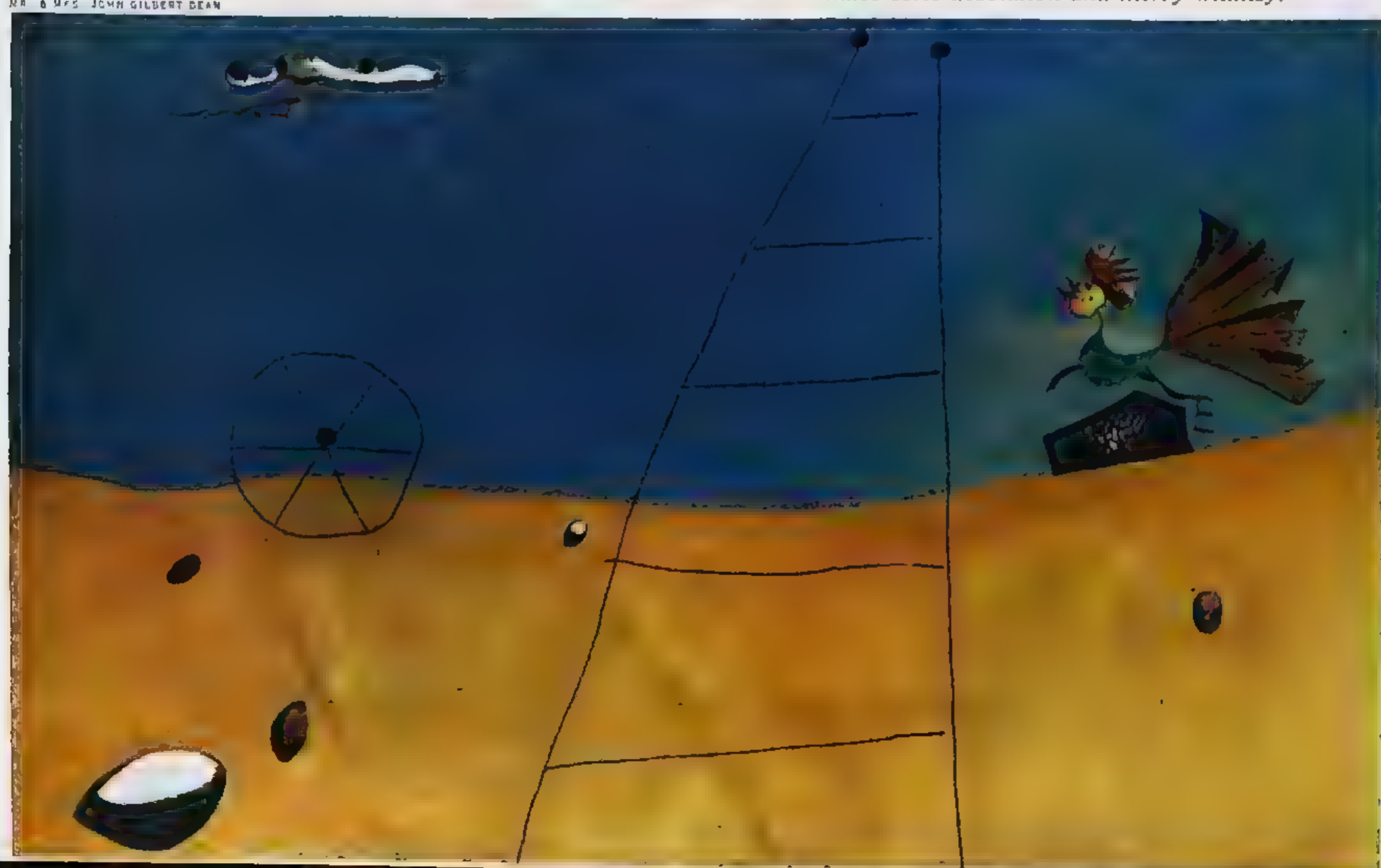
* Due to be shown at the Los Angeles County Museum this summer and the Art Institute of Chicago next fall.



Like other surrealists, André Masson anticipated action painters in 1927 collage.

Dali's "Imperial Monument to the Child-Woman" (1929) combines faces from Mt. Rushmore with Freudian symbolism.

Joan Miró's 1927 "Landscape with Rooster" mates eerie desolation and merry whimsy.



pressed a generation of younger American artists who were shortly to become celebrated innovators themselves, such as Pollock, Mark Rothko and Adolph Gottlieb.

Nonetheless, as examples of early work by these abstract expressionists and the pop artists on display at the Modern suggest, more was assimilated from the surrealists and Dadaists than mere assemblage and drip. Common to all of the work in the exhibit is a poetry and passion, gaiety and humanism totally foreign to the dry logic of cubism and to the pure, impersonal geometric abstractions that developed directly out of it in Europe. The camera may well have deprived painting of its reason for being by surpassing it in the portrayal of objective reality. Dada and surrealism, however, made up for that loss by showing that another, still more engrossing vision lay within the fantastic recesses of man's mind.

FAKES & FRAUDS

Atoms for Detection

Every year the art faker's job gets just a little bit harder, thanks to the development of new scientific methods for determining the real age of works of art. Now atomic energy has been called to aid, as two recent developments on the art sleuthing scene testify.

In England, Oxford University's Research Laboratory for Archaeology announced that after seven years' work, it had perfected a "thermoluminescence" technique for determining the age of any ceramic, from a 6,000-year-old potsherd to a 19th century vase. The technique employs the radiation-measuring devices used at most atomic reactors and in hospital radiotherapy departments. It is based on the fact that most mineral substances buried in the earth absorb the natural radiation given off by uranium, potassium and thorium in the earth. The rate of radiation has been relatively constant in historical times, but all absorbed radiation is released when the substance is heated. Thus when a piece of clay is fired, its radioactivity count is reduced to zero. By reheating it and measuring the radiation given off, scientists can determine the length of time since the first firing.

In Washington, the National Gallery of Art and the Atomic Energy Commission have contributed \$25,000 apiece to finance three years' research into the perfection of "atomic fingerprinting" for old masters at Pittsburgh's Mellon Institute. The technique, originally developed by Dutch scientists, consists of taking flecks of paint from genuine Rembrandts and Vermeers, then bombarding them with neutrons in a reactor in order to measure their exact chemical impurities. In time, the Mellon Institute hopes to compile a library of chemical analyses of the different types of paint used by a dozen famous artists—or at least the type of paint used in the country and period of each.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty
President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



LIKE THE LITTLE GIRL who left a boring lecture on Antarctica, "knowing more about penguins than she needed to," many managers have had to slog through a tremendous output of paper from their computers to winnow out the facts on how the business is doing.

What managers need from computers is identification of "off-limit" conditions, similar to the function performed by the more sophisticated instrumentation in the process industries. And, fortunately, that's what the better systems analysts are giving us today.

We've had an excellent example of how the computer can be programmed to help in "management by exception" at our Sulphur Springs, Texas, valve plant. A prototype for our entire company, the computer system there is serving our materials control function, from purchase orders for castings to shipment of finished valves.

Some of the things our Sulphur Springs computer does sound "gee whiz," like catching an omission in a materials list for a valve; telling the shipping department what to ship, where, each day; red-flagging an increase in reject rate that could lead to delays or shortages; even checking that the inevitable changes in scheduling have been communicated to all those who need to know.

It almost seems that the computer manages the plant. But it really only shows the result of human managers' decisions—and the thousands of hours that went into its programming to produce just the narrow band of "decision-needed" information its human masters want.

* * *

Seven of our Rockwell-Nordstrom valves are lying on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. The valves are installed on taps along the 42-mile length of a gathering line that snakes out to offshore gas wells. They're shut now, but will be opened—just once—when new gas finds are piped into the line through the taps they control. That may be years off, but the valves will open when they're needed, and won't leak 'til then. It's part of the reason the gas industry relies on the Rockwell-Nordstrom valve.

* * *

Been to see your Rockwell Power Tool dealer for a saw demonstration yet? These "sawdust parties" are being held all over the country to prove our TV claim that "Rockwell has more ways to saw," with circular saws, reciprocating saws, bayonet saws, table saws, radial arm saws, scroll saws, band saws, you name it. And just by attending, you'll be entered in our Sawbucks Sweepstakes. If you win, you'll be flown to Pittsburgh headquarters for a crack at \$500 or more, a mink stole, and other prizes, depending on your skill and stamina: you'll get a heavy-duty builder's power saw and a length of 2" x 10" wood—and a sawbuck (\$10) for every 3 pieces you can lop off in 5 minutes!

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.

 **Rockwell**
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Vandermint. The 60 proof chocolate after-dinner mint.



All the way from Holland, a very cordial new cordial: Vandermint Minted Chocolate Liqueur.

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MEDICINE

TRANSPLANTATION

Heart's Ease

The elderly man walking along the seafloor, enjoying the autumn sun, looked more like a campaigning politician than a heart patient. He stopped often to shake hands with passers-by and to chuck babies under the chin. At home between constitutionalists, he ate so heartily that he put on two pounds last week. It was true that every other day he dropped into the hospital for a check-up, and he was taking about 30 pills a day. But Cape Town Dentist Philip Blaiberg, 58, was in far better shape than he had been before he received his heart transplant. The daily bulletins on his condition monotonously reported "excellent progress."

Those 30 pills included antacids and vitamins and, more important, digitalis to strengthen the action of his new heart and two drugs to suppress the immune mechanism by which Blaiberg's body might reject the graft: azathioprine (Imuran) and the hormone prednisone. The doctors at Groote Schuur Hospital were cautiously reducing the doses of immunosuppressives—his moonfaced appearance was a sign of cortisone—and they hoped soon to be able to cut down his checkup visits to one a week. Blaiberg was writing a diary for daily newspaper syndication, and his wife Eileen, fresh from a crash course in photography, supplied intimate, at-home pictures.

Virtually everyone involved in the transplant was on the move. Blaiberg expected soon to go to a seaside cottage south of Cape Town, and was talking about a 1969 visit to Europe. Surgeon Christiaan N. Barnard was in Europe

© DR. PHILIP R. HRS. EILEEN BLAIBERG—MAX SCHULER



BLAIBERG & WIFE AT HOME
With a diary for the dailies.

again with brother Marius, and pondering an invitation to Moscow. Dorothy Haupt, widow of the donor of Blaiberg's heart, accepted a trip to Buenos Aires for TV appearances, with \$1,000 added.

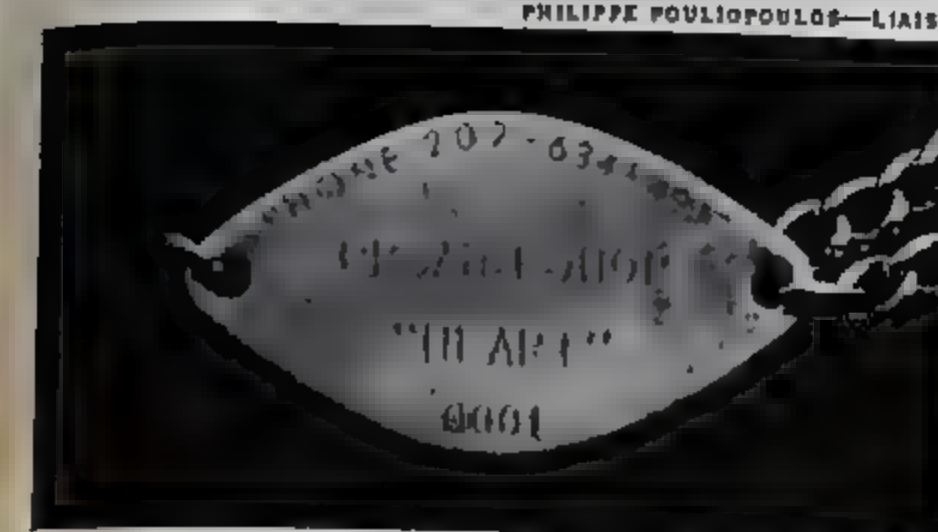
Against the day when Barnard would do his next transplant, the South African National Film Board made plans to shoot the operation in color. Its asking price for world rights is \$1,400,000.

What role was played in the death of Louis Washkansky, the world's first heart-transplant recipient, by the patient's immune mechanism and the attempts made to suppress it? After studying microscopic sections of the transplanted heart, Dr. Barnard said they showed only minimal evidence of rejection. But on the basis of a similar set of heart-tissue samples, a distinguished transplant team at London's Hammersmith Hospital, headed by Surgeon William J. Dempster, said that it found signs of "a moderately severe rejection reaction—more than just minimal." American pathologists who saw Barnard's slides were divided in their judgments. However the reaction is graded, its cause is still debatable. Some authorities blame nature's immune mechanism; others, the heavy doses of radiation given to Washkansky in the hope of subduing the reaction. Although the South African doctors insist that Washkansky died of pneumonia, they admit that they may have overtreated him with both radiation and immunosuppressive drugs. They have been careful not to make such a mistake with Philip Blaiberg.

Information Bank

An organ bank from which surgeons could draw a kidney, a liver or a heart for transplantation when needed is still far off in the future, but an information bank from which surgeons may find out about organs as they become available is in the process of being established. Sponsor of the bank—or, more precisely, clearinghouse—is the Medic Alert Foundation. Started on a shoestring twelve years ago in Turlock, Calif., by Dr. Marion Collins, the organization has by now issued something like 200,000 identification bracelets and necklace tags to victims of diabetes, hemophilia, penicillin allergy and other conditions, to alert medical emergency teams to special dangers involved in their treatment.

For the same one-shot membership fee of \$7, Medic Alert will now issue bracelets or pendants stating that the wearer has declared his desire to donate his heart, kidneys or other organs. A doctor with a dying patient wearing such a tag will phone collect to Medic Alert headquarters (the switchboard never closes) to find out what organs the patient specified for donation. The



MEDIC ALERT BRACELET
To declare a desire.

doctor can also get the name of the next of kin—from whom, under most present state laws, permission must still be sought. It will still be up to both the doctor and Medic Alert to inform transplant surgeons that an organ donor is available.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Four Against Rubella

Taiwan has the unenviable distinction of getting epidemics ahead of the U.S. It was so with an epidemic of rubella ("German" or "three day" measles) that swept the western Pacific island eleven years ago; the next major U.S. epidemic did not come until 1964. Then it left at least 20,000 and perhaps 30,000 U.S. babies crippled or blinded from viral damage early in gestation. Taiwan is now experiencing another rubella outbreak and a threatened epidemic; the next is predicted for the U.S. in 1971. But this time, Taiwan is enjoying pre-epidemic benefits: thousands of doses of rubella vaccine, not yet available in the U.S., have been flown to the island and more thousands are on the way. Early reports indicate that one shot of the vaccine gives full immunity against later infection. With enough shots, an epidemic may be averted.

Three U.S. manufacturers are making and testing rubella vaccines. All are based upon a virus strain isolated by Pediatricians Harry M. Meyer Jr. and Paul D. Parkman at the National Institutes of Health. Merck Sharp & Dohme grows the attenuated (weakened though still "live") virus in fertilized duck eggs; Eli Lilly & Co. grows it in cultures of monkeys' kidney cells, while Philips Roxane Laboratories uses dogs' kidney cells. All told, the three companies have had about 20,000 children inoculated in pilot studies.

A fourth vaccine, made in Belgium from a different strain of virus and grown in rabbits' kidney cells, is presently being tested for eventual marketing in the U.S. by Smith Kline & French Laboratories. This vaccine will probably be licensed in Europe by year's end, though U.S. approval will take longer. With four arrows in their quiver, U.S. public health authorities are confident that safe and effective vaccines to be given men and children will be approved in time to prevent future epidemics and thus drastically reduce, if not altogether eliminate, the ravages of rubella against the unborn.

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Let us be your Investment Information Center

Understanding the over-the-counter market: a 6-minute cram course

The over-the-counter market is probably the biggest, and surely the most *misunderstood*, securities market in America. It has no meeting place, no ticker tape (and no "counter"). Yet it offers some 15 times as many different stocks and bonds as all the U.S. stock exchanges combined. Moreover, in 1967, while the Dow-Jones industrial average of Big Board stocks climbed 15%, its over-the-counter counterpart soared 53.5%, reflecting the greater interest in speculative issues than in blue chips. Read on. See why even the shrewdest investors in this market are particularly dependent on the skill and integrity of their *stockbroker*. Then write for Merrill Lynch's latest reports on 10 "OTC" stocks.

The over-the-counter market is not a place.

It's a way of doing business. A way of buying and selling securities by *negotiation*, instead of public auction, as on stock exchanges.

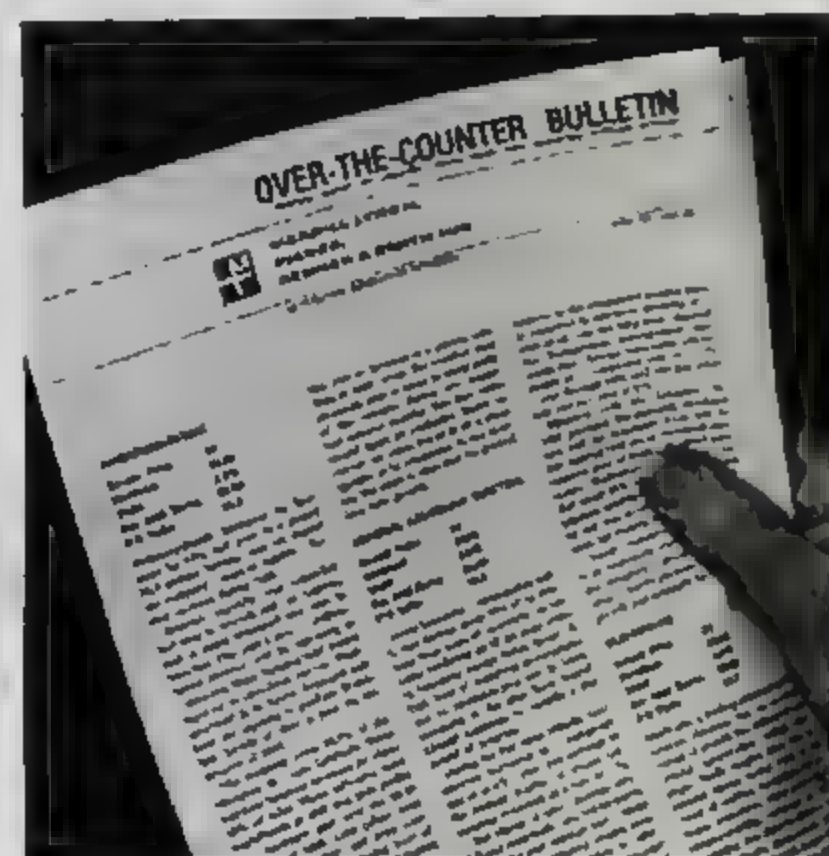
Who negotiates, and how? Dealers and brokers. Some 4,000 of them—linked by a massive telephone and teletype network that stretches from coast to coast and around the world.

What kind of stocks are traded over-the-counter?

All the publicly owned stocks and bonds of all the companies not "listed" on stock exchanges are bought and sold over-the-counter.

About 3,000 stocks are available through the exchanges, compared to an estimated 50,000 on the *unlisted* market. Over-the-counter securities range all the way from the most volatile penny stocks to the most conservative, gilt-edged Government bonds. Most bank and insurance company stocks are traded over-the-counter. Most corporate and municipal bonds. Most U.S. Government securities. And an uncounted number of utility, industrial, and foreign securities.

Many people assume that if a stock isn't listed on an exchange it somehow hasn't "made the grade."



Write for our free reports on 10 "OTC" stocks.

Not necessarily true. Hundreds of companies which *could* qualify for listing on an exchange prefer to be traded over-the-counter.

Most important: when the securities of any company are offered to the public for the first time, they are always offered over-the-counter.

If there's an embryonic Xerox or IBM around today—this must be the place.

How do they do?

Last year, as a group, the average of the 35 leading securities that comprise the over-the-counter industrial index did better than the Dow-Jones average of 30 N.Y.S.E. industrials. (In terms of price appreciation, if not yield.)

American Express nearly doubled. Tecumseh Products did double. So did Kaiser Steel and Automation Industries. In fact, about 800 of some 50,000 over-the-counter stocks had price increases exceeding 100 percent—as compared with fewer than 150 of the nearly 1,600 stocks on the N.Y.S.E.

However, to put the picture in its

proper perspective, we hastily add that many of these stocks that doubled were very low-priced issues of a highly speculative character. Furthermore, a great many unlisted securities suffered losses last year, too.

Merrill Lynch makes an effort to reduce the risks for our customers. Our Research Department confines its suggestions for investment to a few hundred over-the-counter stocks that it considers of good quality. Also, as a matter of policy, we discourage all trading in chancy penny stocks—and *refuse* to open accounts for the sole purpose of buying them.

What happens when you place an order?

From an investor's point of view, the procedures for buying listed and unlisted securities may seem pretty much the same. But there are differences at the broker's end. Big differences. To try to get the best service and value for your investment dollars, you should understand them.

First, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he buys it at *public auction* on an exchange. You pay the price that prevails for any buyer at a given moment.

All over-the-counter trading, on the other hand, is done by *negotiating*, *bargaining* among dealers and brokers. There is no set price at any one time. Indeed, there are frequently wide differences in price *between* dealers.

Second, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he virtually always acts as your *agent*. He executes your order for you, and charges you a *commission*.

But in the over-the-counter market many stockbrokers may wear *two* hats. That of an *agent* (broker). Or that of a *principal*, a *dealer*.

As an agent, your stockbroker scouts the available sources of the stock you want, negotiates the price, and charges you a *commission* for his efforts.

the-counter market: from Merrill Lynch

As a dealer, he sells the stock to you directly *out of his own inventory*, either at a profit or a loss, adding a *markup* above the prevailing market price.

Your stockbroker: the key

Obviously, as an *agent*, a broker must have facilities enough to be able to check a number of sources, be conscientious enough to *do it*—and be skilled in trying to negotiate the best price for you.

• Merrill Lynch has the most extensive over-the-counter facilities in the country. We have 65 experienced negotiators (traders) in our New York headquarters alone, plus others in over 20 major centers around the world. They have full use of our 310,000 miles of private wire.

• *Merrill Lynch's guarantee*: when acting as your agent, it is our policy always to check *at least three* competing dealer markets, if there are that many, to try to get the best price for you.

As a *dealer*, a stockbroker may assume more importance for investors.

The reason is simple. Tracking down stocks as an *agent* can take hours—or days. If prices are rising, you can end up paying more because of the delay.

But if your broker can put on a *dealer's* hat and buy from you or sell to you from his own inventory (called "making a market" in a security), he can often give you a quote and execute your order much more rapidly.

Thus, to a degree, the greater the *variety* of stocks and bonds in which your broker "makes a market," the better. And the *faster* he is able to handle your order, the better.

• Merrill Lynch makes a market in about 300 of the most active over-the-counter securities—more than any other brokerage firm dealing with the public.

• Merrill Lynch is the only brokerage firm able to give *instant, up-to-the-minute price quotes* on these 300 active securities. (We do it on a remarkable network of electronic quote machines—for which

we had to *invent* our own set of over-the-counter stock symbols.)

• Moreover, on most of these securities, most of the time, your Merrill Lynch account executive can *execute* your order for any amount up to 100 shares *immediately* at the price quoted on his machine. (Which, in effect, makes us the only broker to "advertise" firm prices on up to 300 stocks—and be willing to back them with on-the-spot executions.)

It is for these reasons that many experienced investors say: *When you buy or sell over-the-counter, be sure to check Merrill Lynch.*

How much do brokers charge for over-the-counter transactions?

When acting as agents and charging *commissions*, brokers can ask varying amounts, depending on the size and complexity of the order, and on their own policies. Many brokers—including Merrill Lynch—charge the equivalent of a *minimum* N.Y.S.E. commission. Our commission on the purchase or sale of 100 shares of over-the-counter stock worth \$1000: \$17.

When acting as a dealer, a broker may set his *markup* at whatever he considers a fair and reasonable percentage. Most dealers trade among themselves at "wholesale" or "inside" prices, and with customers at "outside" prices.

Important: The National Association of Securities Dealers, regulatory organization for over-the-counter trading, issues daily reports of "inside" dealer prices for over 1500 securities. These reports are published in major newspapers throughout the country, and pro-

vide a reasonably accurate indication of prevailing markets.

However, over-the-counter investors must rely on their broker's integrity in quoting latest prices, and fairness in taking a reasonable markup.

For the securities in which we make a market, Merrill Lynch quotes the *same* prices to both dealers and our customers, adding to our customers' bills the equivalent of a minimum N.Y.S.E. commission—our standard retail charge.

How do you know what your broker is charging?

Aye, there's the rub. When acting as *agents* in over-the-counter transactions, most brokers show the commission they're charging. But, when acting as *dealers*, most brokerage firms lump the price of your securities and their own charge or markup into one total. That's the total you're billed. That's the total you pay.

Among the very few firms that break the total down into its two parts, we confess, not too sheepishly, is *us*. Our confirmation form now shows exactly how much you're paying for your securities, exactly how much you're paying to Merrill Lynch on your transaction. A nice touch, we think.

Free stock reports

Write for our Research Department's latest bulletin on the outlook for 10 actively traded "OTC" stocks, and for our free, illustrated, 16-page "OTC" booklet with more facts on this fascinating market. It's good investment information, yours for the asking.

Investigate—then invest



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**GENERAL
ELECTRIC**

BUSINESS

MONEY

Toward Paper Gold

An accord arrived at in Stockholm last weekend moved the international monetary system another uneasy step away from disaster. Nine of the top ten financial powers of the non-Communist world reached agreement on the form of a new kind of international money—paper gold—to supplement dollars, pounds and real gold in bank-rolling world trade and investment. France refused to go along.

Some agreement was crucial as part of the effort to restore confidence in monetary arrangements, lately shaken

U.S. and Britain are striving to limit their outflow of dollars and pounds.

On the Cliff. Tensions rose steadily all week as the finance ministers of the ten powers—the U.S., Britain, Canada, Sweden, Japan, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium and The Netherlands—prepared for their conference in the turreted Foresta Hotel on a cliff overlooking Stockholm harbor. At a meeting of Common Market ministers in Brussels, France dropped a monkey wrench into the agenda by calling for a complete overhaul of today's monetary system and a return to the gold standard. The other five Common Market countries rejected the idea on the ground that it was no time to debate the design of a new system when the old one verged on collapse. This was a sharp rebuff for the French, who have hoarded gold and warred against the U.S. dollar as a reserve currency.

Arriving at Stockholm airport, Finance Minister Michel Debré stirred more concern by repeating the French demands with embellishments. As the conference opened, club-wielding police broke up a demonstration against the Viet Nam war by 150 young Swedes, some of them carrying signs reading SUPPORT FOR THE DOLLAR IS SUPPORT FOR GENOCIDE AND NO CREDITS TO U.S. MURDERERS. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, chief U.S. delegate, took a back entrance to avoid the melee.

Around a green-covered table in the Foresta, the clash of views was polite, if pointed. Debré, pressing for debate on the monetary system as a whole, came out formally for an increase in the official price of gold. A long silence ensued. Finally, German Economics Minister Karl Schiller registered his disagreement. Italy's Emilio Colombo sided with the Germans. The U.S.'s Fowler suggested that the real business of the meeting was the SDRs and asked that the group move briskly along in that area. It did.

Veto Powers. With strong support from all European countries and withdrawal of earlier objections by the U.S., the delegates agreed to French demands for a change in the IMF constitution to give the Common Market veto rights over major IMF decisions, a power now held only by the U.S. On the more substantive matter of the SDRs, France found itself in an isolated position.

In the end, the French refused to sign the communiqué, complaining that the idea of SDRs had become distorted since its inception, making them not only a credit but also an asset. France objected to this because it might help the U.S. with its balance of payments trouble. The SDRs, said Debré, have become "an expedient." All this did not take the French out of the SDR system for good; they could move back in.

While it would be better to have the French in, the system can work with-

out them. After ratification of the SDRs, a separate IMF decision will still be required to put the scheme into effect and to decide how much paper gold to issue. The U.S. would like to see up to \$10 billion worth added to the present \$70 billion in world reserves over the first five years. Of that, the U.S. would get \$2.46 billion, the six Common Market countries \$1.8 billion, Britain \$1.2 billion and undeveloped countries \$2.8 billion. Welcome as the new assets will be, they will provide no ultimate solution to the U.S. payments deficit. And if the U.S. fails to reduce that deficit in the meantime, votes to activate the SDRs may prove hard to muster.



DEBRÉ & AIDE AT CONFERENCE
Embellishments on the demands.



FOWLER & AIDE
Step away from an old dependence

FINANCE

At Fever Levels

Whenever the cost of borrowing swings to extreme highs or lows, financiers regard it as a signal of national ill-health. Last week interest rates for long-term securities climbed to a level that clearly meant economic fever.

For example, underwriters provided \$25 million worth of Kansas City Power & Light bonds with a 6.67% rate, a record among top-grade electric utilities. New York City sold \$45 million worth of housing bonds that offered investors up to 5.36% tax-free, the just-est return on a city issue since the early '30s. Most startling of all, the Federal Government paid its highest interest rate since the Civil War—6.45% per year—to sell part of a \$1 billion issue of securities.

That rate reflects Wall Street's dis-

* When, in July 1861, Abraham Lincoln's hard-pressed Government sold a \$50 million 6% loan, redeemable in 1881, only by the size of mark by each \$100 of bonds was \$89.25, thus raising the interest rate to 6.45%.

quiet over the huge federal budget deficit, which portends gigantic federal borrowing and still higher interest rates in the months just ahead. The 6.45% return applied to Federal National Mortgage Association "participation certificates"—shares in a pool of Government-owned mortgages and other loans. They were available to the public in minimum lots of \$5,000. Though not a direct obligation of the U.S. Treasury, the participation certificates come close to that gilt-edged status because the Attorney General has ruled that they are backed by the full faith and credit of the Government.

Ironically, last week's sale served to stir up potential trouble in another quarter. Wall Street called it "the great money rush." Enticed by the 6.45% re-

been successful. In a joint announcement last week, TWA, Eastern Air Lines and a British firm called Air Holdings, Ltd., disclosed that they will purchase 144 of Lockheed's 256-passenger L-1011 air buses—50 each for Eastern and Air Holdings, 44 for TWA—at a total cost of \$2.16 billion. The order was not only by far the biggest ever placed for commercial airplanes, but also one with international significance.

Rolls' Engines. Among other things, it will sizably affect both the British and U.S. balance of payments. Each \$15 million L-1011 will have three fan-jet engines, two slung under the wings and a third at the base of the tail for balance and easier servicing. Competing to provide the engines were Britain's Rolls-Royce and the U.S.'s General

miles at speeds equivalent to today's jets, but the L-1011s will need less landing and takeoff space and will arrive and depart more quietly than present jets. Beginning with the first delivery in late 1971, both TWA and Eastern plan to use the planes on high-density routes like New York-Miami or San Francisco-Los Angeles.

McDonnell's Setback. Lockheed Chairman Daniel J. Haughton announced that the present L-1011 work force of 1,200 will increase to 11,000 by next year. Haughton was equally pleased that with last week's order, Lockheed had outflanked rival McDonnell Douglas, whose DC-10 is a similar air bus. McDonnell two months ago sold 25 DC-10s to American Airlines at \$16 million apiece; American also has an option to buy 25 more. Lockheed's response was to slash L-1011 prices from \$17 million to \$15 million each, and coolly advise prospective customers to buy fast—before the price went back up.

EMPLOYMENT

How Dow Did

Dow Chemical Co. produces some 800 items from measles vaccine to brake fluid. It also produces the napalm used in Viet Nam—a fact that has set off near riots on several college campuses as antiwar demonstrators tried to prevent Dow job recruiters from interviewing students. But when weary company men who faced the "Dow Shalt Not Kill" signs returned from hiring trips to headquarters in Midland, Mich., they were in for a surprise. Comparing notes last week, they found that more students across the land expressed interest in working for Dow than in any previous year.

Between Sept. 1 and March 1, altogether 9,595 students were interviewed on campuses, 900 more than the year before. College placement officers suggest that publicity generated by demonstrations may have actually boosted interest in the company. Many students obviously went to see the Dow representatives simply to defy the demonstrators with whom they disagreed, or to support Dow's right to make its pitch like any other corporation. "Perhaps the notoriety we acquired helped in some cases," says Dow's chief recruiter Dr. Ramon F. Rolf. But he still worries about missing "the real bright, sensitive individual who sees a mob and doesn't feel like fighting his way through."

RESTAURANTS

Success at 4¢ a Meal

To many, the lowly cafeteria is a symbol of soup-line shabbiness. So what happens when it is spruced up with classy décor, white-jacketed waiters and tasty food? In the case of Mobile-based Morrison Incorporated, the resulting high costs hold profits to a thinly sliced 4¢ a meal. Naturally, the company has



COACH SECTION MOCK-UP OF LOCKHEED'S L-1011
And a nice little bulge in the balance of payments.

turn on a Government-backed security with interest payments every six months, salesmen and secretaries, doctors and housewives overwhelmed traders with buying orders. One result was an unexpected drain on savings banks, one of the major sources of mortgage money. If it continues, the outflow could lead to another shortage of home loans—the very kind of shortage FNMA was created to help prevent.

AVIATION

The Biggest Order

Since Lockheed Aircraft Corp. built its final turboprop Electra seven years ago, the Burbank, Calif., company has been searching for ways to get back into the passenger plane business and balance its space and military contracts with airline orders. Supersonic jets were one way, but Lockheed lost the SST contract to Boeing. Air buses—giant planes carrying double today's passenger load at subsonic speeds—were another way, and here Lockheed has at least

Electric and Pratt & Whitney; the Rolls RB-211 turbofan was the engineers' choice because of efficiency and lower noise levels. But at \$2,500,000 a plane, the British-made engines meant a \$235 million drain on the U.S. balance of payments. Lockheed solved this with an arrangement in which Air Holdings will sell 50 of the early L-1011s abroad. This will bring in \$625 million for a favorable U.S. balance of \$390 million, and further sales in a market estimated at 1,000 planes by 1980 could raise the U.S. excess to well over \$5 billion dollars.

The 175-ft air bus, a civilian spin-off of Lockheed's C-5A military transport program, will carry passengers eight across in coach class and six across in first class. Two aisles toward the sides of the plane will separate the eight seats into a two-four-two arrangement. The plane can also carry 345 people, all in tourist class. Meals will be cooked on a lower deck, sent by elevator to the passenger level. The Rolls engines will carry the big jets 3,160



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GIBBONS



A MORRISON'S CAFETERIA IN MOBILE

Mighty tasty conglomeration.

to compensate for that with volume. One of the nation's fastest-growing cafeteria chains, with 57 branches in seven Southeastern states (and six more due to open this year), Morrison's serves up 2,000,000 meals a month, has tripled annual sales over the past dozen years to \$47,284,000.

To explain Morrison's success, President J. Herbert Gibbons, 53, characterizes it as "a cafeteria that thinks like a restaurant." He might have described it as a cafeteria that thinks like a conglomerate. Over the years, Morrison's has branched into fields ranging from coffeemaking to insurance, with the result that noncafeteria operations accounted for 27% of last year's profits of \$1,885,000. This week, in a \$7,600,000 stock-swap deal, the company takes over Memphis-based Admiral Benbow Inn, Inc., which operates a chain of 15 restaurants and ten motels.

See the Boss. Such expansion has characterized Morrison's ever since it opened its first cafeteria in a Mobile relief hall in 1920. Named after Co-Founder J. Arthur Morrison, an Alabama restaurateur who had seen a cafeteria in Denver and brought the idea South, the business caught on so fast that three more branches were opened within a year. Anxious to avoid the dreariness that afflicted so many other cafeterias, Morrison's employed waiters to carry the customer's tray to his table, also set most of its serving lines out of sight of the dining areas. The idea, then as now, was that cafeteria dining can be respectable, a notion advanced by the company's current advertising claim that "you might see even your boss at Morrison's."

Though no two Morrison's cafeterias are decorated alike—motifs can vary from French colonial to classical Roman—menus, portions and prices are the same from branch to branch. Shunning more exotic dishes, the chain sticks to such bestselling staples as roast beef, chicken and fried shrimp, specifications

for which are detailed in a six-inch-thick recipe book called "the Bible." With an IBM computer keeping close tabs on supplies and customer preferences, Morrison's holds losses from spoilage and leftovers to a scant 2%. Similar precision governs food display: on the serving line, such higher-profit extras as shrimp cocktail and strawberry shortcake always come first, on the theory that hungry customers are most apt to buy them before they get their meat and potatoes.

Besides assuring uniform food quality, Morrison's emphasis on standardization helps to keep costs under rigid control. To further hold down expenses, it relies heavily on the services of its wholly-owned subsidiaries. The Morrison Merchandising Corporations handle the food buying, storage and processing for all Morrison's cafeterias. The company's properties are insured by Morrison Assurance Co., which also sells fire and casualty policies to the public. In addition, Morrison's has its own restaurant equipment, detergent-making and coffee-processing companies. And the fastest-growing subsidiary of all is Morrison Food Services, which operates snack bars, vending machines and cafeterias in factories as well as in schools and hospitals.

To the Suburbs. One challenge that Morrison's faces is the proliferation of other quick-service eating places. "Every hamburger stand, hot-dog stand and fried-chicken place is competition for us," says President Gibbons. To keep pace, the company is turning away from downtown areas by locating its new cafeterias in the suburbs, and it is also moving for the first time into take-out food services. In broadening its operations, it has particularly high hopes for its newly acquired Admiral Benbow chain. Calculating that some 60% of its cafeteria customers are traveling people, Morrison's is confident that a good share of them will soon be checking into Admiral Benbow motels.

CORPORATIONS

"A" for Aluminum

Alcoa, which has found uses for aluminum in everything from baseball bats to Chippendale chairs, last week announced development of an aluminum-based water-desalination system. Refusing to divulge technical details because it now has a patent pending, the Pittsburgh-based company said that its desalting system would be the first to utilize the waste hot water that is discharged by plants in such industries as chemical processing and petroleum refining. As a result, Alcoa said, it is capable of producing fresh water for as little as 25¢ per 1,000 gal.—at least 40% under the present operating cost of most existing systems.

Snap-Away Lids. Whatever the ultimate dollars-and-cents value of the innovation to Alcoa, the announcement reflects the thirst for new markets that has kept the \$1.38 billion-a-year company on top of the industry as the world's largest aluminum producer. Backed by massive annual research outlays of \$20 million, Alcoa's scientists have developed such unlikely new products as aluminum "ice cubes," which have to be cooled in the refrigerator like ordinary ones but have the great advantage of being reusable. Alcoa has also come up with a host of innovations in manufacturing techniques. With new production processes paying off in lower costs, the company has doubled annual profits during the past four years to \$107,366,000.

Alcoa's business has continued to spurt so far this year, which is no small accomplishment in view of the uncertainty clouding such key aluminum users as the automobile and home-building industries. Part of the explanation is customer stockpiling as a precautionary hedge against a possible aluminum strike this summer. The company has also benefited from the copper industry's marathon strike, during which it

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Here are a few examples of the kind of no-nonsense material found in recent issues of the Bond Letter: pertinent comments on the international gold crisis and the likelihood of a tax surcharge and reduction of the U.S. budget; a review of the President's riot report, its money market implications and what it means to our cities; a prediction on the kind of settlement needed to avert a steel strike in 1968; some thoughts on the prospects for the Senate-passed bill to let banks underwrite tax-free revenue bonds, and a continuing flow of information on current bond prices and yields. In addition, the Letter contains a weekly feature recommending reading material, which is considered a "must" by many important investors.

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has made headway in its efforts to substitute aluminum for copper in telephone cables. Although technological problems still have to be overcome before aluminum can compete with all other metal industries in a big way, Alcoa President John D. Harper, 58, maintains that his company's product has a "big economic advantage," since "it takes 2 lbs. of copper to do what 1 lb. of aluminum will do."

Harper, a Tennessee-born engineer who took over Alcoa's fortunes in 1965, is equally optimistic about packaging, which accounts for 9.5% of sales. Largely responsible is the company's development—and advertising promotion—of the snap-away aluminum lid for beverage and food cans. With most beer and soft-drink cans now sporting aluminum pop-tops, Alcoa and the rest of the industry have begun pushing sales of cans made entirely of aluminum. Another promising market is aerospace. Alcoa provided most of the 1,000,000 lbs. of aluminum used in the Saturn V moon rocket, is also supplying 105-ft.-long heat-treated aluminum plate for the wings of Boeing's new 747 jumbo jetliners.

Investments & Showcases. One of Alcoa's sidelines is real estate, and the company has gone into it on a large scale. It is the developer and principal owner of a number of high-rise urban projects, including Los Angeles' Century City, Pittsburgh's Allegheny Center and Manhattan's United Nations Plaza and Lincoln Towers. It is no accident that such projects often feature aluminum-and-glass buildings, thus double as showcases for Alcoa's favorite metal.

"I Am a Conglomerate"

Some two years ago, Wall Street whiz-bang Meshulam Riklis assigned himself a Herculean task. He aimed to take over Schenley Industries, Inc., one of the nation's biggest distillers (1967 sales: \$518 million), through a merger with Glen Alden Corp., part of the \$1.4 billion sales complex that Riklis, 44, has shuffled together.

Riklis took first aim at Schenley's eccentric founder, chairman and controlling stockholder, Lewis Solon Rosenstiel, 76. The prospects hardly seemed promising. Rosenstiel had declared that "I will probably never retire," and had exploded other merger deals. By last week, Riklis was closer to his goal than many an observer thought he ever would be—though ultimate control of Schenley was still much in doubt.

Riklis began his most recent push last month when he went to Miami to make his case at Rosenstiel's winter home. His offer was one that not even Rosenstiel could turn down. For 945,000 Schenley shares owned or controlled by Rosenstiel, Riklis agreed that Glen Alden would fork over a cool \$75 million—or \$80 a share for stock that had been trading for around \$65. Last week, with the Rosenstiel stock in

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currents. These currents make fish migrate, like ducks and geese. Once we understand them, we'll be able to fish successfully in new waters, and observe better conservation practices in old ones. Besides, birds have enough responsibilities without worrying about feeding half the world.

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hand, Riklis was readying an offer, valued at \$410 million, for the remaining Schenley stock.

"Effective Nonuse." Should it succeed, the Schenley takeover would cap a comeback for Riklis, a Palestinian immigrant whose seesawing fortunes have fascinated observers on Wall Street for years. Riklis came to the U.S. in 1947, taught Hebrew and sold stock in Minneapolis until the mid-1950s, when he was struck with what he now calls "the effective nonuse of cash"—or the technique of using borrowed money to buy undervalued companies, whose assets could provide the leverage for still larger takeovers.

Backed initially by a group of Minneapolis investors, in less than a decade Riklis spun together a retailing empire under the Rapid-American Corp., which controlled McCrory Corp. whose 1,500 stores (McCrory-McLellan-Green, National Shirt, Lerner) racked up \$554 million in sales in 1962. By then he was vastly overextended. When grandly predicted earnings failed to materialize, McCrory's stock tumbled and Riklis' entire colossus seemed headed for collapse. "God," wailed Riklis at one point, "has added to our agonies."

Scrambling for survival capital, Riklis sold off Rapid-American's businesses (paint, printing and clothing), leaving it a mere shell. McCrory, too, came in for a paring. Riklis then bought control of Glen Alden Corp., a conglomerate with interests in coal and leather goods (which he sold) and textiles and R.K.O. theaters (which he retained). By 1965, such shufflings yielded some \$50 million, which Riklis soon put to work. Since early 1966, Glen Alden has bought into building materials, B.V.D. clothing, and only three months ago, the diversified Stanley Warner Corp., whose interests include Playtex bras, movie theaters and throat lozenges.

Irate Charges. Having won over Rosenstiel with tactics that included a personal investment of \$350,000 in the purchase of Rosenstiel's six-story Manhattan town house, Riklis ran into some new obstacles to the \$410 million takeover. There were new rumors that P. Lorillard & Co., the big cigarette maker which had been rebuffed by Rosenstiel in an earlier merger attempt, was renewing its effort. These were reinforced when the Schenley board failed to take any action acknowledging the Riklis bid.

For the other Schenley stockholders, Riklis has announced terms quite different from the Rosenstiel purchase. Though Rosenstiel was paid largely in cash, other shareholders will be offered a package of cash, long-term debentures and warrants for their stock. The terms were hardly made known when last week three irate Schenley stockholders brought suits to block the deal. Among their charges: that Riklis would merely raid Schenley's treasury to recoup the merger costs.

Riklis, of course, rejects such accu-



RIKLIS

Faith in inevitability.

sations, has endless faith in a historical inevitability that his operations will continue to expand. "I'm a conglomerate," he explains. "I am what I am. This is what interests me."

MANAGEMENT

Costing the Conferences

Businessmen are always talking about ways to end that chronic corporate ailment, the time-wasting conference. Now Danish Engineer Søren T. Lyngsø, 46, head of a Copenhagen-based industrial instrument firm, has come forward with a conference-room conversation stopper: a sort of electronic tote board that reminds company staffers that talk is far from cheap.

Based on Lyngsø's conviction that at least "half the time spent in executive conferences is unproductive," his \$650 "Econometer" continually informs conferees of the rising amount of company treasure, in terms of salaries, expended as meetings go on and on. Programmed with the salaries of the participants, the device starts with the push of a button and, on a wall-mounted scoreboard, flashes a minute-by-minute reckoning of the conference cost. The more and the mightier the brass, Lyngsø explains, "the more power is used, the faster the wheels run and the larger the bill becomes."

A tinkerer who started out in a small basement shop 16 years ago, Lyngsø credits the gadget with cutting down the proliferation of meetings that have come with the growth of his own firm, Søren T. Lyngsø, Dansk Servo Teknik, to two plants and 160 employees. He finds that the machine starts saving money even before conferences start nowadays his managers whenever possible skip calling meetings rather than watch the machine add up the cost.

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MILESTONES

Married. Joan Baez, 27, premier folk singer; and David Harris, 22, a peace lecturer; (see RELIGION).

Married. Arthur Kopit, 30, playwright with a knack for titles (*Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, *The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis*); and Leslie Ann Garis, 24, Vassar graduate and granddaughter of the late Howard Garis, creator of the Uncle Wiggily stories; in Riverside, Conn.

Married. George Plimpton, dervish of the Manhattan whirl, sometime author and would-be athlete, who pitched against baseball's All-Stars, quarterbacked the Detroit Lions and boxed against Archie Moore, but couldn't get himself to the altar until he was 41; and Freddy Espy, 26, Manhattan photo-studio assistant, a petite, slightly bewildered blonde whom he met at a party in 1963; in Manhattan. Considering the wait, George was in a positive sprint. Poor Freddy didn't find out until 10:30 a.m., seven hours before her wedding. Peter Duchin's wife, Cheray, who fixed up a friend's apartment for the ceremony, was luckier—George told her at 9 a.m. His father and mother got there in time, but his brother couldn't. Still, Jackie Kennedy was on hand with Caroline; so were Poet Marianne Moore, Novelists Philip Roth, William Styron, Terry Southern and about 30 other chums. Then everybody raced off to a little Second Avenue bistro for supper. Honeymoon? Later, baby. George headed for Indiana to campaign for Bobby.

Died. Colonel Yuri A. Gagarin, 34, Soviet cosmonaut, who on April 12, 1964 became the first man in space with a one-orbit flight aboard *Vostok 1*; in the crash of an unannounced type of plane, also killing Colonel Vladimir S. Seryogin, 46; near Moscow. Short (5 ft. 3 in.) and stocky, the son of a rural carpenter, Gagarin won his pilot's wings in 1957, the year of the Sputnik, shortly after was tapped for the first class of cosmonauts. His historic 89-minute orbit of the globe made him Russia's greatest hero since World War II.

Died. Paul J. Hallinan, 56, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Atlanta, one of the South's foremost advocates of social and religious liberalism; of acute hepatitis; in Atlanta. Hallinan's first act after his appointment in 1962 was to order desegregation of schools and other Catholic institutions under his jurisdiction; in 1965, he sent priests and nuns to the Selma, Ala., civil rights march, and earlier this month he bluntly advised Atlanta's citizens to open their neighborhoods "so Negroes can exercise the right of every American to live where he wishes."

Died. Nicholas Samstag, 64, author and former (1943-60) promotion director of TIME; of cancer; in Manhattan. A recognized, often flamboyant practitioner of his trade, Samstag wrote a number of successful books, including *Bamboozled* and *The Uses of Ineptitude* and, while running his own agency after 1960, took ads in Manhattan newspapers offering to teach anyone everything he knew about the advertising and promotion business—for a fee of \$10,000. The day after Samstag's death, his fifth wife, Suzanne, 38, was found dead in her room at a Kennedy Airport hotel.

Died. Belle Willard Roosevelt, 75, of the Oyster Bay (meaning Republican) Roosevelts, daughter-in-law of Teddy, widow of Kermit and to her family's dismayed surprise, ardently Democratic supporter of Franklin; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Dr. William M. Scholl, 85, foot doctor to the world and the first bunion millionaire; in Chicago. Scholl, who had but one corn in his whole life, informed the limping populace that "Ninety percent of the American public is walking around with sore feet, and in almost every case it's the fault of the individual," then helped ease the pain with more than 1,000 foot comforts peddled around the world. An oddball to some (for years he carried a skeleton of a foot in his pocket), he claimed that success in podiatry is a matter of "early to bed, early to rise, work like hell and advertise."

Died. Winthrop M. Crane Jr., 86, board chairman of Crane & Co., the 167-year-old family firm that for nearly a century has made practically all the paper for U.S. currency; of pneumonia; in Dalton, Mass.

Died. Eleonora Sears, 86, Thomas Jefferson's great-great-granddaughter, member of a wealthy Boston family, who devoted her life to vigorous sports in a day when most ladies stopped at croquet; in Palm Beach, Fla. Poised, beautifully dressed, feminine enough that Harold S. Vanderbilt reportedly asked for her hand, she nevertheless was a sport for all seasons; she excelled in tennis (National Singles champion in 1907), squash (so good and so persistent that all-male clubs opened their doors), polo (in which she appeared wearing pants and astride the horse), sailing, ice skating—anything, in fact, that caught her fancy. And later, when age crept up, her idea of a day's outing was a marathon walk, such as the 1925 quick-time (47 miles in 11 hr. 5 min.) hike between Providence and Boston, when she urged on her laggard male companions, saying: "You're supposed to pace me, not chase me."

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SCIENCE

GEOLOGY

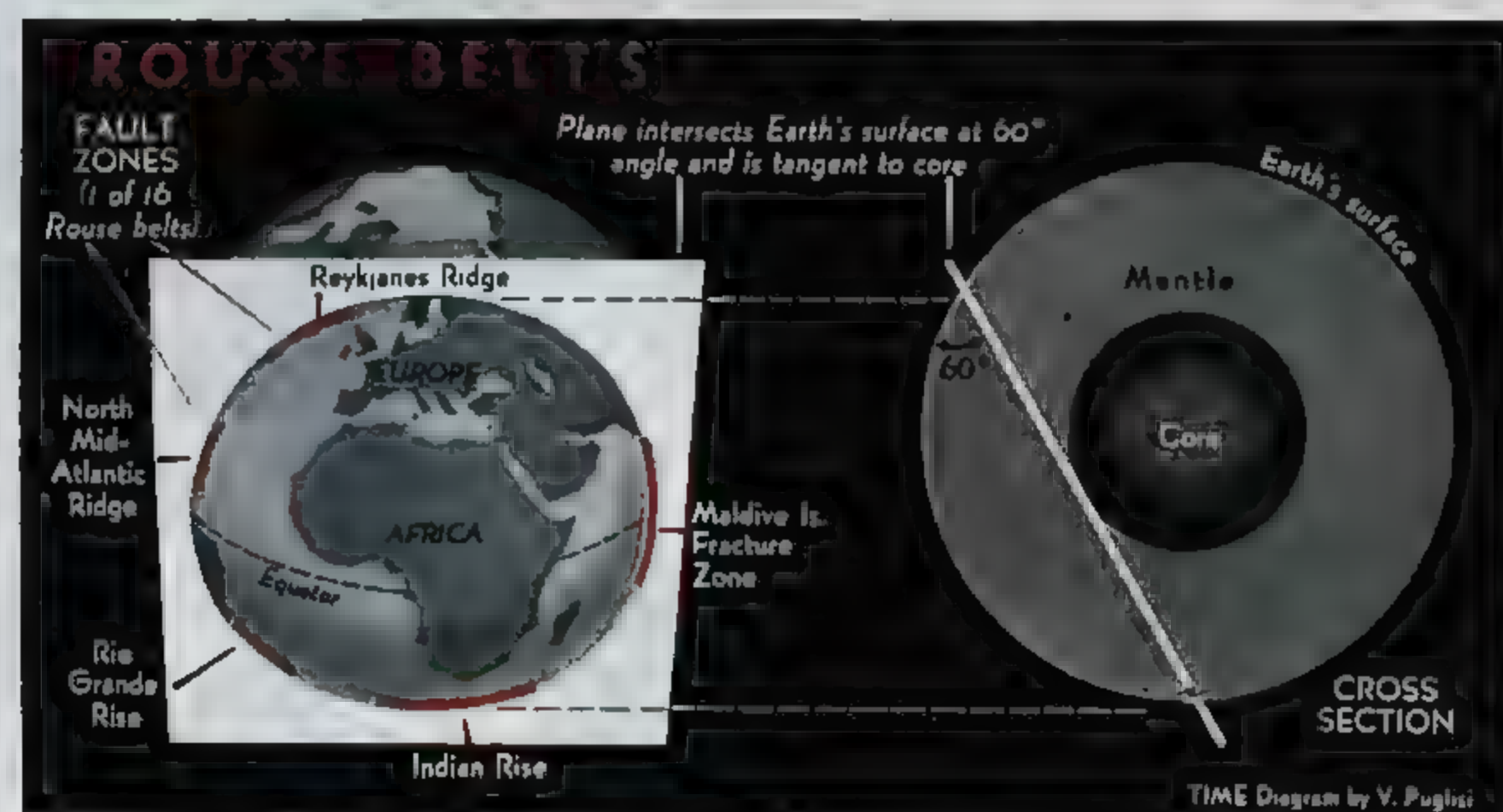
And Now the Rouse Belts

While studying for a final exam in structural geology at Colorado School of Mines last year, Graduate Student George Rouse, 33, was struck by a strange geological coincidence: deep earthquake zones angle into the earth at an average of 60° from the horizontal. His curiosity piqued, Geochemist Rouse decided to look for an explanation. What he found has become the basis of a new theory that—if proven valid—will have earth-shaking implications in the field of geophysics.

Working with a \$1.50 globe of the world, Rouse picked a seismic zone off the coast of Chile and projected it into

mineral deposits, mountains, ocean-floor ridges and trenches and island chains also lie along the Rouse belts. They have even correlated variations in the earth's magnetic and gravitational fields with their all-telling circles.

Modeling Dough. What causes the stress in the plane of a Rouse belt, resulting in quakes, volcanism and mountain building? In the *Mines Magazine*, the Colorado scientists suggest that both interplanetary and glacial magnetic fields interact with the earth's magnetic field, thus tugging on the earth's iron core. But the core is prevented from responding to extraterrestrial magnetic pull by the inertia of the rotating mantle that surrounds it. The resulting conflict sets up stresses in the boundary



an imaginary flat surface or plane slicing through the earth. He discovered that along the circle formed where the plane intersected the surface of the earth there were other earthquake and major fault zones—in the Pyrenees Mountains, the Red Sea and the western tip of South America. During the next three weeks, Rouse projected the planes of other earthquake zones to form 15 additional circles, or belts, on the earth's surface.

All-Telling Circles. Along the belts, he found, were most of the major seismic features of the globe: the ridges and faults associated with earthquake activity. Furthermore, most of the 19 points on the earth's surface where three Rouse belts intersected coincided with areas of major earthquake or volcanic activity. Significantly, the planes of the belts passed through the boundary between the earth's molten core and its solid mantle, each being approximately tangent to the core.

When Rouse presented his little globe and big theory to Colorado School of Mines Geochemistry Professor Ramon Bisque last September, Bisque was overwhelmed by the implications. "My God!" he said. "Yes," Rouse solemnly agreed. In the months since, Rouse and Bisque have discovered that primary

between the mantle and the core that are released in planes tangent to the core.

For a rudimentary demonstration of their theory, Rouse and Bisque used children's Modeling Dough to mold a mantle around a solid core. The core was attached to a spindle that the scientists used to spin their model earth, accelerating it to simulate the effects of tugging magnetic fields. When the modeling compound dried and formed a thin crust, its larger cracks clearly defined major stress planes that were tangent to the core.

Although their observational evidence is strong, the Colorado geochemists are convinced that other earth scientists will be lying in wait to ambush their radical theory when it is formally presented next week at a Washington meeting of the American Geophysical Union. "We've heard ominous things," says Bisque. But some scientists are impressed by the simplicity and all-inclusive features of the Rouse belt theory, anticipating that it could help solve many geological enigmas and eventually be used to find mineral deposits and predict earthquakes. Says Executive Director Linn Hoover of the American Geological Institute: "This may be the $E=mc^2$ of solid earth theory."

TOXICOLOGY

Sheep & the Army

There was no denying that over 4,500 Utah sheep had staggered, fallen and died—their feet twitching spasmodically and some frothing at the mouth. There was no denying that their carcasses lay scattered across an area stretching 14 miles downwind from the Dugway Proving Grounds, a restricted U.S. Army chemical, biological and radiological research center in western Utah where nerve gases are tested. But last week there was plenty of denying by the Army that anyone had proved Dugway directly responsible for the sheep deaths.

It was true enough, said Army spokesmen, that three operations involving nerve agents were carried out the day before the sheep collapsed. In one, chemical-warfare troops in training watched as three 155-mm. artillery shells containing a short-lived nerve agent were fired off in an area 27 miles inside Dugway's limits. Later that afternoon, 160 gal. of a more stable nerve agent were destroyed by fire in a disposal training exercise about 19 miles inside the proving grounds. Finally, a nerve liquid was sprayed from a jet aircraft traveling at high speed. But the spray had stayed well within Dugway's limits, said the Army experimenters.

8-ft. Trenches. Still, there were the sheep. In a preliminary autopsy, a local veterinarian found that their digestive systems were "intact," but there was evidence of "disturbances in the central nervous system." In other words, it wasn't just something they ate. Then Utah State University-veterinarian Delbert A. Osguthorpe reported that more extensive testing had narrowed the cause of death to an organic phosphate compound of a kind found both in insecticides and nerve gas. "Since the Army had admitted conducting the nerve-gas tests the day before the sheep began dying, that would seem to clear the matter up," said Osguthorpe.

But Osguthorpe's way is not the Army way. While Utah ranchers buried their sheep in 8-ft. trenches and wondered who was going to pay them some \$300,000 in damages, Brigadier General William W. Stone of the Army Materiel Command insisted that the heavy, viscous nerve liquid sprayed from the aircraft could not have been carried off the proving ground by wind. Yet wind velocity during the test was between 5 m.p.h. and 20 m.p.h., with gusts up to 35 m.p.h. blowing in practically a straight line from the proving grounds to Skull Valley, where the sheep died. Facing a delegation of Utah Congressmen in Washington last week, General Stone admitted that "we fully recognize with this occurring right on our doorstep, and probably involving a chemical similar to materials we have been testing, that we are highly suspect." Investigation of the sheep deaths, he said, would continue.

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"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"I am not sure that in a great state it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expense, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance.

"The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.

"Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.

"But" (said he) "it proved a dear cap to our congregation."

"How so?"

"When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds."

"True," (said the farmer) "but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that the industry has continued, and is likely to con-



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

tinue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes."

"Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl needs a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity... the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories... and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The One and Only Genuine Original Family Band

Wal, it's spring and the sap is runnin' high at Disney's. They've perduced melliferous live-action pitchers 'fore *Family Band*, but this'n could be cut up and used for flypaper—and mebbe ought to be.

It's Nebraska 1888—election year, git the topicality? Grandpa composes a campaign song for Cleveland (*Let's Put It Over with Grover*) and every dang one of his relations accompanies him on a instrument. There's Mom (Janet Blair), Dad (Buddy Ebsen) and eight kids so durn sweet you could eat 'em up, cep'n they'd cause diabetes. Wal, 'fore you know it everybody's bein' as colorful as a cartoon, droppin' g's, singin' passels of ungrammatical songs (" 'bout you, 'bout me, 'bout us, 'bout we") and pronouncin' everythin' on the fust syllable: *Ree*-publican, *con*-vention, *Yew*-nited States, till you'd like to die gagging at the laffs.

Now wouldn't you know someone'd turn up and ruin it all? He's John Davidson, a singin' journalist—they're the wust kind—who finds the shiny-eyed eldest daughter (Lesley Ann Warren) to his likin'. Trouble is, the boy's a *Ree*-publican, and Democrat Grandpa finds him *ree*-voltin'. Eventually Davidson talks the family into drivin' their folks' wagon on down to his home in Dakota, but that don't make no never mind. It's feudin' and fightin' soon's they git there. The young lovers fall out—but not out of the pitcher, un-



BRENNAN (LEFT) & RELATIONS
Till you'd like to die.

fortunately. Grandpa gits so riled he won't even conduct the family band no more. The argyments continue up to ee-lection night, when Benjamin Harrison beats out Grover (hope that don't spile the suspense none). In the end, the couple gits reunited o'course, Grandpa picks up his baton, and it's choke-up time again, bringin' tears to the eyes and a lump to the studio. That family band is somethin', but that grandpa—he's somethin' else. Matter of fact, he's Walter Brennan and that means his creaky voice is goin' to turn all s's to slush. "Be sheein' ya shometime," he threatens. If it's in this kind of shtuff, nineteen-seventy-eight would be too shoon.

Firecreek

Grade B westerns have to look to their clichés, grade A's to their archetypes. *Firecreek* has archetype trouble. In an anomaly of casting, Henry Fonda—strained, sensitive and introverted as ever beneath a bad-guy black hat and a stubble beard—is called upon to play the leader of a menacing band of desperadoes. This troubled outlaw seems to be in need of a shrink more than a sheriff.

Fleeing from some unnamed shoot-'em-up, five badmen ride into the tiny frontier town of Firecreek, where they settle down while Fonda recuperates from a bullet wound in his side. The sheriff turns out to be earnest, mild-mannered James Stewart—a simple sodbuster who carries no gun and wears a badge emblazoned *SHERAF* that his kids made for him. Fonda has his wound, and later his psyche, nursed by a local spinster (Inger Stevens), while his boys raise hell with an itinerant preacher (Ed Begley), smash up a saloon, and try to gang-rape the town half-breed (Barbara Luna). This results in one of them being killed by the town half-wit (J. Robert Porter).

While Sheraf Stewart is off tending to his wife, who seems to be in the throes of a breech delivery, the Fonda gang revenge themselves by hanging the half-wit from a rafter. Gentle James the lawman then takes them all on, *High Noon* style, in the now classic sneak-shoot through the silent town while frightened eyes peer from behind shuttered windows.

Not terribly original, but not bad of its kind. Still, *Firecreek* would have been better if that nice Mr. Fonda hadn't got in with the wrong crowd.

I Even Met Happy Gypsies

A man bleeds to death in a mound of white goose feathers. A truncated boy hobbles on leg stumps, begging a living from passers-by. A Carmenesque singer wails her miseries in a dingy nightclub. An adolescent takes a 16-year-old wife and finds himself unable to consummate the marriage, while a



FEHMU WRENCHING WENCH
Glimpses of a vanishing life.

crowd of townspeople gathers below the couple's window, hooting.

In all of *Happy Gypsies*, there is not a single happy gypsy—the title is an ironic quote from a traditional *zigane* tune. The actors who play the gypsies may be elated now, however, for this Yugoslav movie has been nominated for an Academy Award. With good reason. Though it is full of flaws and inconsistencies of style, it depicts with melancholy and muted color the odd, anachronistic ways of an all-but-forgotten people.

On the Pannonian plain near Belgrade, a colony of gypsies dwells in a clot of squalor, surviving on what they earn from buying and selling goose feathers. Outstanding among them is an erotic, intemperate feather merchant named Bora, played by Bekim Fehmiu, a Yugoslav actor strongly reminiscent of Jean-Paul Belmondo. Endlessly indulging in wife-beating and mistress-bedding, Bora downs liters of wine and scatters his seed, his feathers and his future. As the film's principal character, he meanders from confined hovels to expansive farm fields, from rural barrooms to the streets of Belgrade. Wherever he travels, he witnesses—and sometimes acts out—the gypsies' heritage of violence and tragedy. In the process, he provides the viewer with astonishing glimpses of a rapidly vanishing life. Like the film, Bora lacks central coherence, but his days are not without a primitive beauty—the wide, unspoiled farm fields, the medieval pagentry of the Serbian Orthodox Church services, the amber, smoldering faces of the gypsy women.

Though he has a reality that belongs to him alone, Bora is manifestly meant to be a symbol as well. In his final contribution to the film's bleak catalogue of miseries, he stabs his rival and flees the town. As he disappears, he becomes all gypsies—the Indians of Europe who can neither escape nor embrace the present and whose future is foreshadowed with doom.

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John R. Beckett
President
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BOOKS

Abel Is the Novel, Merlin Is The Firm

Tunc by Lawrence Durrell. 359 pages. Dutton. \$6.95.

Balthazar, second novel of Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, begins portentously with these lines from De Sade's *Justine*: "The mirror sees the man as beautiful, the mirror loves the man; another mirror sees the man as frightful and hates him; and it is always the same being who produces the impressions."

In *Tunc*, Durrell's first novel since the *Quartet* ended with *Clea* in 1960, a neurotic, solid-gold heiress with the heart of a prostitute streaks naked into her empty ballroom and shatters its mirrored walls with a repeating shotgun. This preposterous act suggests the syndrome of identity crisis and symbolic suicide encountered only too frequently in contemporary fiction. Mirrors and prisms are novelists' standard metaphors, and Durrell has always used them well. He does so again in this devilishly clever metaphysical mystery tale.

But new times demand new metaphors; except for that brief, noisy episode in the ballroom, *Tunc* is governed by a quavering image of the computer as truth giver. The hero, too, is brought up to date. The *Alexandria Quartet* was in large part about an artist's struggle for freedom within his culture; *Tunc*, which in Latin means "next," deals with the similar struggles of a scientist. Beneath its lush trappings and Mediterranean settings, the novel is basically a study of the ironies and ambiguities that result when a man tries to stand apart from society.

Thinking Weed. Durrell's representation of the cultural climate is Merlin, otherwise known as The Firm, an international syndicate with tentacles in all the world's major markets. It is the embodiment of 20th century scientism, an emotionally neutral, self-perpetuating system of techniques that can be used for good or evil. Drawn into The Firm's cushy embrace is Inventor Felix Charlock, who sees himself as a "thinking weed," a pun on Pascal's definition of man as a "thinking reed." The Firm wants Charlock for his new recording device, which leads to the development of the ultimate computer, Abel. This electronic memory bank is capable of deducing an individual's past and future.

Durrell is necessarily muzzy on the technical details, though he seems to be securely wired into the arcane science of linguistics, games theory and McLuhanese. The point may be that Abel is the novel, both its medium and its message; according to one of the nu-

merous minor characters Durrell keeps on tap to spout his epigrams, "The poetry is in the putty."

As the plot unfolds, Charlock marries Benedicta, the boss's daughter and the lady of the shotgun. Having become a key man in The Firm, with access to its inexhaustible assets, Charlock discovers the paradox of freedom: when all things are possible, nothing is possible. Denied the abrasive stimulation of uncertainty and risk, his creativity grows sluggish. A trip to the gambling tables owned by The Firm proves to be an exercise in boredom. Life for Charlock is reduced to a finite game that, like ticktacktoe, is impossible to



LAWRENCE DURRELL
Poetry in the putty.

lose once the rules have been learned.

At length, Charlock tumbles on an inexpensive way of turning a few cents' worth of salt into a revolutionary wash-day product, and wants to donate the discovery to the betterment of mankind, but The Firm opposes him. His last attempt to exercise free will has been thwarted, and now he learns that his idea of freedom was illusory: he needed The Firm as much as it needed him. Charlock's most important discovery is that the slave is born with his chains. He retires to perfect Abel as an engine of revenge. There is a Hitchcock ending that is best left undisclosed.

Now or Never. Deep-dyed fatalism and the durable myth of Frankenstein surface from Durrell's dazzling assemblage. There are reams of the kind of beautiful travel and nature writing for which his *Bitter Lemons*, *Prospero's Cell* and *Reflections on a Marine Venus* have been praised. There are flashes of the ribald wit that makes his volumes about the British diplomatic corps such delights. But there is also much over-

writing. The book is littered with show-off phrases such as "alembicated piety" and "the penetralia of one's self-regard." The mixed metaphors are painful: "I lay on the slab, the mortuary slab of my immortal life—twitching like a skate in a frying pan." And the puns are leaden: a Rolls-Royce is a "flatus symbol," lovemaking is a "deathscapade," and a gourmet ponders whether there is "life beyond the gravy."

Yet all the annoying nits are brushed aside by Durrell's gaiety, originality, raw talent and rebellious exuberance. And there is more to come. Britain's Durrell, 56, who is currently visiting the U.S. for the first time, is already at work on a sequel, to be titled *Numquam*. "The whole is based on a passage from Petronius," he explains, "which talks about now or never, *nunc aut numquam*. In the old days, the passage says, the women would mess themselves up and go on top of the mountain and pray for rain, and believe in it, and say, 'Now or Never,' and the rain would come. In the modern age, we don't believe we can move Heaven any more." Durrell's hero learns how.

In California, Durrell was staying at the Pacific Palisades home of Novelist Henry Miller, an old friend and compulsive pen pal. Pursuing his investigations of Western culture, he played ping-pong with Miller and visited Disneyland, where he made three trips on the *Mark Twain* paddlewheeler and took the "Submarine Voyage." It may be that these adventures will find their way into Durrell's next novel: as a man and a writer, he has learned how to enjoy civilization and its discontents. Perhaps this is what Durrell suggested when he had his Felix Charlock declare: "We should tackle reality in a slightly joky way, otherwise we miss its point."

Retroactive Iconoclasm

VICTORIAN MINDS by Gertrude Himmelfarb. 397 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

The history of ideas, like etymology, is often regarded as just a game. Most of the time, the concerned man is satisfied to understand current meaning and usage, whether of ideas or of words, without worrying about origins. Enough to say that it's spinach, and the hell with what the Persians called it.* But intellectual history is really a game with serious consequences. In running down the genealogy of contemporary doctrines and institutions, the intellectual historian is likely to challenge their legitimacy, their reputations and ultimately their power to convince and control men.

In *Victorian Minds*, a splendid successor to her *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution*, Gertrude Himmelfarb, history professor at the City University of New York, drops no immediate earthshakers. But her aims and her methods are combative—to contest the historians' encrusted misreadings

* Isfanakh.



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and misinterpretations of half a dozen period intellectuals whose thought and work still prop up the creaky ideologies of the Atomic Age. Her definition of "Victorian" is wide; her subjects range in time from Edmund Burke, who died in 1797, to John Buchan, who lived until 1940. In influence, they range from the mighty John Stuart Mill to the gossipy James Anthony Froude, pilot fish to Carlyle.

Gladstone v. Disraeli. Author Himmelfarb (who is the wife of Editor-Writer Irving Kristol) is a lucid and frequently sardonic writer. She can be killing funny as she reviews the historical garbling of England's sweeping Reform Act of 1867, which extended the voting rolls by 90%. History has traditionally assumed and stated that the act was conceived by the Liberal Gladstone and cannily sneaked past a hamboozled Disraeli, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons. The truth of the matter, she writes, was that Gladstone's original proposal did not really go very far toward true suffrage. Disraeli, convinced that the lower classes would vote Conservative, outfoxed Gladstone through every parliamentary maneuver and emerged with a broadening of the right to vote far beyond anything that the cautious Liberals had thought tolerable. But Gladstone did not dare vote against reform. He accepted the whole package, he said, "as I would assent to cut off my leg rather than lose my life."

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GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB
Chewing on the crusts.

the black ghettos and the California penal system. Convicted of a marijuana charge at 18 and of assault with intent to kill at 22, Cleaver spent most of the twelve years between 1954 and 1966

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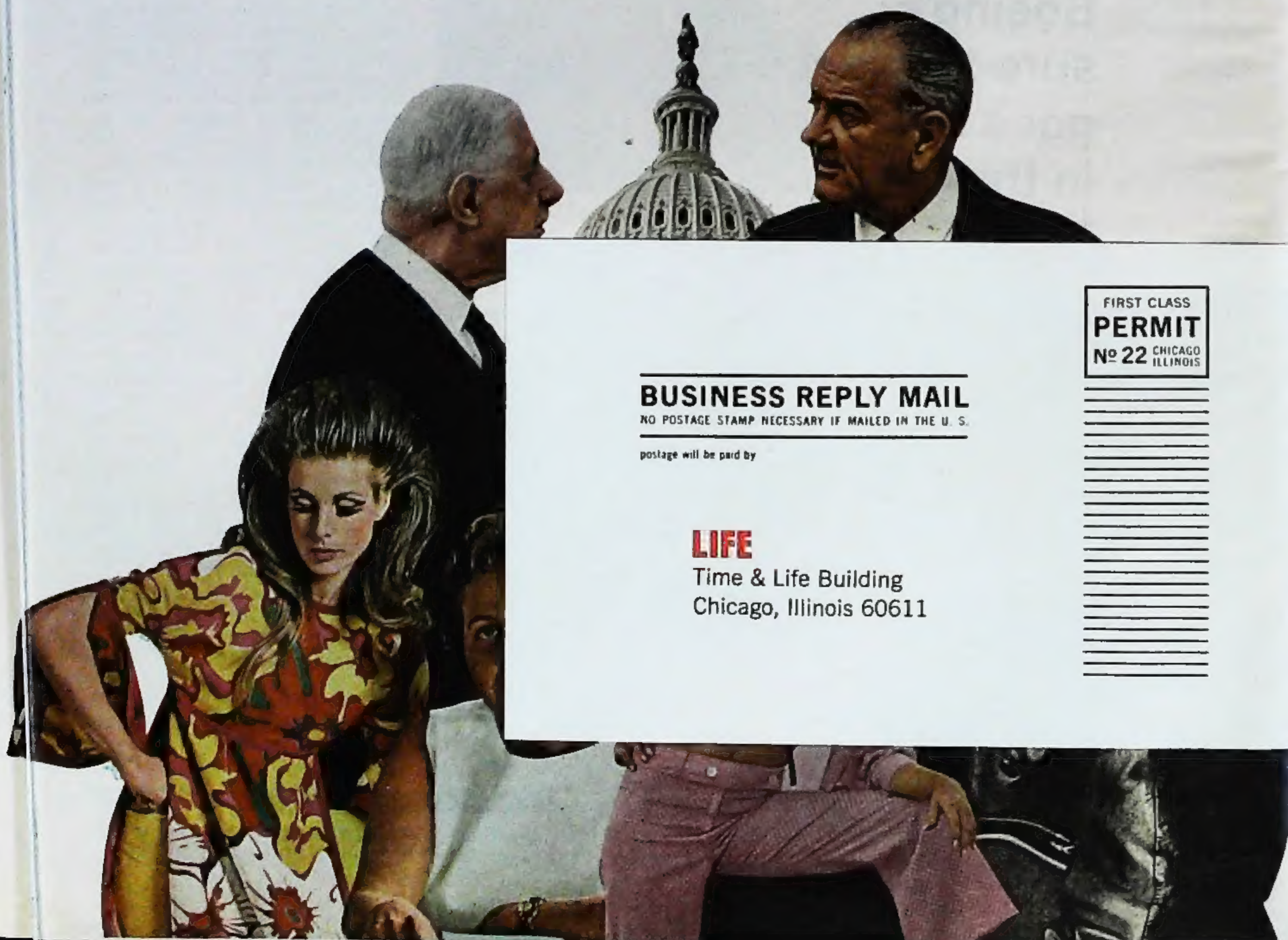
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But for most of *Victorian Minds*, the reader can only be grateful. It is useful, after all, for welfare-staters and all other ostensible believers in "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" to be reminded that Jeremy Bentham, the man who popularized that phrase, was primarily interested in the greatest profit for Jeremy Bentham, and that his utilitarian creed can serve nicely as a justification for, say, mass rape or an occasional bit of cannibalism.

The Funky Facts of Life

SOUL ON ICE by Eldridge Cleaver. 210 pages. A Ramparts Book, McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.

Prisons are traditional finishing schools of writers and revolutionaries. Eldridge Cleaver is a product of both the black ghettos and the California penal system. Convicted of a marijuana charge at 18 and of assault with intent to kill at 22, Cleaver spent most of the twelve years between 1954 and 1966



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GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB
Chewing on the crusts.

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George C. Wallace (Amer. Ind.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Other	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

What course of military action should the U.S. pursue in Vietnam: (Choose one only.)

Immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces ☐

Phased reduction of U.S. military activity ☐

Maintain current level of U.S. military activity ☐

Increase the level of U.S. military activity ☐

"All out" U.S. military effort ☐

What course of action should the U.S. pursue in regards to the bombing of North Vietnam: (Choose one only.)

Permanent cessation of bombing ☐

Temporary suspension of bombing ☐

Maintain current level of bombing ☐

Intensify bombing ☐

Use of nuclear weapons ☐

In confronting the "urban crisis" which of the following should receive highest priority in government spending: (Choose one only.)

Education ☐

Job training and employment opportunities ☐

Housing ☐

Income subsidy ☐

Riot control and stricter law enforcement ☐

two four six eight

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times imagine; it can be used, but it can also be soothed and softened."

Indeed, for all his rage, Cleaver himself cannot help noting that the Negro male spirit is inexorably and literally shaking loose in the twist and the "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!" of the Beatles—a musical style that was hijacked, he says, from Ray Charles. The Beatles, argues Cleaver, constitute a "soul by proxy"; they are the middlemen between the white mind and the Negro body. In oversimplified terms, this suggests that the more the white man learns to shake his body and loosen up, the more he will penetrate and come to understand the Negro psyche. An interesting thought—but will it cool the summer?

Un-Irish Restraint

SETTLED IN CHAMBERS by Honor Tracy. 209 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

Honor Tracy resembles a particularly mean Irish longshoreman on strike. Her corner-of-the-mouth wit has the fine rollicking belligerence that keeps everyone within eavesdropping distance of the drunk at the end of the bar. But sure, Honor is a bit of a fraud. The fist she brandishes so threateningly is really papier-mâché. Her secret problem is that she is a satirist who faints at the sight of blood. Her seventh novel has all the brilliance of an expertly pulled punch.

The target is a particularly tempting and well-authorized one for Irish assassins from Swift to Shaw: the smug face of English hypocrisy, personified in this case by a sanctimonious divorce judge named Sir Toby Routh. His fiercely prudish sermons from the bench drive adulterers to suicide and his wife to drink. He is as pompous a prig as ever rode a Rolls to work and pride to a fall. But the only tumble Miss Tracy gives him is into the downy bed of Gerda Trauenegg, a well-tuned opera singer from Vienna. Catching him with his wig down, Gerda momentarily taps a streak of puritanical lechery.

Miss Tracy firmly skewers Sir Toby on her hook, then lets him off. Instead of savaging him as he deserves, she plays plot games with the side question: Will the anti-adultery adulterer get caught? Or else she putters about with the stock characters of English comedy: a gossip columnist straight out of Evelyn Waugh, a giddy old upper-class biddy of the sort invariably played by Margaret Rutherford.

Once or twice Miss Tracy tentatively enters upon her own appraisal of adultery, then apologetically backs off ("Everyone seems to do it now. I wonder they don't call it something else"). *Settled in Chambers* ends up tamely with all the conventional comedy answers and one big question: What lace-curtain gentility, what damnable tact keeps Honor Tracy from finally ripping through? The book earns its solid quota of middle-volume laughter, but its author remains cursed by an un-Irish demon of cautious restraint.

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It's a great honor to be so often voted the right Scotch to impress clients with. Or clinch deals with. Or bathe corporate wounds with.

However, we'd like to point something out to all you affluent men of affairs:

An occasional tot of Chivas Regal at your own expense won't require an additional bank loan.

What's involved is about an extra \$2.50 a bottle. A big dime an ounce.

And the beneficial effect of such an ounce is indisputable.

If only for the nice, warm feeling that you couldn't possibly be treating yourself any better.

Does the slight added expense still irk you? Try this:

See if your tax man will entertain the argument that a little Chivas Regal is essential to your working as an efficient corporate cog.

But be sure you talk to him over a glass of Chivas.



Double
Thunder

Top: 1968 Thunderbird 2 door Hardtop Bottom: 1968 Thunderbird 4 door Landau

This year, double excitement. You can fly the roomy new 4-door Bird or a racy 2-door Bird. Both with the scorching new 429-cu. in. V-8 to thunder you across the landscape. Choose optional buckets or new standard full-width front seats. Room for 4, 5, or 6. Option after option after option. Get double your share of action this year. Fly the Bird.

'68 Thunderbird
unique in all the world.